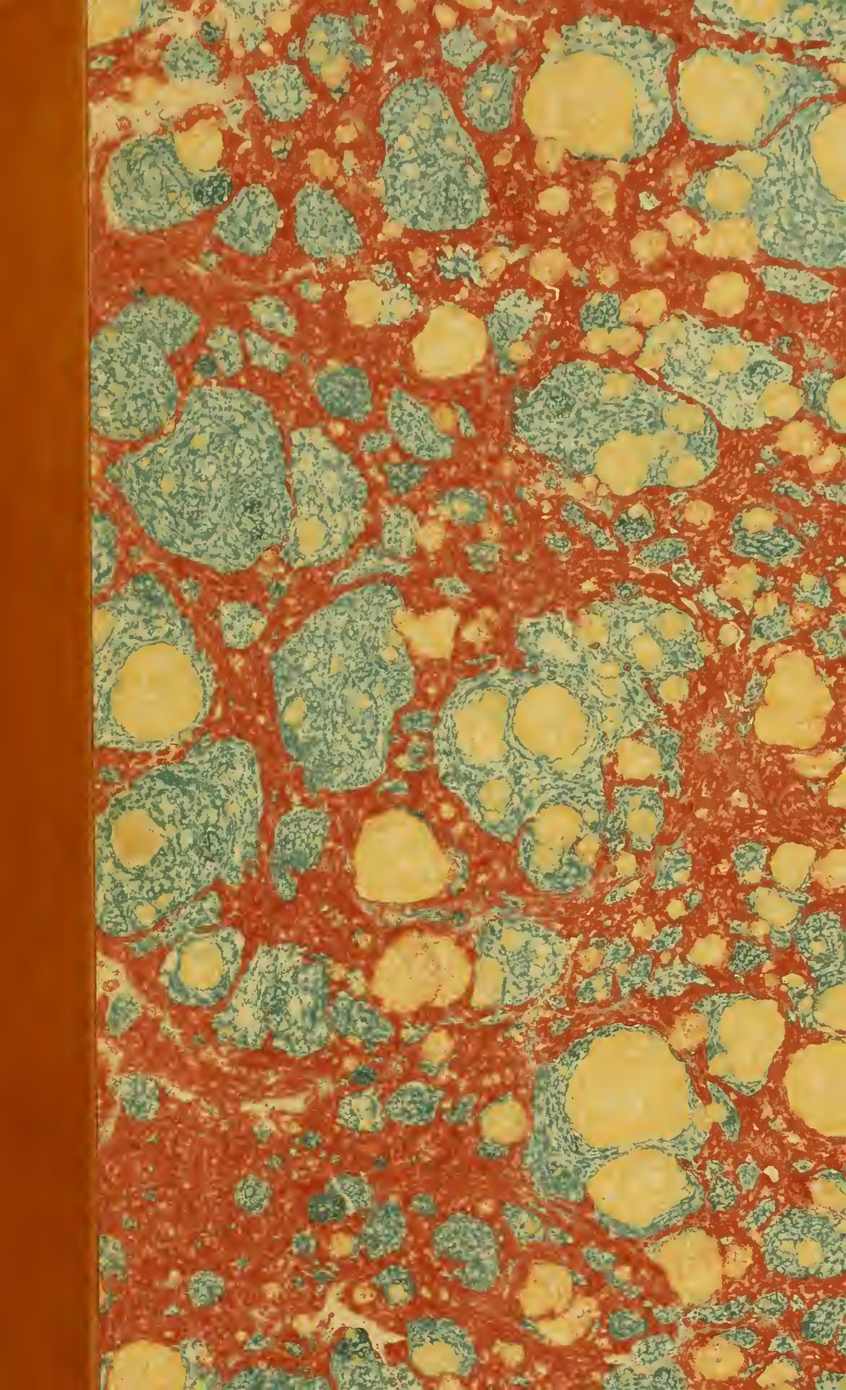

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THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

A

SATIRICAL POEM,

IN FOUR DIALOGUES.

WITH NOTES.

(Price in Boards, Six Britiſh Shillings.)

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THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

A

SATIRICAL POEM,

IN FOUR DIALOGUES.

WITH NOTES.

Υμεις, ω παντα εν πᾶσι φυσει και παιδειᾳ χρηστοι, και μετριοι, και φιλανθρωποι, και της Βασιλειας αξιοι, τȣτος τοις λογοις επινευσατε.

Athenagoræ Athenienſis Legatio Imperatoribus Antonino et Commodo.—ad fin. Op. Juſtin. Martyr. Ed. Paris. 1636. pag. 39.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR J. MILLIKEN, 32, GRAFTON-STREET.
1798.

ADAMS260.3

TO THE READER.

I RECOMMEND the following anecdote to ſagacious perſons who know all authors (and me among the reſt) by their ſtyle, or by any other certain or *infallible* ſign. The anecdote is known to thoſe who are accurately verſed in literary hiſtory. Julius Scaliger wrote and publiſhed an oration, without his name, againſt the famous tract by Eraſmus, called Ciceronianus. Eraſmus, having peruſed it, immediately, (and upon conviction as he thought,) fixed upon Hieronimus Aleander, who was afterwards made an Archbiſhop by Leo X. and a Cardinal by Pope Paul the Third, as the author of the whole, or of the greateſt part of it, by ſigns which he conceived to be certain and infallible. Yet he was *miſtaken* ENTIRELY. The judgment and ſagacity of Eraſmus will not be queſtioned. But hear his own words, for on ſuch an occaſion as the preſent they are particularly remarkable. "Ex *phraſi*, ex "*ore*, ex *locutione*, aliiſque compluribus, *mihi* perſuaſi "HOC OPUS, *maximâ ſaltem ex parte*, *eſſe* Hieronimi Aleandri. *Nam mihi Genius illius ex domeſtico convictu adeo* "*cognitus perſpectuſque eſt*, *ut ipſe ſibi non poſſit eſſe notior!*"*

I re-

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* Eraſmi Epiſt. 370. c. 1755. Op. Fol. Ed. Opt. Lugd.

I recommend this anecdote to the conſideration of thoſe perſons, who from random conjecture, without any knowledge, or any proof *whatſoever*, continue to aſcribe the following work, to men, who are *all equally* guiltleſs of *my* labours, and *all equally* ignorant of my intentions.

I think, if the Poem is read once without reference to the notes, the plan, connection, and manner of it will be perceived. I may add, that, The Firſt Dialogue was *firſt* publiſhed in May 1794, the Second and Third in June 1796, and the Fourth in July 1797.

December, 1797.

AN

INTRODUCTORY LETTER

TO

A FRIEND:

ON THE

GENERAL SUBJECT

OF THE

FOLLOWING POEM

ON THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

AN

INTRODUCTORY LETTER

TO

A FRIEND.

> Nel cerchio accolto,
> Mormorò potentiſſime parole;
> Girò tre volte *all' Oriente* il volto,
> Tre volte ai regni *ove dechina il Sole*;
> " Onde tanto indugiar? FORSE ATTENDETE
> " VOCI ANCOR PIÙ POTENTI, O PIÙ SECRETE?".
>
> Taſſo G. L. Cant. 13.

DEAR SIR;

December, 1797.

AS the publick have thought proper to pay ſome attention to the following Poem on the Purſuits of Literature, the parts of which I have preſented to their conſideration, and for their uſe, at various intervals; I have now collected the whole into one volume, after ſuch a reviſion and correction as appeared to be neceſſary. As a mark of my friendſhip, I truſt it is deciſive. I always thought with Junius, that a printed paper receives very little conſideration from the moſt reſpectable ſignature. But I would not be underſtood to inſinuate, with that great and conſummate writer, that *my* name would carry any weight with it. I muſt own, however, that I ſmile at the various authors to whom *my* work is aſcribed. Doctors, Dramatick Writers, Royal Treaſurers, Divines, Orators, Lawyers, Greek Profeſſors, School-maſters, Bath guides, and Phyſicians, have all been named with confidence. Sometimes the whole is written by one man, at others, ten or perhaps twenty are concerned in it. Criticiſms and diſſenting conjectures on the ſubject are alike the object of my ineffable contempt. More ſagacity muſt be exerted, than the *Ardelios* of the day are maſters of, who are ſo kind as to think of me, who moſt certainly never think of them. It is however my reſolution, that not one of theſe idle conjectures ſhall ever be extended to you. "Quid de me alii loquantur, IPSI VIDEANT; ſed loquentur tamen." It is a voice; nothing more. Prudence indeed ſuggeſts a caution which I unwillingly adopt, and reſtrains the eagerneſs I feel for the diſplay of *your* virtues and of *your* talents. But thoſe virtues muſt at preſent be left to the teſtimony of your own conſcience; and your talents within thoſe limits of exertion, in which an undiſcerning ſpirit has too long ſuffered them to be confined. The bird of day however always looks to the ſun.

In regard to writing in general, the publick expect neither thanks nor gratitude from an author for their favourable reception of his work. If it is unworthy of their notice, it is left to periſh with the poetry of Knight, or the proſe of Lauderdale. "I cannot indeed affect to believe, "that nature has wholly diſqualified me for all *literary* "*purſuits.*"† Yet I would not trouble the publick, or myſelf, with this new edition of my poem, if I did not think it agreeable to their wiſhes. I am ſatisfied with the attention which has been given to it. And when I have commanded a ſilence within my own breaſt, I think a ſtill ſmall voice may whiſper thoſe gratulations, from which an honeſt man may beſt derive comfort from the paſt, and motives for future action.

The wayward nature of the time, and the paramount neceſſity of ſecuring to this kingdom her political and religious

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† The words of Mr. Gibbon. Poſthumous Works, 4to. Vol. I.

gious exiſtence, and the rights of ſociety, have urged and ſtimulated me, as you well know, to offer *this endeavour* to preſerve them, by a ſolemn, laborious, and diſintereſted appeal to my countrymen. It is deſigned to conduct them through the labyrinths of literature; to convince them of the manner in which the underſtanding and affections are either bewildered, darkened, enervated, or degraded; and to point out the fatal paths which would lead us all either to final deſtruction, or to complicated miſery. I am ſolicitous for the end alone. I have explained all my motives at large, in the prefaces to the ſeveral dialogues of this poem.

I am not yet ſo old, as to ſay with the deſponding bard, "*Vitæ eſt avidus, quiſquis non vult*, MUNDO SECUM PEREUNTE, *mori.*" Yet I ſee, with ſorrow and fear, the political conſtitutions of Europe falling around us, or crumbling into duſt, under the tyrannical Republick of France. She commenced with an imperious injunction to the ſurrounding nations not to interpoſe in her domeſtick government, while at the very ſame moment, ſhe herſelf was interfering and diſturbing them all. She has indeed terminated in the change or overthrow of each of them, *but of this kingdom.* Frenchmen were always brutal, when unreſtrained. With their own domeſtick miſery and wickedneſs they never were ſatisfied. In theſe latter days, they have been *neighing* after the conſtitutions of their neighbours in their lawleſs luſtihood. They firſt deflower the purity of the ſtruggling or half-conſenting victims, and then with their ruffian daggers they ſtifle at once the voice and the remembrance of the pollution. Such are their abominations. Such are their orgies of blood and luſt. And when their cruelty is at laſt wearied out and exhauſted, and demands a pauſe, they call it Clemency. France had been long looking for that, which *her philoſophers* had taught her to term, THE PARALLELISM OF THE SWORD. She has indeed found it. That ſword has indeed ſwept down not only every royal creſt, but every head which raiſed itſelf above the plain of their equality. Such is their quaint and ferocious language. And now, when Engliſhmen are to be warned againſt the introduction of the horrid ſyſtem, no appeal is to be made to the common feelings and paſſions of our nature, (this, it ſeems, is declamation;) no ſcenes of terror, and cruelty, and deſolation are to be laid before them, but dry reaſoning and mathematical calculations of *the quantum* of miſery, plunder, and blood, neceſſary for the production and eſtabliſhment in England of this bleſſed revolutionary government. But we will not be inſulted and fooled out of our exiſtence, or of our underſtanding. "Our ſentence is for open war," till we can be ſafe. England is ſtill prepared, and alert, and vigorous, and opulent, and generous, and bold, and undiſmayed. She has not caſt away her confidence. Among the bands and aſſociated energies of England, I alſo, in my degree and very limited capacity, will ſtruggle for the principle of her life. I feel, in common with the wiſe and reflecting, that the conſtitution of Great Britain, even with its real or apparen d efects, is worthy of continuance, and I hope of perpetuity. Our anceſtors in 1688 once adopted the words of the aged Patriarch, "We have bleſſed it, yea, and it ſhall be bleſſed." In this one reſponſe, I truſt we ſhall all be orthodox; and with one heart and voice condemn all the hereſies of Gallick policy, in the words of the Alexandrian Liturgy of old, "*Των ἁιρεσιων καταλυσον τα φρυαγματα.*"*

" Liturgia Sancti Gregorii Alexandrina. Liturg. Oriental. Collect. Vol. 1. p. 107. Edit. Paris. 1716.

Government and Literature are now more than ever intimately connected. The hiſtory of the laſt thirty years proves it beyond a controverſy. Still it is difficult to rouſe the attention of men, and to perſuade them of the fact. But I have attempted it. I thought it juſt and right to ſet before them excellence oppoſed to excellence, as well as error contraſted to error; or in the words of the great Halicarnaſſian†." Αγαθȣς αγαθοις αντεξεταζειν." In the preſent change of manners, opinions, government, and learning, you may remember I gave it as my opinion, in which after ſome conſideration you concurred, that a variation is now required in the mode of conducting ſatirical writing. I mean, by calling in the reciprocal aſſiſtance of poetry and proſe in the ſame work, for the great end; if it is deſigned for general peruſal and extended application. I think this work is the firſt attempt of the kind, in the ſenſe which I propoſe.

(Αρχιλοχȣ) φωνημα και οφρυοεσσαν αοιδην
Πυργωσας στιβαρη ΠΡΩΤΟΣ εν ευεπιη.‡

I know not whether I am miſtaken, but as it appears to me, the power of legitimate Satire thus extended and ſtrengthened with the rampart of proſe, and fully underſtood, is the baſe, if not the only literary ſupport left. I am ſure it cannot be conſtrued into an hired ſervice. It has nothing in it of profeſſional labour: and as to intereſted views of perſonal profit or promotion, how can they be conſiſtent with it? It is as true in our time, as in that of Dryden, (I will give you his own words, (that "the common libellers of the day, "are as free from the imputation of wit as of morality." Satire has another tone and another character. All publick men

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† Dion. Halicarn. ad Cne. Pompeium de Platone Epiſt. p. 757. Sect. 1. Vol. 6. Ed. Reiſke. 1777.

‡ Adapted from the Anthologia. p. 393. Ed. Brodæi Fol.

men, however diſtinguiſhed, muſt in their turns ſubmit to it, if neceſſary to the welfare of the ſtate. The altar and the throne, the miniſter and the ſtateſman, may feel and own its influence. I would expreſs myſelf with diffidence of any Satiriſt: yet of the office itſelf, and of its higher functions, I would ſpeak as becomes its dignity and the excellency of its ancient character. *Magnificabo apoſtolatum meum.*

In my opinion, the office of a Satiriſt is by no means a pleaſant or a deſirable office; but it is neceſſary. It is difficult to exerciſe the talent without an appearance of ſeverity in the character and diſpoſition. Even playfulneſs and humour are called by other appellations. Learning is oſtentation, cenſure is malignity, and reprehenſion is abuſe. I have explained myſelf on this ſubject in different parts of my work. There remains a more formidable objection. On a firſt and partial view, it might deter any man from engaging in Satire; at leaſt any man who feels himſelf (and who does not feel himſelf, if he examines his own heart?) unworthy and wretched before THE unerring judgment. It is ſaid to be incompatible, if not with the profeſſion, yet certainly with the practice, of Chriſtianity. I am ſure, if that is true, the praiſe of wit, or learning, or talents, is nothing worth. If private malignity is the motive, it is eſſentially contrary to the precepts and practice of their religion. It cannot be defended for a moment. But if Satire is an inſtrument, and a powerful inſtrument, to maintain and enforce publick order, morality, religion, literature, and good manners, in thoſe caſes, in which the pulpit and the courts of law can ſeldom interfere, and rarely with effect; the community may authorize and approve it. The authorized inſtruments of lawful war are lawful.

Satire never can have effect, without a perſonal application. It muſt come home to the boſoms, and often to the offences of particular men. It never has its full force, if the author of it is known or ſtands forth; for the unworthineſs of any man leſſens the ſtrength of his objections. What I have written, is delivered to the publick in this ſpirit. If I had any private end or malignity in *any* part of it, I would have burned the work with indignation before it ſhould have appeared. I make no idle appeal to you, or any man, for the truth of my aſſertion; it is enough for me to feel that I ſpeak truth in the ſincerity of my heart. If I am believed, I am believed. But I may aſk with confidence; Is there in it any ſentence, or any ſentiment, by which the mind may be depraved, degraded, or corrupted? Is there a principle of claſſical criticiſm in any part of it, which is not juſt and defenſible by the greateſt maſters of ancient and legitimate compoſition? Is there any paſſage which pandars to the vitiated taſte, or to the polluted affections and paſſions of bad men? On the contrary; Are not the heart and underſtanding fortified unto virtue, and exalted into independence? Is there any idle depreciating declamation, againſt the real and ſolid advantages of birth, fortune, learning, wit, talents, and high ſtation? Is there any doctrine, which a teacher of morality, I mean Chriſtian morality, might refuſe to ſanction? A moraliſt and a divine have not the ſame office with the ſatiriſt; perſonality is foreign to them. But it is not ſufficiently attended to or believed, that when the underſtanding is enervated, when it once loſes, what one of the Fathers † calls emphatically, the της φρονησεως συννȣν και

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† Baſil. Archiepiſc. Cæſareæ. Op. Vol. 2. p. 698. Edit. Paris: 1618.

πεπυκνωμενον, when that ſolid, tenacious power of the mind is diſſolved, it is then open to all manner of deception, and to the impreſſion of ſophiſtry in literature, government, philoſophy, and religion. On this account, many works and many actions muſt be noticed, wholly unworthy of reprehenſion in any other point of view.

Ignorant men will cry out, it is a vexatious ſuit, when it is a juſt proſecution in the courts of criticiſm, and at the tribunal of publick opinion. They who would conſider my reprehenſions of Authors and of the tendency of their writings, as libels, or as libellous matter, are as ignorant of common law, as they are ignorant of common ſenſe, or common integrity and candour. With ſuch men, every piece of criticiſm is a ſpecies of libel. If they are inclined to *indict* any part of my work as *libellous*, it will be incumbent on them to contradict the great ſage of the law, who declares, that "*In a* CRIMINAL PROSECUTION, *the tendency which* "*all libels have to create animoſities and diſturb the publick* "*peace*, IS THE WHOLE *which the Law conſiders.*"† I am content to be at iſſue with them on this point. If any part of *my* work is "blaſphemous, immoral, treaſonable, ſchiſmatical, ſeditious, or ſcandalous," let it be produced publickly, and publickly puniſhed. But I maintain that, under reſtrictions, I have an undoubted right to lay my ſentiments before the publick, on publick ſubjects, publick men, and publick books, in any manner I think proper. If I am denied this right, there is an end of the freedom of the preſs, and of the rational and guarded liberty of England. If the matter of my book is criminal, let it be ſhewn. I appeal to the Courts and the Sages of the Law. But I will not be intimidated by the war-whoop of Jacobins, and democratick writers, or the feeble ſhrieks of witlings and poetaſters. While I have power, I will plead in behalf of learning, and

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† Blackſtone Comment. B. 4. Ch. 11.

and in the cauſe of my Country. I have not, in this work, violated the precepts of Chriſtianity, or the law of the land; and till I have done both or either, it is not in the power of any man to degrade my character and reputation with my country. If I have drawn any ſuppoſed characters, without a name or deſignation, I have done no more than Theophraſtus or La Bruyere. I ſhall not condeſcend to a diſcuſſion of ſuch a ſubject. Many paſſages, and perhaps trifling or ſportive alluſions in this work to perſons and events, are beſt defended by the general apology of Horace, "Ego ſi *riſi* quòd ineptus Paſtillos Rufillus olet, *lividus et mordax videar?*" I ſhall offer no other apology.

As to any ſuppoſed arrogance or preſumption; a writer, eſpecially a poet, will be warmed ſometimes with the dignity and importance of his ſubject, and may expreſs himſelf in terms rather ſtrong. The "ſume ſuperbiam" of a poet is ſeldom ſeverely examined. It is an extravaganza at moſt, and underſtood as ſuch.

Much has been obſerved as to the defect of plan in my Poem. I will ſay a few words. I wiſh not to vindicate, but to explain myſelf. The object of the whole, in a View of Literature. The Poem itſelf is "A Converſation on "the various objects of Literature, in a very extended "ſenſe, as it affects public order, regulated government, "and poliſhed ſociety." Nothing is introduced which is not, directly or indirectly, to that main purpoſe. It does not appear in the form of an Epiſtle, a mock-epick, or a didactick poem; but as a converſation in which ſubjects are diſcuſſed, as they ariſe naturally and eaſily; and the notes illuſtrate and enforce the general and particular doctrines. There is as much method and connection, as is conſiſtent with what I ſtate to be my plan, or *deſign*, if they like that word better. There is unity in the deſign. Converſation has its laws, but they are pleaſant, not ſevere reſtraints. Conſuls

indeed

indeed do not now meet Conſuls in Tuſculum; and, if I am rightly informed, the ſympoſiacks at Wimbledon and Holwood have not too much ſeverity of method, or equality in the glaſſes. I am willing to give my adverſaries the full benefit of the ſarcaſtick pleaſantry of Lord Shafteſbury, "that "it would be a belying of the age, to put ſo much good ſenſe "together in any *one* converſation, as to make it hold out "ſteadily, and with plain coherence, for an hour's time†." I never deſired to exhauſt any ſubject, but to leave matter for the reader's own ſuggeſtion. I may add, that it would be difficult to analyze one of the moſt finiſhed Satires in our language. I mean Pope's Two Dialogues, or as they are ſtrangely called, the Epilogue to the Satires.

I am repreſented, as having threatened any perſon who makes enquiry after me or my name. It was not my intention to do ſo. I ſaid, "it will be more than fooliſh to be very inquiſitive." I ſay ſo ſtill; for when the avenue to any knowledge is ſtrongly and effectually cloſed, who would labour after it fruitleſsly? To waſte our time to no manner of uſe, is not ſurely one of the diſcriminating marks of wiſdom. I maintain it boldly; no man has a right to demand either my name or my ſituation. It has been obſerved on ſuch occaſions, that "ſome might fight, but others would aſſaſſinate." For I believe I have no real enemies, but the lovers of confuſion and the troublers of ſtates. I will acknowledge it, I came armed into their confines, and I come in the darkneſs of the night. But if I were required or called upon to chooſe my companion, *you* know I am prepared with the anſwer of Diomede.

Ει μεν δηἕταρον γε κελἕυεις μ'αυτονἕλεσθαι,
Πως αν επειτ' ΟΔΥΣΗΟΣ εγω ΘΕΙΟΙΟ λαθοιμην;
'Ου περι μεν προφρων κραδιη και θυμος αγηνωρ
Εν παντεσσι πονοισι.‡

And

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† Shafteſbury's Moraliſts, Sect. 1.

‡ Il. 10. v. 242.

And if I am forced to deſcend into the lower regions of ſorrow and confuſion, among the pretended ſpirits of anarchy and democracy, I ſhall hope for the ſafe conduct of the Sybil. She might produce the branch to the ferryman of France and Tartarus. I would wiſh her to exhibit this Poem, as the "Donum fatalis virgæ, longo poſt tempore viſum." But to leave theſe alluſions. My book is open to all the accumulated ſeverity of publick criticiſm and publick reprehenſion. I ſhrink from neither of them. When I am wrong, (I have never been ſo intentionally) I will correct myſelf, and have done ſo frequently. In a field ſo extenſive, candour, I think, will allow that my miſtakes have not been very numerous.

As to my poetry or verſification, it was not written as a vehicle for the notes, but the notes were compoſed to accompany the text. I offer the poetry to thoſe who are converſant with the ſtrength, ſimplicity, and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them alone. I ſubmit both my Poems, "The Purſuits of Literature, and The Imperial Epiſtle," in this ſpirit and with this confidence to the publick. There are men, (and women too) who underſtand. But as to the lovers of exotick poetry, I refer them to the Botanick Garden of Dr. Darwin. My plants and flowers are produced and cheriſhed by the natural invigorating influence of the common ſun; I have not raiſed them by artificial heat.

If the root of a tree is ſound and vigorous, you ſtrengthen the ſhoots by repreſſing their luxuriance. I approve and would uphold our ſacred and civil eſtabliſhment. I would *therefore* mark the aberrations and miſconduct even of men of talents and virtue, who compoſe it. I would ſhew, that I am ſtrictly impartial. I can cenſure, with diſcrimination, even when I generally approve, and conſider nothing but the intereſts of the ſtate upon the whole. It is to miſunderſtand

or

or to miſrepreſent me, when it is aſſerted that I attack alike friends and foes. I attack no man in his *individual* capacity. I have nothing to do with the vanity or injudicious conduct of friends, but as they affect the community; and I can have no perſonal malignity againſt thoſe of whom I am perſonally ignorant. But they ſhall neither diſturb nor overthrow the ſtate of England, civil or religious, if any obſervations of mine can avail. They may wiſh to know me; but they may depend upon it, I will never give a proof of my ſpirit at the expence of my underſtanding.—I muſt now paſs from this ſubject.

As to political matters we ſhall never want Obſervers. I hate deſerters of their duty * on any principle whatever. But I ſuppoſe ſome Stateſmen think, there is a laudable obliquity and a ſeaſonable fear. For my own part I ſhall not, on this occaſion, invade the retreat of St. Ann's Hill, or violate the purity of Drury Lane. If *ſuch* Stateſmen are reſolved to ſee at once both the Senate and the Throne, the "Sævi "Spiracula Ditis" are open to them; they may deſcend in ſafety, and diſburthen the land. I do not believe that the poſſeſſion of abſolute power is in the reach of Mr. Pitt, or of any man. But the continuance of ſuch a miniſter in office will be approved, as I think, while the ſecurity, and independence, and dignity of the crown, the parliament, and of the people of Great Britain, are maintained againſt the tyrannical pretenſions of pirates, buccaneers, and plunderers. I would ſay to Mr. Pitt, as Cicero did to Torquatus, "Tibi nullum periculum eſſe perſpicio, "quod quidem ſejunctum ſit ab omnium interitu."† That miniſter has not looked ſubmiſſively, at any period of his long adminiſtration, for perſonal protection in *any* quarter.

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* H. of C. Nov. 1797.

† Cic. Ep. ad Fam. Lib. 6. Ep. 1.

ter. There is a hardihood about the man, which I love. On the broad general queſtion of the time, the publick eſteem has been commenſurate with the royal approbation. In this, the policy of the cloſet, of the ſenate, and of the people, ſeems to have been one. I am ſure, I hope, that wherever Mr. Pitt, or any miniſter proceeds, he will always find a board of controul; nor would I by any means diſapprove the advice of an honeſt Mandarin. But the ſtairs of the palace have *now* but one flight; the gate is in front, and the aſcent direct. The noble Marquis, who is now no more in office, may brood ſafely over beads and relicks. There is ſome propriety in this amuſement. It is pleaſing to preſerve the memorial of departed dignity. In my opinion, the Moor's head might have adorned our coin with the royal Gallick lillies, though the Sovereignty of France and Corſica is paſſed.

I can ſtand aloof from the ſcene itſelf, but I am no ſtranger to the moving principle. I was not formed to wait in the anti-chamber of a Duke of Lerma, or a Don Calderone. A little experience is ſufficient for the obſerving. It is either my advantage, or my misfortune, not to have adopted any profeſſion. I never could decide that point. But, as you well knew, I framed an early and an undaunted reſolution, (perhaps not wholly juſtifiable, but certainly not degrading to the character) that I never would do *perſonal* ſuit and ſervice, for convenience or emolument, to any man however high, in a ſubordinate ſtation. I framed that reſolution; I adhered to it. Privacy is my lot. Be it ſo: it is the ſoil in which learning and reflection ſtrike deepeſt. In theſe days it is my deſire that obſcurity ſhould gather round me. Now and then indeed, the thoughts of times which are no more, will bring with them a caſual, momentary, doubtful glimpſe of what might have been; and often, with the poet of Valcluſa by the fountain

of

of Sorga, I have regretted ſome periods of inactivity, not of ſloth, which have paſſed.

Senza levarmi a volo, avend'io l'ale,
Per dar forſe de me non baſſi eſempi.

But if the laurel, which I have *now* planted, ſhould thicken round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will ſupport it. The materials are ſolid, and the ground is firm.

I have indeed a few memoirs by me, written in other days and with other hopes, and if I could poliſh the ſtyle, and reduce them a little into form, I am convinced they would not be unintereſting. "*Le Roi et ſes Miniſtres peutêtre ſe fairoient lire ces Memoires, qui aſſurément ne ſont pas ceux d'un ignorant.*" But let this paſs for the preſent. I am for practicable politicks. I would not be driven into meaſures from which there is no retreat. I ſmile when I am told of love and hate in politicians and miniſters. Theſe are paſſions which they never felt. Circumſtances alone unite and ſeparate them. I would wiſh to act with thoſe ſtateſman who would, as far as is conſiſtent with the dignity and ſafety of the country, by a timely conceſſion and a rational departure from too rigid principles, prevent thoſe calamities which reſult from authority without power, and expence without ſupplies. But my hour for treating theſe ſubjects, in the manner I propoſe, is not yet come. I muſt turn to other thoughts for a ſeaſon.

When Philoſophy ſaw the Muſes ſtanding by Boethius in his affliction, ſhe ſpoke in terms of ſome ſurpriſe and indignation.† In our time this indignation would have been retorted by the ſiſters of the ſong. Philoſophy has appeared, not to conſole, but to deject. When I have read and thought deeply on the accumulated horrors, and all the gradations of wickedneſs and miſery, through which the modern ſyſtematick philoſophy of Europe has conducted

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† Boeth. de Conſolat. Philos. L. 1. Pr. 1.

ducted her illuminated votaries, to the confines of political death and mental darkneſs, my mind for a ſpace feels a convulſion, and ſuffers the nature of an inſurrection. I look around me. I look to human actions, and to human principles. I conſider again and again, what is the nature and effect of learning and of inſtruction: what is the doctrine of evidence, and the foundation of truth. I aſk myſelf, are all theſe changed? Have the moral and the natural laws of God to his creatures another baſis? Has the lapſe of fifty years made an alteration in HIM, who is declared to be THE SAME to day, yeſterday, and for ever? Can the violence, the preſumption, the audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of man, drunk with ſelf-idolatry and temporary ſucceſs, change the nature and eſſence of God and of his works, by calling good evil, and evil good? I am told, that human reaſon is nearly advanced to full perfection; I am aſſured, that ſhe is arrived at the haven, where ſhe would be. I again look around me. I aſk, where is that haven? where is that ſteady gale which has conducted her? I liſten, but it is to the tempeſt: I caſt my view abroad, but the ocean is every where perturbed. I pauſe again. Perhaps, it is "*the wind and ſtorm fulfilling* HIS *word!*"

I reſume the reflections of ſuffering humanity amid the wreck of intellect. This was not the ancient character of philoſophy. The lovers of wiſdom, in the beſt ages of Athens and of Rome, always diſcourſed with reverence and ſubmiſſion of the Author and Governor of the world. They conſidered of whom they ſpoke. If they turned to the origin of evil, or to any dark and unfathomable queſtion, they *firſt* called upon man to conſider the limits of his underſtanding. They warned him, with moſt peculiar emphaſis, to beware of thoſe αλυτοι αποριαι, thoſe difficulties of hard ſolution, which are but increaſed by defences or arguments ill-conſtructed. They implored him affectionately, to avoid all that tends to overthrow, to trouble or diſturb thoſe principles, which conduct to peace and to right action. Their advice was to ſtrengthen the intellect, and to compoſe the paſſions, not by braving and inſulting the all-powerful, all-wiſe, and all-merciful Creator, but by an humble, patient enquiry into his works, and by ſubmiſſion to his diſpenſations. They ſeemed to be well aware, that to him who underſtood all the bearings and relations of the word, *Reſignation* to the will of God was the whole of piety. If upon ſages like theſe the light of revelation ſhould appear, as the regent of *their* philoſophical day, nothing can be conceived more auguſt, nothing more ennobling, nothing more dignified. Poetry and philoſophy may then ſpeak a language worthy of themſelves:

> *Altius his nihil eſt: hæc ſunt faſtigia mundi!*
> PUBLICA NATURÆ DOMUS *his contenta tenetur*
> *Finibus.**

When we have read ſuch writers, it is hardly poſſible not to turn from modern ſcepticks and ſcioliſts with ſomething more than neglect. If to *their* philoſophy they add witticiſm and ribaldry, they are nauſeous. If to their ribaldry they join folly and groſs ignorance, they ſhould be driven from our fellowſhip with contempt. The continued labours of the arch Theomachiſt of the age, the records of that perpetual conflict which he maintained, during the courſe of fifty years of a long and impious life, againſt the ſpiritual "kingdoms of God and of his Chriſt," and the memorials of his deſolating days, will all be entombed in the French Pantheon with the mouldering remnant of his

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* Manil. Aſtron. L. 1.

his bones.† *Duſt to duſt, aſhes to aſhes!* He ſowed unto the fleſh, and of the fleſh he and his diſciples have reaped death and corruption. All the minor powers of infidelity, anarchy, ſedition, rebellion, and democracy, may *yet* be diſperſed *in England:* from their leaders Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Condorcet, to the vulgar illiterate blaſphemy of Thomas Paine, and the contemptible nonſenſe of William Godwin. I feel for mankind when they are inſulted by ſuch writers. I make common cauſe with all my fellow creatures, and call upon them to rally round the conſtitution of our human nature, and to ſupport its dignity.

From writers of this character, my thoughts are directed to the profeſſors of *that ſuperſtitious corruption* of Chriſtianity, which *originally* gave occaſion to thoſe attempts, to which it has pleaſed Providence to permit a temporary ſucceſs, to ſcourge the nations of Europe. I am ſure the plain ſimplicity of the Proteſtant religion of England could never have ſuggeſted ſo daring, ſo extenſivea project. I have therefore ſpoken at large of the Roman Catholick religion, and its profeſſors, and the emigrants and French prieſts. From ſome obſervations I have heard and ſeen on this part of my work, you may remember I was tempted to think, that I had advanced ſomething new on this

ſubject.

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† To the writings of Voltaire the ſtrong words of Euſebins are applicable: "Αυται ἁι ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΜΑΧΟΥ φωναι, επι κακιας ισχυι μεγαλαυχουμενου, και τας προς του Υψιστου τοις αγγελοις παραδοθεισας των εθνων οροθεσιας διαρπασαι και συγχειν απειλουντος, προνομευσειν τε την οικουμενην, και παν το των ανθρωπων γενος διεκσεισειν και μεταστησειεν της προτερον ευταξιας απαυθαδιαζομενου." Euſeb. Demonſtrat. Evang. Lib. 4. Sect. 9.

ſubject. I am ſure the principles are as old and as moderate as thoſe of the Reformation. I know that every page of our hiſtory confirms their truth. Have we forgotten the hiſtory of that Reformation? Is "the Preſervative againſt Popery" buried in oblivion and unmerited neglect? Do we remember Mede, and Chillingworth, and Hooker, and Tillotſon, and Hoadly, and Sherlock? Can we paſs by the phalanx of Stateſmen, and Biſhops, and Lawyers, who ſtood forth in 1688? What I have advanced is in ſubſtance very old; in manner it may perhaps be new. All I have adviſed, is on the ſide of caution. I only declared and pronounced ſolemnly in the face of my country, that A COLLEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS, of a religion hoſtile in principle and in action too, whenever it has the power, againſt the eſtabliſhed church of this kingdom, *ſhould not be ſet upon a hill*, and authoriſed and maintained by the miniſters of the crown, and the publick money of the land. They have been diſperſed ſince that warning was given. I only ſaid, let ſupport be adminiſtered to them privately, and in detached ſituations. I have pity for them, and relief too, according to my ability. But, "though I give all my goods (ſaid the Apoſtle) to feed the poor and the diſtreſſed, *and have not Charity*, it profiteth me nothing." What does he mean? He ſurely means ſomething. Alms alone, it ſeems, however liberal, however extended, neither are, nor can be, the whole or the eſſence of chriſtian charity. They are indeed a material part, and one of the beſt external proofs of its exiſtence. Charity is in reality a principle of general ſafety, of kindneſs, of active benevolence, of diſcernment, of prudence, of moderation, and of guarded virtue. It originated from HIM, who commanded his diſciples to aſſume the innocence of the dove, and the wiſdom of the ſerpent. We may depend upon it; the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity is not inconſiſtent with itſelf. Surely this is not to teach perſecution or intolerance. My language and arguments are deſigned only to ſhew, that the ſpirit of the ſyſtem of Popery yet remains unaltered in its great and leading principles. *If it periſhes, it will periſh altogether.* I love toleration, in the conſtitutional ſenſe of the word, as much as the moſt deſigning patriot of the day: but indifferent to the publick form of religion is the firſt ſtep to its neglect, and to its conſequent abolition. I cannot think it a mark of intolerance, when I deprecate the revival of the Romiſh ſuperſtition in England. There is an enthuſiaſm, an ὀργασμος, in the profeſſors of it which, I know, never forſakes them. It is active, where its influence can hardly be ſuppoſed. It is ſaid to pervade even the ſquabbles of a ſociety ſet apart for the preſervation of our national antiquity. With a cat-like watch, it peers and pries over every paper on eccleſiaſtical reliques, and garbles the ſlighteſt caſual effuſions of proteſtant zeal, before it is preſented to the world. If it cannot be openly recommended, it will effectually guard againſt the leaſt reproach or inſinuation of its ſubtlety. Romiſh Baronets will be buſy, and Romiſh Prieſts will meddle. Perhaps the Secretary of that ſociety knows, whether theſe hints are true and juſtifiable. It ſurely will be underſtood, I am only ſpeaking of *the ſpirit and tendency of the ſyſtem itſelf.* I would carry Charity with me in my heart and in my hand, but I know that charity is, and muſt be, conſiſtent with a love to my country, and to her rights, civil and religious. If I am wrong, I fear, I muſt continue ſo. I have yet ſeen no argument to ſhake my conviction.

I would ſay a few words on another part of my work. I have been under the neceſſity, at leaſt as I thought, of appealing for illuſtration to writers of all ages and in various languages. There is an appearance of oſtentation in it, to which I muſt ſubmit. I certainly am of opinion with Caſaubon, that it cannot be ſuppoſed, "facere ali-"quid ad veram pietatem ſeu doctrinam, Græcâ potius "quam aliâ linguâ loqui."† Certainly not. But to enforce and to illuſtrate any poſition, and language of poets, and the dignity and ſpirit of ancient eloquence and hiſtory, in the original words, are of no mean aſſiſtance. The nature and full force of this work could not have been ſuſtained without the notes, in which the moſt important ſubjects, ſacred, moral, and political, are occaſionally diſcuſſed. But I have generally given, in Engliſh, the ſubſtance of the alluſions, contained in the learned languages which are brought forward.

I would not have any one think, that an appeal to the higheſt poets of modern Italy is either trifling or diſgraceful. No man ever felt the power of poetry, if he refuſed his homage to Dante, Petrarch, Arioſto, and Taſſo; I mean, if their language was familiar to him. In their primal poet there is an originality and a hardihood of antiquity. His ſoul was dark and ſullen; it was proud and full of his wrongs. Frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu. He paſſed through imaginary realms without the ſun, to the confines of light and hope. The day ſhone full upon him, and the beams were from on high. His draught of man and his paſſions is eternal. His language was like himſelf, deep and full of matter: its ſtrength and harmony may be beſt expreſſed by his Tuſcan brother:

Aſpro

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† Is. Caſaub. Exercitat. 16 ad Annales Eccleſiaſt. Baronii.

Aſpro concento, orribile armonia
D'alte querele, d'ululi, e di ſtrida,
Iſtranamente concordar ſ'udia![†]

As to Petrarch; we are led by every milder feeling to the retreat of Valcluſa. The ſtrain of the poet is yet ſofter than the breeze, or the murmur of his fountain.[‡] Yet was he not without energy. His ſubject was ſometimes high and holy. He was familiar with death, and his breathings were after immortality. He too could deſcribe *the diſruption of the moral veil*, and the departure of the ſoul,

Svegliata fra gli ſpirti eletti,
Ove nel ſuo Fattor l'Alma ſ'interna!

I will not purſue this theme; and of Arioſto and Taſſo it would be idle to ſpeak. But, by the way, I may obſerve, that the three greateſt maſters of heroic verſe, in unlaboured eaſe and flowing dignity, are to my apprehenſion and judgment, Homer, Arioſto, and the glory of Spain, Alonzo d'Ercilla. I have without intention indeed, but with the privilege of a letter, deſcanted a little on a favourite incidental topick. For when I hear the language of Italy, under theſe mighty maſters, called frivolous and light, I cannot paſs it without a moment's vindication. In my opinion they ſtrengthen and harmonize both the intellect and the ear. My references to them are however very few.

I am

[†] Arioſto. O. F. c. 16.

[‡] ‘Ωσπερ απο των ευωδεστατων λειμωνων αυρα τις ἡδεια απ' αυτης φερεται. Such is the harmonious proſe which diſtinguiſhes the critical writings of the great Halicarnaſſian. Epiſt. ad Cn. Pompeium. de Platone. Sect. 2.

I am told, I am forgiven for my Latin; but for the Greek, not ſo eaſily. In this particular indeed, I am rather ſurpriſed that no man *of wit* has ſaid of my notes, "They are "Greek invocations to call fools into a circle."‡ Certainly there will be Halos round the brighteſt luminaries; and it muſt be confeſſed, that many of my notes have ſuch a circular appearance. If ſome galled theologian were diſpoſed to banter, and to queſtion the validity of my Greek ordination, he would perhaps ſhrewdly remind me of the Council of Florence in 1439, when the Greek and Latin churches propoſed, as a principle of union, that *the Greeks* ſhould alter their manuſcripts *from the Latin.* He might alſo tell me of the celebrated "Fœdus cum Græcis," ſo well known among the ſacred manuſcript criticks. And if I were to adduce from the great Eraſmus, my "Capita ar-"gumentorum contra moroſos quoſdam et indoctos"§; I ſhould be reminded by Dr. PARR, that I have not the erudition of Eraſmus, or the gentle manners of the ſerene Sepulvèda. Mr. Knight would remand me to the Greek alphabet (to any one, I hope, but his own), and his modeſty would attempt ſome jucundity from the Luſus Priapi. I will endure them all. I have patience and pity too.

I know you were ſurpriſed, when you found me beſet with poetaſters, and rhetoricians, and commentators, and old ſeventh form boys, that I was ſo patient. In truth I thought there might be ſome remedy. Yet I will own, that when I ſee ſo many heads around me deprived of the ſubſtance of of ſenſe, I am perpetually calling for the *ampolla* of Aſtolpho, that ſacred veſſel which he brought from the upper regions.

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‡ Shakſpeare's As you like it. act 2.

§ Nov. Teſt. by Eraſmus in 1595. 5th Edit.

"Che tempo é ormai, *ch' ai capi voti o macri*
"*Di ſenno, ſi ſoccorri con l' ampolla* [§].

But I ſhould have too much on my hands, and I recall my wiſh. In the political, as well as in the mere literary world, there is more to do in that way than I can attempt.

A few drops from this ampolla might now and then, on particular occaſions, fall on the miniſter himſelf, who *now* in his taxes appears as the political Hecate[‡], or Diana, in their *triple* forms. Some of it alſo, might be ſpared for Earl Fitzwilliam with good effect; but I ſhould be unwilling to waſte the precious liquor on the noble head of his Grace of Bedford. Some creſts are indeed vulnerable: but the conſtitution is ſo radically impaired, that when the head is once opened, it is in vain to think of cloſing it. Mr. Horne Tooke, for inſtance, is out of the reach of art. I would only ſet up *the bidental* at the bookſeller's door at Wimbledon. It will at leaſt ſerve as a land-mark for the French, on their firſt invaſion. As to the *mendici*, *mimi*, *balatrones*, what can be done?

[§] Arioſto O. F. Cant. 38.

[‡] Hecate is termed in the Argonauticks of Orpheus,

Τρισσοκαρηνος ιδειν, ολοον τερας, ουτι δαητον,
Ταρταροπαις Εκατη! (v. 974.) Edit. Eſchenback. p. 66.

For the Diana τριμορφος, look at the gems of Fulvius Urſinus.—It is odd, that Lycophron, in all the darkneſs of his prophetick ſong, chanting forth the powers, ους Αρης εφιλατο, couples together Bellona and Minerva, " Και δι' Ενυω, και Τριγεννητος Θεα. Caſſand. v. 519.—What is the allegory? It ſeems as if war and wiſdom might be joined together; but the ſooner the union can be diſſolved, the better.

done? The moſt infamous are the moſt contented. But there are minor members of the great democratick body, and all have not the ſame office. Yet there is a marvellous uſe (and they underſtand it better than WE do) in that which *every* joint ſupplieth. I ſhould leave Mr. Tierney (*a*), with ſome little hope, to the diſcipline of Cocker and Oldfield (*b*). He may perhaps improve in calculation; but I think it will be ſome time before his anti-profeſſional prattle will impoſe on another boy-committee on a conteſted election. The drops of the *ampolla* would never penetrate the thick rotundity of Mr. Nicholls (*c*); but they might inſinuate themſelves through the zig-zag crevices of Sir John Sinclair's head. If we paſs to ſubjects of lighter moment, even the Bavian drops from Mr. Gifford have fallen off, like oil, from the plumage of the Florence and Cruſcan geeſe. At *home* alſo, I am ſorry that his ſucceſs is imperfect. I am told, that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and talk; and Mr. JERNINGHAM (poor man!) ſtill continues *ſillier than his ſheep.*

But a truce to this badinage. Like the Warrior of Ithaca, I would appear but for a ſeaſon, and for a peculiar purpoſe, in ſuch a garb. It is neceſſary *now* to aſſume thoſe higher functions to which I am called, to claim for myſelf, and to vindicate

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(*a*) M. P. for the Borough. (*b*) An obſcure writer on the Boroughs. "The ſad hiſtorian of that tainted plain." (*c*) M. P. for Tregony.

vindicate the συνδικον Μοισαν κτιανον, § the undoubted right and hereditary dignity of the Satirick muſe.

> Γυμνωθη ῥακεων πολυμητις Θδυσσευς,
> ΑΛΤΟ Δ'ΕΠΙ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΟΥΔΟΝ! εχων βιον ηδε φαρετρην
> Ιων εμπλειην' ταχεας δ' εγχευατ' οιστȣς
> Αυτȣ προσθε ποδων.†

I had once a thought, as you adviſed me, of analyſing the following poem. But to what effect, and for what uſe? To men, like you, it is needleſs or preſumptuous: to others, it is ſuperfluous. I am indeed confident, that when all the perſonal objects of my praiſe or cenſure ſhall have paſſed from the ſcene, this work will be found to contain principles of government, polity, religion, morality, education, criticiſm, poetry, and literature, worthy of being tranſmitted to another age. I have indeed already ſaid much: but I think, I have ſomething more to offer to my country, if ſtrength and health (not according to my deſerts, but through that mercy which I humbly and daily acknowledge and revere) ſhould graciouſly be extended and continued to me. I mean, if I ſee a proper occaſion to preſent it, and if England ſhould not be abſorbed in the vortex and abhorred gulph of democracy and tyranny.

Still perhaps I am incautious in my words. I can promiſe little. However that may be, my principle is and ever has been that, "NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF," for his own little pleaſures, or mean gratifications, or low unworthy paſſions, the dirty family of ſelfiſhneſs, which by the law of Providence, defeats its own purpoſes. I ſpeak not of a roa romantick, impracticable, general good, but of the ſpecifick benefit which an individual may and can confer on his fellow-creatures in his own limited ſphere of action, by a continued exertion of the faculties or talents with which he finds and feels himſelf intruſted.

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§ Pind. Pyth. 1. † Hom. Od. 22.

Well wiſhers to their country are, above all things, deſirous of the ſteady light of Literature, and of the day-ſpring from on high. Yet whether they or we may hope, the horizon may perhaps be now illuminated with its departing beams. I will yet ſtrive to be full of hope: though in ſome paſſing moments of dejection, the ſtrain of the Florentine poet, in all its melancholy harmony, dwells on my ear: *Penſa, che queſto dì mai non raggiorna!* † But let us ſtill contemplate the glory which was caſt round other times. I will therefore conclude this letter, by complying with your requeſt in offering you a very few ideas on the *chief* Satiriſts of ancient and of modern fame. I may be ſingular perhaps; but if I except LUCILIUS, (who is known to us only by detached lines and ſhort paſſages) in my opinion, the fullneſs of that glory never ſhone *but on* SIX POETS: "Quos orbe ſub omni Jam vix ſeptenâ numerat ſapientia famâ." The character of LUCILIUS, the inventor of Satire, was reſpected by Scipio and Lælius. They were his friends. Poetaſters, rhetoricians, and even men of high quality and of conſular rank, were often the ſubjects of his cenſure. I know not what a modern French Directory might do with a man of his character; but Lucilius enjoyed reſpect and impunity in the Roman Republick. HORACE in the politeſt age, under

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† Dante Parad.

under the deſpotiſm of Auguſtus, inſinuated himſelf into the graces of the Emperor; yet he was peculiarly ſtudious to mark the obnoxious, fooliſh, or wicked characters of his age. He was careful not to be miſunderſtood. He noted the name, the profeſſion, and the rank of thoſe whom he devoted to undying ridicule, or conſigned to the eternity of fame. Auguſtus and Mæcenas well knew the value of ſuch a poet. They looked to the ſtability of government and the empire of good ſenſe, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry. In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Perſius exerted a ſeverity without playfulneſs, and veiled themſelves in obſcurity, yet without being miſunderſtood. They applied directly and irreſiſtibly to the inmoſt feelings of the heart, callous and depraved as it was. The writers were either ſpared or neglected; but their works were admired and circulated. I know the perſon to whom I am now addreſſing myſelf too well, to enter into a criticiſm on Horace, Juvenal or Perſius. Mr. Dryden indeed has done it already.

An interval of ages paſſed, dark and barbarous. The power of Satire, in its full and legitimate ſtrength, was never again felt till the reigh of Louis the fourteenth of France. Then appeared a Poet, ſecond to none of his predeceſſors. A philoſopher without being wordy, the friend of ſenſe and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in ſpirit, and fearleſs of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is ſomething in all his compoſitions ſo finiſhed, ſo removed from conceit and forced thought; ſuch an ardent zeal for propriety in ſentiment and in expreſſion; ſuch a ſenſe of the dignity of the human character, when undebaſed; ſuch a hatred of hypocriſy; ſuch a love of purity; ſuch an abhorrence of all profaneneſs ſaneneſs and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man whoſe works, as a poet and a critick, may be read and ſtudied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the fourteenth, are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. The majeſty of the French monarch, in that cultivated age, was ſurely as worthy of homage as the *deity* of the Roman Auguſtus. To read tbe works of BOILEAU with full advantage, ſome accuracy of knowledge, and ſome inſight into the delicacy of the *ancient* French language are required. (I call their language *ancient*, which exiſted before the revolution, for I ſcarce underſtand the modern democratick jargon. *Grave virus* munditias *pepulit.*) It is alſo neceſſary to have a perception of the peculiar caſt of the French poetry, and of the conſtruction of the verſe. An allowance muſt be made for the language itſelf, which is not poetical as contradiſtinguiſhed to proſe, but forcible, terſe, and well adapted to the condenſation of ſatirical expreſſion. As a writer, I think him *original.* What he has borrowed, he almoſt ſeems to have reſtored to its proper place. He alternately aſſumes the characters of the three great Romans. He maintains an honourable conteſt for the maſtery. Equal to either of them taken ſingly, and in the merit of compoſition, ſometimes their ſuperior. He is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners, will ever ſuffer to be broken.

Nearly at the ſame period, after ſome momentary gleams and ſtrong flaſhes in the horizon, Satire aroſe in England. When I name DRYDEN, I comprehend every varied excellence of *our* poetry. In harmony, ſtrength, modulation, rythm, energy, he firſt diſplayed the full power of the Engliſh language.

language. My buſineſs with him at preſent, is only as a Satiriſt. I will be brief: I ſpeak to the intelligent. He was the firſt poet who brought to perfection, what I would term, "The Allegory of Satire." Fables, indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the moſt ancient modes of reproof and cenſure. It was the peculiar happineſs of Dryden to give an eternal ſenſe and intereſt to ſubjects which are tranſitory. He placed his ſcene on the ground of actual hiſtory. The reader of every age has an intereſt in the delineation of characters and names, which have been familiar to him from his earlieſt years. He is already prepared, and feels a predilection for the ſubject. This accommodation of ancient characters to exiſting perſons has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addreſſed; and poſterity reads with delight a poem founded on priſtine ſtory, and illuſtrated by the records of modern times. Dryden's power of Satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecknoe: but his maſter-piece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, Abſalom and Achitophel. He preſents to us an heroick ſubject in heroick numbers, a well-conſtructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our beſt feelings and paſſions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, ſedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo, and he gives the ſpeeches of his heroes with the ſtrength, propriety and correctneſs of Virgil. It is Satire in its higheſt form: but it is Satire addreſſed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this ſpecies of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the ſtyle and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Perſius, or Boileau. Pope called him "*unhappy*," from the looſeneſs of the age in which he lived. He has enthuſiaſm, majeſty, ſerioufneſs, ſeverity, gravity, ſtrength of conception, and boldneſs of imagery. But ſprightlineſs, gaiety, an eaſy badinage, an occaſional playfulneſs, ſo neceſſary to the general effect of ſatirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too ſublime. He could not, or he would not, deſcend to the minutiæ which are often required, the anecdotes, and the paſſing traits of the time. His ſatire had an original character. It was the ſtrain of Archilochus ſounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

The ſixth and laſt of this immortal Brotherhood, in the fullneſs of time, and in the maturity of poetical power, came Pope. All that was wanting to his illuſtrious predeceſſor found its conſummation in the genius, knowledge, correct ſenſe, and condenſation of thought and expreſſion, which diſtinguiſh this poet. The tenour of his life was peculiarly favourable to his office. He had *firſt* cultivated all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in deſcription, in paſtoral, in the pathetick, and in general criticiſm; and had given an Engliſh exiſtence in perpetuity to the Father of all poetry. Thus honoured, and with theſe pretenſions, he left them all for that excellence, for which the maturity of his talents and judgment ſo eminently deſigned him. Familiar with the great; intimate with the polite; graced by the attentions of *the fair*; admired by the learned; a favourite with the nation; independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius and induſtry; the companion of perſons diſtinguiſhed for birth, high faſhion, rank, wit, or virtue; reſident in the center of all publick information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge, and every mode of obſervation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are ſo generally read and ſtudied, that I ſhould not merely fatigue, but I ſhould almoſt inſult you by ſuch a needleſs diſquiſition. I ſhall therefore conclude.

As a diſciple of theſe great maſters, and full of that ſpirit which an unbroken and an honourable intimacy with their works has inſpired, I now preſent myſelf a votary at their temple; and in ſome meaſure clothed in the robes of their hereditary prieſthood, I would alſo enter, and offer my oblation at the high altar of my country. But if, unworthy of this hallowed inveſtment and interior miniſtry, the door of the ſanctuary is cloſed upon me; I ſhall retire without a murmur, and with devotion unimpaired worſhip in the veſtibule. Yet can beſt judge of my motives, who have known moſt intimately the nature and extent of my ſtudies, ſolitary ſo long in their acquirement, and now publick at laſt in their application and in their end. With a neceſſary indulgence for all my frailties, vices, errors, follies, and imperfections, and with the partiality of friendſhip, you, and ſuch as you, may perhaps allow me to apply to myſelf, with ſome little variation, the words of the moſt fervid poet of antiquity:

Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulſo, ſed *Aurunci* reſidens in margine templi
Audax magnorum tumulis adcanto Magiſtrûm.

I am, &c. &c.

THE
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aſpice et hæc, ſi forte aliquid decoctius audis;
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure.

PERS. SAT. I.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST DIALOGUE†

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

THE importance of the ſubject of this poem, and the neceſſity of ſuch an appeal to the kingdom *at this time*, are the beſt reaſons which I can offer for its publication. But in regard to the various matters which are conſidered in the following compoſition, I recommend to my readers a paſſage from a collection of the moſt pleaſing and informing treatiſes in natural philoſophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean the Chemical Eſſays by Dr. Watſon, the preſent Biſhop of Landaff; vol. iv. p. 257. It is this; "Sir Iſaac Newton "and Dr. Bentley met accidentally in London, and

"on

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† Firſt printed in May 1794.

"on Sir Isaac's inquiring what *Philoſophical Purſuits* "were carrying on at Cambridge, the Doctor replied, "none; for when you go a hunting, Sir Isaac, you kill all "the game; you have left us nothing to purſue." "Not "so, ſaid the philoſopher, you may ſtart a variety of game "in every buſh, if you will but take the trouble to beat for "it." "And ſo in truth it is," (obſerves Biſhop Watſon) "every object in nature affords occaſion for philoſophi-"cal experiment." I may add, that ſuch a ſtate of ſociety and of literature, as the preſent, affords occaſion for numerous *experiments* and obſervations, without any danger of mutual interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatſoever is intended of any former writer, or of any former poem. *It was written upon no private motive whatſoever; but ſimply and ſolely as the conduct of the perſons mentioned or alluded to, or the manner of their compoſitions, or the principles of their writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the government, the religion, the publick morality, the publick happineſs, and the publick ſecurity of this nation.* My intentions are juſt and juſtifiable to reaſonable men, who will reflect on what has paſſed and is paſſing before them. We muſt indeed be ſenſible, that it is *now* no longer a mere ſport of the pen, a light ſkirmiſh, or a random ſhaft, the Apollineæ *bellum puerile* pharetræ, which is *alone* demanded; but our weapons muſt be inſtruments of war, able to break down the ſtrong holds of anarchy, impiety, and rebellion, and mighty to vindicate the power of legitimate authority. In every region of Europe there ſhould have been a common cauſe. But in no kingdom, except Great Britain, has that cauſe been maintained *in full integrity*. While I am writing, we are convulſed to our center; and yet in the midst of fear, we are impudently and wickedly told, there is no cauſe of alarm.

Talia dum celebro, subitam civilis Erynnys
Tarpeio de monte facem, Phlegræaque movit
Prælia: sacrilegis lucent *Capitolia* tædis,
Et Senonum furias Latiæ sumpsere cohortes. (†)

We may (for we can) all of us contribute to the aſſistance, and the comfort, and the good of others, and to the stability of social happineſs. The ſword, the voice, and the pen muſt be resolutely and decisively called into action, for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Satirical writings muſt submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though I ſee no neceſsary connection between them. In my opinion, Satire has nothing to do with good-nature or with ill-nature. Its office respects the publick good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed *to ſupply the laws* in all cases which are beyond their jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to perhaps a ſtill higher tribunal, that of publick opinion, character and reputation.

Such are my ideas; yet I am sure I have nothing of the wild American in my composition; I never wished to destroy any man, either to inherit his wit or plunder him of his underſtanding. But I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexandria, to no executive director of a modern republick, to no lordly president of factious councils, of democratick delegates, or of societies in open defiance of established authority in regulated empires. There is darkness mixed with

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(†) Statius. Sylv. Lib. 5. Carm. 3.

with fire, and volumes of smoke are rolling from the mouth of the cavern. I love no atheist French Bishops, nor unfrocked grammarians in England. Horne Tooke is ſtill living, and Edmund Burke † is no more. SOL OCCUBUIT! I hope Mr. Pitt will assure us of the old prodigy, *nox nulla secuta est!* We must *now* all assist in our various capacities, and feel and act as publick men. In times like these we may assume a virtue, a character, a courage, and a firmness, not originally our own. I protest I have no private animosity in my nature; but I come forth (boldly enough, I will confess, but as I ought to do) in behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government. Nor would I publish this satirical Poem, *but from a full conviction of its tendency to promote the publick welfare*, in its degree, and according to its subject, when it is (if it ever ſhould be) *studied* and conſidered with impartiality.

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† August, 1797.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST. (*a*)

THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I WHO once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,
Still to the publick raise no venal voice,
In the full freedom of a Briton's choice,
Through tracts aloft on daring pinions rove,
Where'er by duty borne, or led by love.

Yet not unconscious of this awful age,
I mark what new conflicting systems rage,

Systems

(*a*) First publiſhed in May 1794.

Systems which laugh to scorn th' avenging rod,
And hurl defiance to the throne of God;
Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
And grant no pause—but *everlasting sleep*! (*b*)
Blood-guiltiness their crime; with hell they cope;
No flesh, no ſpirit now must rest in hope,
But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
The (*c*) sculptur'd mock'ry marks, and seals the tomb.

New Lights on all, but on the Poet, rise;
Still can he ſmile, and with no murm'ring sighs
Can own well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest bard,
Bavius, (*d*) or Maro, finds *the same* regard;

Not

(*b*) This alludes to the French decree which aboliſhed, *by law*, in 1793, a futurity of existence. Impiety and abſurdity are the natural consequences of their principles.

(*c*) The French have alſo *decreed*, that in every church yard trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to the tombs; and this sleep they *decree* to be *eternal*. N. B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was *first* published in May 1794.—It may be so again, or may be so at this moment, 1796.

(*d*) The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or an Imitation

Not as Mæcenas once with partial ray
Illum'd the rising glories of his day;
Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

OCTAVIUS.

Why should *you* write; the world is now so fickle,
Scarce is there room for Sheridan (*e*) and Tickell; (*f*)
And

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tation of the first Satire of Persius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author professes to be conversant only among the *sheep folds* at present, he threatens a descent upon the noble and more *reluctant animals.* If this be a first production, the poet must proceed with the consciousness of genius: he has the ground-work of all excellence, good sense, and a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. He has divulged his name *imprudently.* Such compoſitions require secresy for their effect; especially if they are published at an early period of life, and still more if the poet commences his career with satire. Mr. Pope ſuffered *pure description to hold the place of sense* for a long time, before he took his proper station. The author of *The Baviad* has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands. The *Albums*, the *Laura-Marias*, the *Jerninghams*, *Antony Pasquins*, *Mary Robinsons*, *Piozzis and Bozzi's*; the *Phillidas*, *Hypsipilas*, *vatum et plorabile si quid.* Unfortunately there are too many left. (1794.)

(*e*) R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. M. P. I am ſorry to say of this *extraordinary*

And though in tone ſonorous, blithe or grand,
The loud *Laurentian (g)* trumpet through the land
Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Roſe, and Rolle,
With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian (*h*) soul;
The

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traordinary man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. "Unus *sceptra potitus*, eâdem aliis sopitu quiete est." Why is it so? Politics are transitory; wit is eternal.

(*f*) Since this was written, the publick has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day: happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it.—I mention with pleaſure *Anticipation*, the *Wreath of Fashion*, *&c.* *&c.* *&c.* and I wish to preserve the name and remembrance of ſuch a man as Mr. Tickell. Poets and ingenious men, who write on occasional subjects with great ability, are too often lost in the moſt undeſerved oblivion. But we must recollect, that even ſuch a poem as "The Absalom and Achitophel" of Dryden himself (perhaps his greatest production) was but *occasional*, and written *for a party*.

(*g*) It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political composition of the Rolliad and the Probationary Odes *by Dr. Laurence and company.*—1794. N. B. The Doctor may be consulted in private at *the* OLD *blue and buff* lamp, on the subject of theſe state hand-bills. If the political infection is recent, the Doctor removes it in a few days. (1797.)

(*h*) I am sorry to perceive too much of the *contemptor divûm* in these compositions; and a little of it, as *Mr. Burke*, the friend of Dr. Laurence, says on another occasion, is a great deal too much.

The Doctor may for Fox and Portland vouch,
With spectacles on nose, (*i*) but empty pouch.
Why must *you* seek this sad Cumæan shore?
Or why to genius give one victim more?

AUTHOR.

Forgive me;—all conspire to waste my time;
Languor, and care, and solitude, and rhyme:
Now while each sage, to fame and science known,
Or leaves the field of life, or listless grown,
(*k*) Review his trophies with an idle pride,
Sick of the dunces rising at his side;

If

(*i*) Shakspeare says, "*With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.*" I am contented simply to admire *Doctor* Lawrence's spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify *his pouch.* (1794.) I know not for whom Dr. Lawrence *now* will *vouch*; I am certain I will not vouch *for the Doctor.* (1796.)

(*k*) I allude to such publications as, "*Prose on several Occasions, accompanied by some Pieces in Verse. By George Colman, (Senior.")* I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom in men of great abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own.* Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in *that* light.

If I *may* write, let Proteus *(l)* PRIESTLEY tell,
He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well;
Who,

(l) Proteus Priestley.—There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namesake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded, *Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta ;* § now our Proteus gives *precept upon precept, line upon line ; here a little and there a little ;* and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the publick, *without any compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanic question, "*Utrum Chimæra* bombinans in vacuo *possit comedere secundas intentiones.*" But I shall leave the Doctor to the care of Bishop Horsley. (1794.) †—N. B. The Bishop *now* requires sometimes a little care to be taken of himſelf. (*July* 1797.)

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§ Virg. Georg. L. 4.

† As to Dr. Priestly's *King-killing* wishes and opinions take a few words: "IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of things was *such*, that THE SENTENCE *(of* DEATH *on Charles the First)* could not be passed *by the* WHOLE NATION, OR THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, *solemnly* ASSEMBLED *for that purpose.*" *Priestly on Government*, p. 39. How muſt this *Reverend Deputy elect* to the National Convention of France have *exulted* on the 21st of Jan. 1793!!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove.*—— The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley's character and opinions, and expressed himſelf strongly on that ſubject. No man of discernment can see their *direct tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear or horror! (1794.) Lord Sheffield has lately publiſhed the correspondence between Mr. G. and Dr. P. in the first volume of Mr. Gibbon's Posthumous Works, 4to. These letters are not unworthy of attention. (1796.)

Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees,
Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.
May not I strive amid their motley throng,
All pale and pensive as I muſe along?

OCTAVIUS.

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's (*m*) lyre?

Go

(*m*) *Pindar's lyre.*—In this verse I speak of the *great Theban:* but there is an obscure person, stiling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour; but it is exhausted by a repetition of the *same* manner, and nearly the *same* ideas, even to disgust. He has the power of rhyming ludicrously, and is sometimes even gifted with poetry; and finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. *This obscure man* has conceived, by these qualifications, to thrust himſelf upon the publick notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, ſuch the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgment *from his works*, and

not

Go then and view, since clos'd his cloiſter'd day,
The ſelf-ſupported melancholy GRAY: (*n*)

Dark

not from acquaintance with the man. Yet I hear that he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit, because, forsooth, he has told us, in some trumpery ode, of the neceſſity of a *king* or a *log*, or a *nail;* after he has perpetually reviled, and held up to scorn every master principle by which government and ſociety are maintained. I will not waste a verſe on ſuch a character; but say honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile and sometimes be pleased with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart that, *from the consideration of his works*, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the ſeverest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto
Demersus, summa rursum non bullit in unda. †

N.B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas*; but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUINEAS AND A HALF IN 4TO, *or for* TWO GUINEAS *in four volumes 8vo!!!*—What an inducement to a purchaser! (1794)—Posterity (if it can be ſuppoſed that ſuch trash should exist) will be astoniſhed, that the preſent age could look with patience on ſuch malignant ribaldry. I am very sorry, that Mr. Roscoe in his admirable life of Lorenzo de Medici, and The British Critic, (I ſuppoſe inadvertently) should give any portion of it the slightest approbation. For shame! *Non hæc in fœdera!* (1796.)

(*n*) This character of Mr. GRAY is drawn from the conſideration of his *Memoirs* and *Letters*, published by Mr. MASON.

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† Pers. Sat. 3. v. 32.

Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
Without one fost'ring ray from Britain's king: *(nn)*
Granta's dull abbots cast a side-long glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance.
With his high spirit strove the master-bard,
And was his own *exceeding great reward*; *(o)*
Years without hope in tardy progress pass,
'Till ſome few grains yet ling'ring in his glass,
He roſe late-heeded by patrician care, *(p)*
Though private friendſhip help'd him to the chair.

Saw you not MASON stand with down-cast eye,
While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by? *(pp)*
'Till

(nn) If I have read Mr. Gray's Letters rightly, I believe he neitheir sought nor wished for royal favour. I wish however that it had been *offered* to the first poet and the first scholar of the age.

(o) "I am thy exceeding great reward."
Genesis, chap. xv. ver. 1.

(p) He was appointed *Professor of Modern History* in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of GRAFTON the Chancellor, at the particular recommendation (as it was strongly believed) of Mr. STONEHEWER.

(pp) The discernment of his Majesty GEORGE THE THIRD in poetical merit, is acknowledged in the patronage of Dr. Beattie, Author of the Minstrel, and of Mr. Cowper, Author of
The

'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night,
He starts *Macgreggor (q)* with dilated might?

Have you not seen neglected Penrose *(r)* bloom,
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?
Content a curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.

To

The Task. Mr. Maſon must have been *overlooked* for a particular reaſon. I shrewdly suspect that Mr. Stonehewer (the common friend of Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason) *could account* for it.

(q) See the *Heroick Epistle* to Sir William Chambers, and the *Heroick Postscript* to the Publick, by Malcolm Macgreggor, Esq. A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture; and I must own that the *Epistle to Shebbeare*, and the *Dean and the Squire*, attributed to the ſame author, have diminished my confidence in its probability. But as I have written the lines, they may stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man from whose acknowledged poetry I confess myself to have received much delight. The strains of *Musæus* and the *Druid* minstrels have still their charms, and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of *Elfrida*. The *English Garden*, though with a few faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste. (1794.)

(r) See the Flights of Fancy, 4to, by *Thomas Penrose*, *Curate of Newbury*, *Berks*. The names of the poems alluded to are these, *The Helmets*, *The Carousal of Odin*, and *Madness*.—He published these *himself*, and no more; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published *by friends*, except he ordered them to be published after his decease.

To worth untitled would your fancy turn?
The muſe all friendleſs wept o'er Mickle's urn:
Mickle, who bade the ſtrong poetick tide.
Roll o'er Britannia's ſhores in Luſitanian pride. (*s*)

AUTHOR.

Then I muſt ſuit the temper of theſe times,
Degraded now to mere *hiſtorick* rhymes,
And laſt be hail'd in ſome ſagacious page,
The fineſt, brighteſt poet of the age,
And that with grave ſolemnity ſo ſad,
Faith, 'tis enough to make poor Hayley (*t*) mad.

B No

(*a*) William Julius Mickle, a man of genius, and of great poetical powers. He tranſlated the *Luſiad of Camoens* in a free paraphraſtic manner, but with the ſpirit of an original poet. I could never account for the neglect of ſo very poetical a work.

(*t*) *Hayley.*—Piger ſcribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi rectè, nam *ut multum* nil moror.†
The notes which Mr. Hayley, who is a very ingenious man and a pleaſing ſcholar, has written on his various poems are very amuſing, and not unfrequently afford much inſtruction. Had he but learned the *art of blotting*, he might poſſibly have attained conſiderable eminence, and *preſerved* it. But as he is in general

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† Hor. 1. L. 1. Sat. 4, v. 12.

No: though in vain I may attempt to pleaſe,
I'll write with learning what I think with eaſe.

What?—from the Muſe, by *cryptogamic* (*v*) ſtealth
Muſt I purloin her native ſterling wealth?
In filmy, gawzy, goſſamery lines,
With *lucid* language, and moſt dark deſigns,

In

general too feeble, tedious, and inſufferably prolix, conſequently, &c. &c. See Horace, who has pronounced an irreverſible ſentence on all ſuch perſona ſtiling themſelves poets, *however voluminous* their works may be.

(*v*) See the *Botanick Garden and Loves of the Plants*, by Dr. Darwin. I wiſh men would peruſe the treatiſe *de cauſis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, before they attempt by prettineſs, glittering words, points, conceits, forced thoughts, to ſacrifice propriety and juſt imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the caſe, when writers in proſe or verſe (if I may be allowed to uſe Sancho's phraſe a little metaphorically) "want better bread than is made of wheat." Modern ears are abſolutely *debauched* by ſuch poetry as Dr. Darwin's, which marks the decline of ſimplicity and true taſte in this country. It is to England what Seneca's proſe was to Rome. *Abundat dulcibus vitiis.** Dryden and Pope are the ſtandards of excellence, in this ſpecies of writing in our language; and when young minds are rightly inſtituted in their works, they may without much danger, read ſuch glittering verſes as Dr. Darwin's They will then perceive the diſtortion of the ſentiment, and the harlotry of the

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* Quintil. Lib. 10. c. 1.

In ſweet *tetandryan*, *monogynian* ſtrains,
Pant for a *pyſtill* in botanick pains;
On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
On beds of yielding vegetable down,
Raiſe luſt in pinks; and with unhallow'd fire
Bid the ſoft virgin violet expire? (*x*)

Is it for me to creep, or ſnore, or doze,
In modiſh ſong, or faſhionable proſe? (*y*)

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the ornaments. It would alſo be a happy thing for all naturaliſts, whether poets or writers in proſe, if they would in the words of a true poet, "Look through nature up to *Nature*'s God!" Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy; but I will not ceaſe to repeat, that *good writing* and *good poetry* require ſomething more.

Ου γαρ εν μεσοισι κειται
Δωρα δυσμαχητα Μοισᾶν
Τω 'πιτυχοντι φερειν.

(*x*) I would juſt hint that it is a matter of ſome curioſity to me to conceive, how young ladies are inſtructed in the terms of botany, which are *very ſignificant*.

(*y*) *Modiſh Proſe*,—I allude to the poiſing of ſentences, their triads and other artificial diviſions of modern proſe, by which the whole ſimplicity and natural dignity of our Engliſh ſtyle is abandoned and loſt.

To pen with garreteers obſcure and ſhabby,
Inſcriptive nonſenſe in a fancied *Abbey ;* (*z*)
Or ſome *Warkworthian* hermit tale endite,
Such ditties as our goſſip ſpinſters write?

Or muſt I tempt ſome *Novel's* lulling theme,
Bid the bright eye o'er *Celeſtina* (*zz*) ſtream;
With fabled knights, and tales of ſlighted love,
Such as our Spaniſh Cato (*a*) might approve?

In

(*z*) Such traſh as a vile pamphlet called *Kilkhampton Abbey*, *&c. &c. &c.* in ſhort, the whole *mugitus labyrinthi.* Every age produces ſimilar traſh, and this name ſerves as well as any other to mark my meaning in this place.

(*zz*) Put for almoſt any modern novel. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald. Mrs. Mary Robinſon, Mrs. &c. &c. though all of them are ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently *whining* or *friſking* in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impoſſible adventures, and now and then are tainted with democracy. Not ſo the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES of UDOLPHO, † bred and nouriſhed by the Florentine Muſes in their ſacred ſolitary caverns, amid the paler ſhrines of Gothic ſuperſtition, and in all the drearineſs of inchantment: a poeteſs whom Arioſto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia AL SACRO SPECO. O. F. c. 46.

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* MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

In *Travels for the Heart (b)* and not the head,
From poſt to pillar, and from board to bed,
Thro' climes of various woe the pilgrim lead,
'Till Charlotte droops, and maſter-miſſes bleed.

OCTAVIUS.

If theſe diſguſt, to ſerious cares attend,
And make ſerene Philoſophy your friend.
Pen ſome choice *Fragment (b)* in the genuine taſte,
Each power combin'd of wit and learning waſte;
Smart

(*a*) The late venerable *Earl Camden* (once Lord High Chancellor of England) *is ſaid* to have learned *Spaniſh* very late in life, to read the romances in that language, having exhauſted thoſe written in Engliſh, French and Italian. All the world knows that *Cato* learned *Greek*, at ſixty years of age, to read the *romances* in that tongue.

(*b*) All ſuch works as abound in what is called in modern jargon, *The ſublime inſtinct of ſentiment.*

(*b*) Alluding to the ſwarm of free thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the publick have been peſtered. It is hoped that the interference of the legiſlature and the conſtitutional exertions of private ſocieties have either leſſened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for diſcrimination ſeems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, ſubject to the controul of the legiſlature after their publication, in the open courts of law

Smart and conciſe, with deepeſt meaning fraught,
Neat be the types, and the vignettes high wrought,
With

law by the verdict of *a jury*, in which *true liberty* conſiſts. Good order and juſt authority muſt be maintained with vigour and deciſion.

But HE is chiefly to be conſulted, who, if I may be allowed to uſe the language a little metaphorically, *hath ſtood between the dead and the living*, and *ſtayed the plague*,* EDMUND BURKE; greater and brighter in the decline than in the noon day of his life and vigour. It would be almoſt an injury to name the works † whereof all Europe rings; but to his countrymen they ſpeak with a force not to be reſiſted.

OMNES
Admonet, et MAGNA teſtatur VOCE per umbras,
DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI, ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS ‡
(1796)

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* i. e. By his maſterly, vigorous, and formidable expoſition of the modern French principles in all the fulneſs of their deformity, and in the terrors of their operation. This is what I mean by *ſtaying the plague.* Whoever warns *the living* againſt a mortal diſeaſe, and ſhews the cauſes of it, and the mode of prevention, and the final remedy, may then be ſaid to ſtand. as a Guardian Angel, between the dead and living, in a metaphorical ſenſe. Such was EDMUND BURKE! The ſpear of Ithuriel diſcovered and diſplayed Satan in his proper ſhape.

† On a ſecond conſideration (1796.) I think it right to name them. 1. Reflections on the Revolution of France, and on the proceedings in certain ſocieties in London relative to that event. (1790.) 2. A Letter to a Member of the National Aſſembly. (1791.) 3. An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs in conſequence of ſome diſcuſſions in Parliament relative to the Reflections on the French Revolution (1791). 4. A Letter on the

‡ Virg. Æn. 6. b. 18.

With frontiſpiece to catch the gazer's eye,
Treaſon, the pile; the baſis, blaſphemy: (*c*)
Free from dull order decency and rule,
With dogmas freſh from the *Sans Souci* ſchool,
With definitions vague and terms unknown,
With ſeeming candour, but imperious tone,

Mankind's

(*c*) *The baſis, blaſphemy.*—This is the progreſs of modern Republicaniſm. The diſſolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of eſtabliſhed government, however juſt or reaſonable, to introduce into practice ſome new theory of general good: ſo very general, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD conſult the national Aſſembly and Convention of France: "Agri, edificia, loca, poſſeſſiones (COELUM ET MARE *prætermiſerunt, cætera complexi ſunt*) publice *data*, ASSIGNATA, *vendita!*" Cic de Leg. Agr. Orat. 3.—Mirabeau *began* with theſe memorable words: "Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il faut *commencer* par *decatholiciſer de la France.*"

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the Attack made on him in the H. of L. by the D of Bedford and the E. of Lauderdale (1796.) 5. Two Letters on the propoſals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France (1796.) 6. (Poſthumous in 1797,) Letters on the Conduct of our domeſtic Parties with regard to French Politicks, including Obſervations on the Conduct of the Minority in the Seſſion of 1793. 7. Memorials on French affairs, 1791, 92, and 93. The remainder of Mr. Burke's poſthumous writings may be expected, from the exemplary zeal and honourable attention of his executors, Dr. Laurence and Dr. King. "Sunt adhunc curæ hominibus fides et officium; ſunt qui defunctorum quoque amicos agant." Plin. Ep.

Mankind's meek friend, and *Nature's* gentle Sage,
The Prieſt of Reaſon in her choſen age; (*d*)
Then bending low, with equal reverence ſearch
The ſtoried portico, and ſainted church,

Till,

(*d*) One of the moſt extraordinary treatiſes of this kind, is a work in French, intitled, "THE RUINS: *or a Meditation on the Revolution of Empires by* Mr. VOLNEY, Deputy to the National Aſſembly in 1789." It is written with ſome ſpirit, and not without eloquence in ſome parts, and abounds with what is *now* called *Philoſophy*. The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed *natural*. Mr. Volney wiſhes to convince mankind, that *every* pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally falſe and equally unfounded; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philoſophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *aſtronomical* alluſions. And all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he ſeems to act not without reaſon, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were ſo *from the beginning of it*; though we may be ſurpriſed when we are aſſured, that it is "*An age of* DELIVERANCE *for a great people and* OF HOPE FOR ALL THE EARTH!!" p. 88.§ The real ignorance of this man, on the ſubject of true religion, is as conſpicuous as the puny literature which appears to ſupport his ſtrange doctrines and fooliſh opinions. Upon the ſubject of what he calls the *Filiation* of religions, (for the French muſt have their new jargon of words

in

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§ I refer to the pages of the French original.

'Till, wheedling round with metaphyſic art,
You ſteal Religion from th'unguarded heart,
And

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in every ſubject) he ſays; "We acknowlege, in one word, that "*all the theological doctrines* on the origin of the world, on the nature of God, on the revelation of his laws, and the appearance of his perſon, *are nothing more than recitals of aſtronomical facts, and figurative and emblematical ſtories of the play of the conſtellations ! ! !*" (*du jeu des conſtellations.*) p. 167. I cannot but acknowlege the ſuperſtition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world; but what Mr. Volney would impoſe *upon us for the truth*, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the ſyſtems of idolatry, the worſhip of the ſtars, the two principles or *dualiſm* (a little more French jargon) the *monde animé*, and the *monde machine*, Moſes, Zoroaſter, Confucius, and Brama: and laſt comes *Chriſtianity.* The chapter on this ſubject is the ſtrangeſt of all, for he declares, that CHRISTIANITY *conſiſts in the allegorical worſhip of the Sun under the cabaliſtical names of Chris-en, or Yes-us or Jeſus ! ! !* "Chriſtianiſme ou culte allegorique du *Soleil*, ſous les noms *cabaliſtiques* de *Chris-en* ou Yes-us ou *Jeſus ! !*" And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our *prejudices!* Read any one of the four Evangeliſts and give your own anſwer. The impudence of Mr. Volney is at leaſt equal to any other power he poſſeſſes, for he requires of his reader *only* the ſurrender of his common ſenſe, and common underſtanding, and the common principles of *any* knowledge. Yet he demands the admiſſion of *all his* allegories and myſtical meanings, (of which, in the true French ſtile, no doubt is to be entertained,) and then the world is to be emancipated and delivered. From what? —From credulity and ſuperſtition. Q.E.D. Upon this Mr. Volney obſerves, *the prieſts murmur.* I think the laity will at leaſt

And in the ſee-ſaw undulating play,
The moral chorus dies in words away.

Thence

leaſt do as much, at the words of this apoſtle of nonſenſe, blaſphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* proſtrate, civil, moral and mental. This is but a *ſpecimen* of ſuch writers to whom we are to bow as the *deliverers* of mankind from *ſuperſtition*, and the directors of our minds in the ways of *truth*. *Profeſſing themſelves wiſe they are become fools !*—The beſt men are indeed convinced, that the ways and works of Providence are inſcrutable, and the nature of God incomprehenſible ; and they lament their own inſufficiency. Yet they feel themſelves bound by the laws of reaſoning, and of the ſpecific evidence in every great queſtion divine and human. They are the beſt prepared to acknowledge *the depth and height* of eternal wiſdom and mercy, and the difficulties of attaining to this knowledge. They aſſent to the words of a man of no vulgar erudition † or mediocrity of talents, when he declares, " Quantis ſuſpiriis et " gemitibus fiat, ut *quantulacunque ex parte poſſit intelligi* " Deus !"—Before I cloſe this note, I cannot help reminding, not informing, *every* reader, that even Tacitus, (the favourite author of many free thinkers, though I know not why) has borne teſtimony to the exiſtence and laſt ſufferings of Jesus Christ, under the procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius. " Auctor nominis ejus Christus, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, ſupplicio affectus erat." Annal. 15. S. 44. Yet we are aſſured, with an effrontery without parallel, that Christ, or *Chris-en* is only a *cabaliſtical* name of *the Sun*. So is the name of Cæſar, of Socrates, or of Plato. Are we not *aſhamed* of liſtening to ſuch

writers

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† Auguſtinus.

Thence careleſs ſaunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,
Tune to your liſtleſs lyre ſome *Crazy Tale* ; (*f*)
Daſh for applauſe, nor ſeek a poet's name,
Content with ſcribbling and ambiguous fame,
From laws of metre free, (which idly ſerve
To curb ſtrong genius and its ſwelling nerve,)
In verſe half veil'd raiſe titillating luſt,
Like girls that deck with flow'rs Priapus' buſt. (*g*)
Go

writers as Mr. Volney, who addreſs us ſo unworthily? Yet this is the manner in which Mr. Volney, and ſuch as Mr. Volney, treat the whole human race, men and women, learned and unlearned. The *general* character of all theſe writers may be expreſſed in language at once awful and true: "*Non eſt qui* "*judicat vere*; *confidunt in nihilo*, *loquuntur vanitates*; *concepe*-"*runt laborem*, *pepererunt iniquitatem*."

(*f*) See *Crazy Tales*, &c. and the whole ſchool of La Fontaine.

(*g*) See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN's elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the ſubject is purely claſſical. N. B. A friend of mine would *inſiſt* upon my peruſing a long diſquiſition in quarto, ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS, (printed in 1786) with numerous and moſt diſguſting plates. It has not been publiſhed, but diſtributed liberally, † without any injunction of

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† i. e. By the *Dilettanti* Society. The ſolemnity with which *the Dilettanti* meet and *preſent* their *valuable* works to the choſen few, and

Go turn to Madan, and in Goſpel truth,
And *Thelypthoric (h)* lore, inſtruct our youth:

Some

of ſecrecy, to the *emeriti* in ſpeculative Priapiſm, as one would think. As I hope the treatiſe may be forgotten I ſhall not name the author, ‡ but obſerve, that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures, and all the repreſentations of the generative organs, in their moſt odious and degrading protruſion, have been raked together and *copulated* (for no other idea ſeems to be in the mind of the author) and *copulated*, I ſay, with a new ſpecies of blaſphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the ſtews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries,

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and the inſcription in the blank leaf of each book, are rather ludicrous. The Preſident (of the day) is inveſted with a Roman Toga in a ſort of conſular pomp. Before the vote for printing Mr.——'s *Priapus* had paſſed, I ſhould have ſaid with Roman ſternneſs, had I been preſent, *I, lictor, colliga manus.*§—This Roman farce would (and perhaps may) form the ſubject of a legitimate Satire. (1796.) The *Dilettanti* Society beſt know *what emblem*, modelled in wax, is laid upon their table at their *ſolemn* meetings.

" *Græcè*
Diſcumbunt; *nec celari* PICTURA *jubetur*:
Forſitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire *choro*."
Juv.

‡ The author afterwards named himſelf, and was very angry with me without any reaſon. I only did my duty to the publick.—See P. of L. Part 2. v. 57. Note (*o*) (Added Aug. 1797.)

§ Liv. Lib. 1. c. 26.

Some plain poſitions lay, as ſimply thus;
Marriage (*i*) *conſiſts* in—*actu cöitûs*:
Laymen may have ten wives; poor prieſts but one:
Then growl at Britiſh laws in ſurly tone,

That

quaries, and the obſcene revellings of Greek ſcholars in their private ſtudies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in luſt and darkneſs in the loathſome and polluted chamber at Capreæ. *Eſſays on Landſcape and Gardening* may, I hope, purify the mind: and as the author is converſant with Greek writers, and is now *at a certain time of life*, I recommend to him a ſentence from an author, who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr.——— would be thought a philoſopher: Σοφια πρωτον ἁγνη εστιν, επειτα ειρηνικη.

(*h*) See a book intitled *Thelypthora*, or *The Cauſes of Female Ruin*, in 3 vols. 8vo.

(*i*) Theſe expreſſions, and ſome that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itſelf: and yet there are perſons who think that ſuch treatiſes ſhould be anſwered ſeriouſly.

N. B. If in this and in a very few other places, I have been obliged to introduce expreſſions *rather ſtrong*, I beg pardon, which will be granted by readers who reflect: for it is impoſſible to give an effectual expoſure of the unwarrantable and ſcandalous licence of ſome writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning: "The *ancient ſatiriſts* often uſed great liberty in their expreſſions; but their "freedom no more reſembles this licentiouſneſs, than the "nakedneſs of an Indian does that of a common proſtitute." HUME's *Hiſt. of Eng.* vol. viii. p. 334. (*Si ſic omnia!*)

That "loving man muſt grind with loving wife,
In *molâ aſinariâ*, during life."
With THICKNESS (*k*) give ſome uſeful *Hints for Health*,
For publick good, though not for private wealth;
Like him, to ſhun the cold embrace of death,
Inhale in virgin arms ambroſial breath.

Or from the Alps extend to Norway's rocks,
With Switzer-Ruſſico-Kamtſchatcan Coxe, (*n*)
Then

(*k*) Mr. THICKNESS, in his *Valetudinarian's Bath Guide*, dedicated to the Earl of SHELBURNE, now Marquis of LANSDOWNE, has theſe words; "*I myſelf am now turned of ſixty, and* "*in general, though I have lived in various climates, and ſuffered* "*ſeverely in body and mind*, yet having always *partaken of the* "*breath of young women whenever they lay in my way*, I feel "none of thoſe infirmities which ſo often ſtrike my eyes and "ears in this great city, in men much younger than myſelf." Chap. v. to which Mr. T. has put *his own* name, and he is rather a voluminous author. But, alas! what ſays a witty Italian:—*Bella femina cheride, vuol dir, borſa che piange.*

(*n*) The Rev. WILLIAM COXE, M. A. F. R. S. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. This author is a gentleman of learning, ability and information; but he is too prolix and too voluminous. "Compoſuit OCTO Volumina, *ineptè magis quam ineleganter*." † A writer

† Sueton. Claud. Sect. 41.

Then turn full-fraught from bleak Siberia's ſhore,
And leave us juſt as knowing as before.
Or bound with Barrington in charming ſpell,
Of Iriſh *(o)* trouts with gizzard ſtomachs tell;
While

A writer of Travels ſhould tell us what *he* has ſeen or heard *himſelf*, and not *abridge hiſtories of former times*, and inſert them in his book, or crowd it with biographical memoirs of *deceaſed* great men. Travels loſe their name *by this method* of compoſition, and the publick complain with juſtice of the noble art of book-making. Mr. Coxe is a writer of great reſpectability, but my fear of his works paſſing into an example, has *extorted this notice* from me. I look upon it as a duty to the publick, and to the Commonwealth of Literature.

(o) This alludes to a *very ingenious* account tranſmitted to the Royal Society in the year 1774, of a ſtrange fiſh called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with the *gizzard-like ſtomach.* "The firſt "time, (ſays the honourable Mr. Barrington) I ever hap-"pened to hear of this ſingular fiſh, was from an Iriſh Judge, "who being on the Connaught Circuit, at Ballynrobe in the "County of Mayo, expreſſed his incredulity with regard to "their exiſtence; but was obliged to pay the *common Iriſh* "*wager* of a *rump of beef, and a dozen of claret*, on three or four "being produced the next day from a neighbouring lake." The honourable and ingenious Mr. B next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that theſe *gizzard-ſtomachs* are often ſerved up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. ſwallows with as much eaſe as it would the trout itſelf;) but
ſuppoſing

While o'er the bulk of theſe *tranſacted* deeds
Prim BLAGDEN pants, and damns (*p*) 'em as he reads.

AUTHOR.

ſuppoſing that ſome might be inclined to doubt, he adds, "I could *corroborate* this fact, were it neceſſary, by *the teſtimony* "*of an Iriſh Archbiſhop*." From an Iriſh Archbiſhop, by an eaſy tranſition, Mr. Barrington introduces an *Engliſh Fiſhmonger*, and declares with great ſolemnity, "I have ſhewn "the *ſtomach to Mr.* EVERETT *of Clare Market, a very intelli-* "*gent fiſhmonger*, who *declares*, that though he has *cut up* "thouſands of trouts and ſalmons, he never obſerved any "thing ſimilar in the inſide!" See (what are called) PHILOSOPHICAL *Tranſactions*, 1774, page 116. *Euge, bene, recte*. I cannot help ſaying to Mr. B. on this occaſion,

Propera *ſtomachum* laxare ſaginis,
Et *tua ſervatum* conſume *in ſæcula rhombum*.

JUV. S. iv. v. 67.

The reader will obſerve the rhetorical beauties in this ſhort extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with in credible ſwiftneſs, from Ballynrobe to Clare-market; then come in long array, incredulous Iriſh judges, and rumps of beef, with dozens of claret, not tempered, I would ſwear, with water from any trout ſtream. Next appear *Iriſh Archbiſhops*, and INTELLIGENT *Engliſh Fiſhmongers*, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbiſhop) and all this waſte of beautiful language and deep reſearch is expended to convince the R. S. of the exiſtence of gizzard-ſtomach'd trouts. Yet this R. S. not only receives all this nonſenſical ichthyological farrago,

AUTHOR.

Hear me yet once: (oh might theſe labours end,
And I to peace and privacy deſcend!)

but *ſelects* it for publication BY THEIR COUNCIL. Of Mr. Barrington's talents and erudition I could ſpeak with pleaſure. But when ſuch a learned man will write, and a Royal Philoſophical Society will publiſh ſuch ſtuff, for the edification of Europe, I think it proper to ſelect this (from myriads of late ſimilar pieces of ſtuff) for publick notice, that men of real learning and abilities (and ſuch I acknowledge Mr. Barrington) may be rendered cautious how they *commit* themſelves and the ſocieties to which they belong. The R. S. has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my beſt wiſhes, and *therefore* I have written this note. (1794.)—All learned Societies muſt *now* look to their *original* principles, and conſider well the characters of the candidates who are offered for their choice, as aſſociates. If they will not, the Buſts of Newton and of Boyle ſhould be veiled. (1797.)

(*p*) It is by no means intimated that DOCTOR (I beg pardon SIR CHARLES *Blagden* (the Secretary to the R. S.) is given to profane ſwearing when he is tired on ſuch occaſions, but ſuch works damn themſelves. It cannot be otherwiſe, till THE COUNCIL will exert ſome diſcrimination, and refuſe to ſhelter themſelves under their fooliſh declaration of not anſwering, *as a body*, for the works they publiſh. Every ſociety muſt be anſwerable for its own *ſenſe* or *nonſenſe*, AS A BODY, unleſs they chooſe to inſcribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room, "CORPUS SINE PECTORE!" (1794.)

Muſt I, like Chatterton, (*q*) that varlet bright, (*r*)
Rouſe ſome new Rowley (*s*) from a ſteeple's height?
Like Hardwicke, (*t*) ſhelves with goſſip volumes clog,
Of *Baby Charles*, and Jemmy's *ſlave and dog;*

(*q*) I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his life in the *New* Biographia Britannica, though I cannot compliment Dr. Gregory on ſuch a meagre performance. They *who have time* may read Mr. Tyrrwhit, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and of minor critics (*of ſingle and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan ſays in *his* CRITIC) on this *important* ſubject: but I have read ſomething about *vitæ ſumma brevis*, &c. &c. and confine myſelf to the *general view* of this controverſy in Mr. Mathias's candid and comprehenſive Eſſay.

(*r*) "I am theverieſt *varlet* that e'er *chew'd*;" ſays Falſtaff, in Henry IV. Part I. Act 2.—Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord Orford, did not however, ſeem to think it neceſſary that this *varlet* CHATTERTON ſhould *chew at all.* See the *Starvation* Act, *dated* at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's Life as above, &c. (1796.)

(*s*) As to this ſtrange ſubject, the worſt that can be ſaid of it is, *magno conatu magnas nugas;* but they are trifles rather pleaſant and inſtructive. I am ſure Dr. Milles *proved* a pleaſant ſubject for that chief-d'œuvre the *Archæological Epiſtle*, written by Mr. Maſon.

(*t*) See the *Miſcellaneous State Papers*, publiſhed in 1773, by the late Lord HARDWICKE, in 2 vols, 4to. Letters from *Baby*

Of Lorkin's *(v)* diligence for lords' arrears,
With trumpery notes of long forgotten peers?

Shall I new anecdotes from darkneſs draw,
That Strawb'ry Horace on the Hill (*w*) ne'er ſaw,
With *wire-wove (x) hot preſs'd* paper's gloſſy glare
Blind all the wiſe, and make the ſtupid ſtare;

Baby Charles's dear Dad and Goſſip, James the Firſt, and his *ſlave and dog*, Steenie Buckingham, &c. &c. There are however ſome curious and valuable papers in the collection. The noble editor was a man of learning.

(*v*) Mr. Lorkin doth uſe *miraculous diligence* about your "Lordſhip's arrears." *State Papers*, *vol.* I. p. 631. N. B. It often requires *miraculous diligence*, even in theſe days, to *get at one*'s arrears. *See* Mr. Pitt and the Lords of the Treaſury, *if you can get a ſight of them.* I never could.

(*w*) The Hon. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford; the owner of the Gothic manſion called Strawberry Hill near Twickenham. (1796.)

(*x*) All books of all kinds are now advertiſed to be printed on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot preſſed*, with *cuts*, down to the *Philoſophical* Tranſactions, (the uniformity of which work is deſtroyed by this folly unworthy of ſuch a ſociety) and Major Rennell's learned Memoir on Hindoſtan; as if the intention were, that they ſhould be looked at and not read. As to the

And with ſome painting, or antique vignette
Intrance old Boydell's fond ſubſcribing ſet?

Or muſt I, as a wit with learned air,
Like Doctor Dewlap, (y) to Tom Payne's (z) repair,
Meet

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fury for *prints and cuts*, the folly and *rapacity for gain* in ſome bookſellers, have degraded many works of eſtabliſhed fame, and ſubjected ſome learned editors to unmerited ridicule. I feel for the injury and injuſtice which a Gentleman who has well deſerved from his profeſſion, ſuffered on this occaſion. It was a tranſaction ſhameful and unjuſtifiable. As to the *wire-weavers* or *drawers* of *paper* and *hot-preſſers*, muſt we ſay to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius, "Quouſque fruſtra paſcetis *ignigenos* iſtos?" (Apuleii Metamorph. L. 7 pag. 157. Ed. Bipont. 1788.) Surely this *foolery* muſt ſoon ceaſe.

I wiſh every author who prints and publiſhes *his own works* on a *wire-wove* paper, *glazed* and *hot preſſed*, would imitate the honeſty of the late Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar ſtar, who ſays, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his *wonderful* book on Oriental Gardening; "It contains (ſays "the knight) *beſides a great deal of nonſenſe*, two very *pretty prints* by Bartolozzi." *Europ. Mag.* for *Sept.* 1793.—While this note was printing, I was informed that Coke upon Lyttleton *with Hargrave's notes* is advertizing to be publiſhed on a *wire wove paper* and *hot preſſed*. This folly, by ſuch a proceeding, muſt ſurely ſign its own death-warrant. I wiſh to be ſure ſome of our *Statutes at Large* could be a little *wire-drawn* and *hot-preſſed*

Meet Cyril Jackſon (*a*) and mild Cracherode, (*b*)
'Mid literary gods myſelf a god:
There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Frobenius,
And for the edification of their ſouls,
Quote *pleaſaunt* ſayings from *The ſhippe of Foles?*
Hold!

hot-preſſed by a Committee of *Parliamentary* Printers and Compoſitors.

(*y*) Put for any portly Divine, *né pour la digeſtion*, as Bruyere would ſay. The reader will ſupply one to his fancy. But he muſt not imagine, that I mean mere London Divines, frequenters of routs, plays, operas, Bond-ſtreet and Kenſington Gardens, or chatterers in bookſellers' ſhops, *as the repreſentatives* of the Britiſh Clergy, who, as a claſs of men, are *in general* diſtinguiſhed for literature and philoſopy, and for manners correſpondent to their profeſſion.

(z) Not that deteſtable fellow *Tom Paine* the Democrat, whom we all execrate, and who is now *with* or *without* a *head* in France, I hope in the *late faſhion* of that country (in 1794)—but one of the beſt and honeſteſt men living, the very reſpectable Mr. Thomas Payne Senior, to whom as a bookſeller, learning is under conſiderable obligations. I mention this *Trypho emeritus* with great ſatisfaction.

(*a*) The preſent Dean of Chriſt-church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning "*in* OUR Univerſity," as the Dean *loves* to talk.

Hold! cries Tom Payne, that *margin* let me meaſure,
And rate the ſeparate value of each treaſure.
Eager they gaze: "Well, Sirs, the feat is done;
"Cracherode's *Poëtæ Principes* (*c*) have won:
In ſilent exultation down he ſits,
'Mong well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn-Wordian wits.
Or ſhall I thence by mock-appointment ſtop,
And joke with Bryant at his Elmſly's ſhop:
And hear it whiſper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
'Twas DOCTOR *Dewlap* ſpoke to *Miſter* BRYANT. (*d*)

OCTAVIUS.

(*b*) The Reverend CLAYTON CRACHERODE, M. A. Student of Chriſt Church Oxford, and one of the Truſtees of the Britiſh Muſeum. A rich, learned, and moſt amiable man (to uſe the words of the ſon of Sirach) "furniſhed with ability, living peaceably in his habitation." His library is allowed to be the choiceſt in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country.

(*c*) The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets, called *Poetæ Græci Principes*. All literary men, from the little Reverend *Bibliopoliſt* DR. GOSSET, well known at ſales, to the humbleſt collector, underſtand this farce of *margin* meaſuring, and the profit of it. (See alſo P. of L. Dialogue 4.)

OCTAVIUS.

How juſt was he, who in this ſapient age,
When learning's varied cares the mind engage,
Stood up ſelf-taught, and in mankind's defence
Pray'd for profeſſors of plain common ſenſe.
But ſay, what think you of the tragic Stage? (*dd*)

AUTHOR.

No—you'll excuſe me there, I know this age.
What? from the French (*e*) Ariſtotelian ſchool,
Muſt I plan Tragedies by line and rule;
To the high Gods addreſs my firſt appeal,
Then bid the preſs my hidden worth reveal,

While

(*d*) When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a ſufficient eulogy. But ſee more in the *Second Part* of this poem.

(*dd*) As to the *modern* Comedies of the day by Mr. Reynolds, and the *rapid* School, they are below criticiſm. Farce and O'Keefe have ſeized upon the ſtage. "The players and I, thank heaven, are no friends!"

(*e*) There are ſome deep critics who read Ariſtotle in French, and quote him in Greek.—I know not what to ſay *now:* the French have proſcribed Corneille, Racine, &c.

While round my temples many a tendril plays
Of owliſh ivy with the Mævian bays;
Aad cloſe in mournful pomp the tragic rear,
Though Jephſon (*c*) ſcarce can gain the publick ear?

O C T A V I U S.

Still theſe are works which lead to ſure renown,
In the lay habit or the ſacred gown;
Will ſtamp your credit at an eaſy price,
Learn'd and ingenious, (*d*) or a Vir Clariſs:

Take

(*c*) *Jephſon*:—Author of *Braganza*, *The Count of Narbonne*, &c. My wiſh is,

Grande munus
Cecropio REPETAT cothurno.†
But no more dull *Roman portraits* in 4to.

(*d*) Any perſon who communicates *even a ſingle note* to the modern editors of Shakſpeare, is ſtiled the *learned* and *ingenious* Mr. two ſtars**: the title of *Vir Clariſſimus* is appropriated to the commentators on the Greek and Roman claſſicks, and often with the ſame propriety.

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† Hor. Lib. 2. Od. I. V. II.

Take Markham's Armoric, (e) John Taylor's Sculler, (f)
Or Sir Giles Gooſecap, (g) or proverbial Fuller;
With

(e) The name of ſome few books of that vaſt ſyſtem of *coglioneric*, or *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, which is called forth to illuſtrate our old dramatick writers. It is high time that *the reader of ſenſe* ſhould ſee what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOROUS CRITICS," namely, the Commentators on Shakſpeare, from George Steevens, Eſq. *downwards.* The firſt chapter of *Markham's Booke of Armorie* is intitled, "*The difference between* "*Charles and Gentleman;*" and it ends thus: "From the off-"ſpring of *Gentlemanly Japhet* came Abraham, Moſes, Aaron "and the Prophets, *&c. &c.*; alſo the King of the right line of "*Mary*, of whom that only *abſolute Gentleman Jeſus* was born, "gentleman by his mother Mary, *Princeſſe* of coat-armour, "&c."—Reader, Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer will tell you *all this is ſo*, and QUOTED too, Hen. V. vol. ix. p. 441, edit, 1793; though you may begin with a ſtaring doubt.

(f) John Taylor thus dedicates his *Sculler;* "To the whole "Kennel of Antichriſt's Hounds, Prieſts, Friars, Monks, and "Jeſuits, Maſtiffs, Mongrels, Iſlands, and Bloodhounds, Bob-"tail'd Tykes, &c. &c. &c."

(g) Old plays intitled, "Sir Giles Gooſecap, Banks's Bay Horſe in a trance, Pierce Pennyleſs's "*Supplication to the Devil*, "Webſter's *White Devil*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, &c. "&c. &c.; in ſhort, *toute la diablerie dramatique.*"

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of Gibbe our cat, (*h*) white Devils or (*hh*) old Vice;
Then

(*h*) *Of Gibbe our cat.*—Falſtaff ſays, "I am as melancholy "as a Gibbe-Cat." H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. ſc. 2. On this the Commentators are right pleaſant. Dr. Johnſton begins, "A *Gibbe* cat means, *I know not why*, an *old* cat." Dr. Percy informs us next, that a *Gib*-cat in Northamptonſhire, means a *He*-cat, which in ſome parts of England is called a *ram*-cat, and in Shropſhire a *tup* cat. Then follow other wiſe critics, and laſt of all appears Mr. Thomas Warton, who brings a train of *authorities* on this important queſtion, ſhewing *how* Gib is ſhort for Gilbert, and *Tib* for Tibert; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horſe, and *Tom* to a pigeon: *how* Chaucer, in his Romaunt de la Roſe, mentions *Gibbe our Cat*, to which *Tib* was ſynonimous, as it is at this day; *how* we read in *Gammar Gurton's Needle* (which is a right pleaſant, witty and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Maſter of Arts) viz. "Hath no man ſtolen her ducks, or *gelded* Gibbe her cat?" Upon which Mr. Warton very *gravely* obſerves, "the compoſure of a cat, is almoſt characteriſtick, and *I know not*, (ſee Dr. Johnſton's words above) whether there is not *a ſuperior ſolemnity in the gravity* of a He-Cat." Mr. Steevens ſays, "A *Gib cat* is a cat *qualified for a ſeraglio*, "for all animals *ſo* mutilated *become drowſy or melancholy*." Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter of doubt whether *their own drowſineſs and gravity* and that of their *brother-commentators* was in conſequence of &c. &c. &c. (See Abul-Pharagi's great Babyloniſh chapter, "De Semiramide, "Sapientibus ejus et *Eunuchis*, &c.") To be ſure they do ſympathize with Gammar Gurton, and her poor unfortunate *Gibbe-cat*. For my own part, I never can, nor (if I could)

Then lead your readers many a precious dance,
Cap'ring with Banks's 'Bay Horſe in a Trance:'
The Houſewife's Jewel read with care exact,
Wit from old Books of Cookery (*i*) extract:

Thoughts

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could) would I decide this momentous queſtion; and will only add, (without being in the leaſt *melancholy* or *drowſy* myſelf) in the words of an author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman muſe, " *Propria quæ maribus* tribuuntur, *maſcula* dicas."

(*hh*) OLD VICE was a perſonage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to preſent my reader with a *part*, (and a very ſhort part) of Mr. Upton's account of him, " Old Vice was a droll character in our old plays, accoutered " with a long coat, a cap, a pair of aſſes ears, and a dagger of " lath. This buffoon character was uſed *to make fun with the* " *devil*, and he had ſeveral trite expreſſions, as, "I'll be with " you in a trice—ah-hah, boy, are you there? &c." and this was " *great entertainment* to the audience to ſee their *old enemy* ſo " belaboured in effigy. *Vice* ſeems to be an abbreviation of " *Vice-devil*, AS *Vice-roy*, *Vice-doge*, &c. and THEREFORE call- " ed *very properly* THE VICE. He makes very free with his " maſter *like* moſt other *Vice-roys* or *Prime-miniſters*, SO THAT " he is the devil's *Vice* or Prime-miniſter. And, (adds Mr. " Upton) *this* it is which *makes him ſo ſaucy*." Extract from Mr. Upton's note on Rich. III. act. iii. ſc. 1. N. B. I make no doubt but the reader will obſerve the beautiful compliment to monarchy and ariſtocracy moſt *logically* deduced. This perſonage has been much patronized of late in France, where every ſpecies of VICE, old or new, is exerciſed and uſed *without any abbreviation*, to ſpeak with Mr. Upton.

Thoughts to ſtew'd prunes and kiſſing comfits ſuit,
Or the potatoe, (*k*) vigour ſtirring root:
And

(*i*) *Book of Cookery*—I am afraid that theſe extracts will prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, "*The ſinful* "*Suburbs of Cookery.*" Mr. Collins, (in his POTATOE-note, at the end of Troilus and Creſſida) extracts without a bluſh, from the *Good Houſewife's Jewel*, a receipt with all the ingredients AT FULL LENGTH, "*To make a tart that is a* COURAGE "*to a man or woman.*" And this is but a ſpecimen.

Non more probo; cum carmina *lumbum*
Intrant, et tremulo *ſcalpuntur ubi intima* verſu.‡

(*k*) The commentators on Shakeſpare are peculiarly, and even zealouſly, ſtudious in *minutely* explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts which the age of the *Virgin Queen* afforded or recommended for the ſervice of the *Queen of love* and ſoft deſire. Whole pages are abſolutely *filled* with venereal provocatives, with the power of *kiſſing comfits*, *ſtewed prunes*, the virtues of *potatoes*, *eringo-root*, &c. &c. Muſt theſe comments be ſtiled the "*Pauca* ſuo Gallo *quæ vel legat ipſa* Lycoris?"† I ſometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. Theſe *fair* editors *give all they can, nor let us dream the reſt.*

After a very long note no *ſtewed prunes*, by Mr. Steevens,* vol. v. p. 375, edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529, Edit. 1793, (which

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‡ Pers. Sat. 1. v. 20 † Virg. Ecl. 10. 2.

* Mr. Steevens in his advertiſement to the edition of Shakſpeare in 1778, ſeems to have had his ſcruples on the ſubject of theſe *pious prunes* and virtuous bulbs; "Such, (ſays he) as would be acquainted with *the propriety* of Falſtaff's alluſion to *ſtewed prunes* ſhould *not be diſguſted* at a multitude of inſtances, &c. &c. &c."—N. B. ſome folks are very ſagacious, and cry out firſt; but it will not do.

And then returning from that antique waſte,
Be hail'd by Parr, (*l*) THE GUIDE OF PUBLICK TASTE.

AUTHOR.

"(which ſee,) *The Reverend* DOCTOR Farmer adds, very properly, that Mr. Steevens has *ſo fully* diſcuſſed the ſubject of *ſtewed prunes*, that one can add nothing but *the price*;" (Right:—*Hoc deſuit unum* FABRICIO:† Juv. S. 4.) and *therefore*, adds the *Reverend* DOCTOR, in a *piece* called Banks's Bay Horſe in a Trance, 1595, "we have a ſtock of wenches ſet up with their *ſtewed prunes*, NINE for a teſter." At other times theſe ſubjects are explained in the learned languages, *for the uſe* of ſcholars, as in vol. iv. p. 211, edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. "Urticæ marinæ omnes *pruritum* quandam movent, et acrimonia ſua VENEREM *ſopitam* et extinctam *excitant*." Johnſton. Hiſt. Nat. de Exang. Aq. p. 56. I proteſt I ſometimes think theſe reverend or ir-reverend commentators are about to change ſexes, or have done ſo, and ſet up for (what Milton in his Apology for Smectymnus calls) "*Old Prelateſſes* with all their young *Corinthian* Laity." I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of *The Reverend* DOCTOR Farmer, of Mr. *Collins*, (the potatoe-critic,) &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the public four pages in 8vo. ſmall print, on the aſtoniſhing virtues of POTATOES, (*a tempeſt of provocation*) printed by themſelves at the end of Troilus and Creſſida. This *uſeful* note would have been placed with better grace at the end of "*Love's Labour Loſt*."—It is indeed matter of great and offenſive ſcandal to *obtrude* ſuch refuſe and filth *upon* THIS NATION, *and upon* ALL *the countries* in the Eaſt and Weſt who read Shakſpeare's works. It is highly injurious to make Shakſpeare the vehicle

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† *Fabricius*, i. e. *George Steevens*, *Eſquire!*

AUTHOR.

What!—muſt I enter the dramatic courſe;
Burſt through the countleſs ſquadrons foot and horſe?

All

vehicle of ſo much *obſcene traſh*, raked together from old plays, old cookery books and trumpery novels. But, I am told, the poet muſt be illuſtrated. In theſe particulars, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Collins, and Mr. (I know not whom) may as well *illuſtrate* the latter part of the fourth book of Lucretius. The corruptions of our nature are the moſt mortifying comment. They need neither incitement nor *illuſtration*. Whoever conſiders, ſeriouſly or politically, the dominion of luſt and lewdneſs, and the wide-waſting deſolation and irreverſible miſery which they throw among the defenceleſs and much-ſuffering ſex, left to deſtitution, and diſeaſe, and poverty, and deſpair, and contempt, and barren ſorrow; will be cautious how he *adds even one* unneceſſary or heedleſs *incitement* to this overbearing fury. A man of ſenſe, if not of morality, in remarking on all ſuch paſſages as I have noted, and many others, would content himſelf with ſaying, "This or that paſſage contains an indecent alluſion not uncommon in the novels or plays of the time;" or at leaſt would be ſatisfied with a ſingle inſtance to ſhew it. Whatever is more than this, cometh from a ſource which is not good. At preſent, there really ſhould be *an expurgatory index* to THE BEST edition, (and in many reſpects it is the beſt) of Shakſpeare, before it is put into the hands of ladies and the younger part of the readers of Shakſpeare. I believe there is not one *reflecting* ſcholar in this learned kingdom, who will not join in this and in the following criticiſms on the preſent ſubject, whether the criticiſms are ſevere, jocular, or indignant.

Carminaque Aonidum, JUSTAMQUE *probaverat* IRAM![†]

[†] Ovid. Metam. L. 6. v. 2.

All that for Maſſinger and Beaumont fight,
But leave their authors in a wretched plight;
From

(*l*) The Reverend Doctor Parr, in his dedication of "Tracts "of Warburton and a Warburtonian, &c." (reprinted in 1789) note 8. p. 150, has moſt kindly pointed out to ſuch undiſcerning perſons as myſelf, that "*Malone*, *Reed*, *Farmer*, "and *Tyrwhitt*, have come forward as THE GUIDES OF THE "PUBLICK TASTE." To be ſure he has added, "Mr. *Steevens*, "the *two Wartons*, BURKE, and in his critical oapacity. Dr. "JOHNSON." But even in this latter part I muſt remark a ſtrange coalition. With the names of *Burke* and *Johnſon* who can place a third modern in the ſame rank? Of Mr. Steevens's claſſical erudition and ingenuity much might be ſaid; yet all which he has *acknowledged as his own writing*, conſiſts of notes on Shakſpeare. Every one muſt regret that the *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry* was left unfiniſhed by its lamented and deeply learned author: and as to his brother Joſeph's pleaſant *Common-Place Book* on Pope, it was always amuſing to me. But when the title of *Guides of the Public Taſte* is given to *Malone*, *Reed*, *Farmer*, (and *Tyrwhitt*,†) who are note-makers alone by profeſſion, I find myſelf conſtrained to look into my Engliſh Dictionary for the meaning of the words *guide* and *taſte*.

I have ſelected this paſſage from the ſplendid dedication of theſe Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and ſtrength, has not thought it unbecoming his

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† I have often wondered how ſo deeply learned a ſcholar as Mr. TYRWHITT ever ſuffered himſelf to be enrolled with theſe note-makers on Shakſpeare. But the *leader* of them has a tongue to flatter and wheedle. Homer explains it beſt. Παρφασις, ἡ τ'εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων. In this manner the name of SAMUEL JOHNSON was *inſeparably* aſſociated with that of GEORGE STEEVENS.

From Capell ſteal, yet never own the theft,
And then deſert (*m*) him of his ſtore bereft.
Oh injur'd Patron of our noble bard!
Capell, (*n*) receive this tribute of regard,

his character to attack, like a puny whipſter, the eſtabliſhed dignity of departed excellence; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repoſe of a moſt learned and venerable prelate, ‡ now *in full age and hoary holineſs.* I ſpeak with feeling of ſuch a conduct, and I ſpeak with the feelings of a man; for what is a mere ſcholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man? I truſt Dr. Parr has ſeverely felt the unmeaning vanity and ſilly cruelty of calling forth again to publick notice theſe tracts, which their authors long wiſhed to give up to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time and in another place. I cannot be repaid for ſuch indecent conduct by the amuſement I receive, (to uſe Dr. Parr's *own* words) "*from the lucky and lucid intervals be-*" *tween the paroxyſm of* (Dr. Parr's) *polemic phrenzy;* from *all* " *the laughable and all the loathſome ſingularities which float upon* " *the ſurface of* his (Dr. Parr's) *diction*; nor can I *hang with* " *fondneſs and admiration over the crowded yet clear and luminous* " *galaxies of imagery diffuſed through* (Dr. Parr's) *works* p. " 151," &c. &c. But if I ſhould quote any more of ſuch words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for Engliſh and his Engliſh for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honeſt old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is) " I'll be curs'd if this is Engliſh." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *Firſt Part* of my poem to Dr. Parr.—I refer my reader to the *Third part*, in which the Doctor makes a more publick and diſtinguiſhed entry.

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‡ Dr. Hurd, Biſhop of Worceſter.

And may this feeble verſe to life and light
Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.

Muſt I for SHAKSPEARE no compaſſion feel,
Almoſt eat up by COMMENTATING (*o*) zeal?

(*m*) There are men now in great vogue who will feel the force of theſe two lines.

(*n*) Mr. CAPEL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron*† of SHAKSPEARE. This gentleman was of a ſingular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curioſity unbounded and inſatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakſpeare, and his accurate reſearches into this ſpecies of antiquity, and who have conſidered and eſtimated *his* edition of the poet, will not ſcruple with me to pronounce him, *The Father of all legitimate Commentary on Shakſpeare.* To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his moſt learned inveſtigations, were admitted men whom I forbear to name. But mark the conſequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I ſhould rather ſay, *damned* by thoſe, who in the poet's own words,

> "To his *unguarded* neſt, like *weaſel critics*,
> *Came ſneaking*, and ſo ſuck'd his princely eggs."‡

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to, was publiſhed (alas! after his death) we were told forſooth, that we had nothing to learn on the ſubject. *Indeed!*—I am pleaſed however, to ſee that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new

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† The ὁ Ποροστατευων.

‡ Hen 5. Act 1. Sc. 2.

On Avon's banks I heard ACTÆON *(p)* mourn,
By fell **Black Letter Dogs** in pieces torn;

Dogs

new edition of Shakſpeare, in FIFTEEN volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-wove paper*, *glazed*, and *hot-preſſed.*

(*o*) I hope the reader will not be diſpleaſed with a ſhort obſervation on this ſubject.—SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April in 1616, on his birthday. It was not until full *ſeven years after his death* that his plays were *firſt* collected and publiſhed together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, *Hemminge* and *Condel.* They likewiſe *corrected* a *ſecond* edition in 1632. It may ſeem ſtrange to us, but it is true, that *no other* edition of his works was attempted till *eighty-two years* after that time, when in the year 1714 a *third* edition was publiſhed by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any, corrections. Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnſon, Steevens, and Malone, have ſince that time given new editions. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, publiſhed a particular edition in 4 volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to. in Shakſpeare's life-time or before the Reſtoration. It is printed *verbatim* from the old copies, and is curious and valuable.

Mr.

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† When this note was written (in 1794) Mr. Ireland had not diſcovered the Shakſpeare *manuſcripts*, many of which he has ſince publiſhed *by ſubſcription.* I believe Mr. Malone's Enquiry, (in 1796) as well as common ſenſe, has taught us what to think of *the originality* of the Plays and MSS *given* to Mr. Ireland *by* his Son.—This ſubject is conſidered in the Second Part of "The Purſuits of Literature."

Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager ſtart
All well broke-in by *Coney-catching (q) Art*,

Mr. Steevens aſſerts unequivocally, that "*no proof* can be given that the poet *ſuperintended the publication of any one of theſe himſelf.*" Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himſelf concerning the *genuine text* of this great poet? I am not ſpeaking of *conjectural* criticiſm, and of an accurate reviſion of the punctuation, which is of real conſequence, but of the *actual words* themſelves as written by Shakſpeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in poſſeſſion of the only MSS. which were extant at the very time when the plays were firſt acted; and it is probable that the *play-houſe manuſcript copy* was the only one to which they could refer, and no MSS. whatſoever exiſted after that time. Shakſpeare appears wholly to have neglected or deſpiſed reputation in ſucceeding ages. It is for this age to amuſe itſelf with ſchools and galleries, and without blame, in my opinion.

(p) Videre CANES; primuſque *Melampus*,
Pamphagus et *Dorceus*, velox cum fratre *Lyciſca*,
Ichnobateſque ſagax, et villis *Aſbolus* atris,
Nebrophonoſque valens, et *trux* cum Lælape *Theron*,
Labros et *Agriodos*, et acutæ vocis *Hylactor*,
Quoſque referre mora eſt; ea turba CUPIDINE PRÆDÆ
Quà via difficilis, *quàque eſt via nulla*, ſequuntur.
Heu famulos fugit IPSE ſuos: clamare libebat,
ACTÆON *Ego ſum;* DOMINUM cognoſcite VESTRUM:
Vellet abeſſe quidem—ſed ADEST. Ovid. Metam. lib. ii.

N. B. It is conceived that this *canine* metamorphoſis of the Commentators on Shakſpeare, will be received in a pleaſant point of view without offence; for I muſt ſpeak it to the credit of our Engliſh *black letter* dogs, that upon the whole there is more harmony

So tender to the Paphian notes they move,
And ſeem as they were only born for (qq) love.

Hark,

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harmony among them, (a few caſes excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I ſurely may be excuſed for this *caninity*, if Mr. Bryant himſelf has been allowed to declare, without cenſure, that Κυνες ſignify Οι Ιερεις: though certainly *the Hierarchy* are infinitely indebted to him for the diſcovery. Bryant's Mythol. vol. i. p. 329, &c.

(*q*) The ſingularity of this term (which is the only reaſon of my introducing it) called for my attention; as no treatiſes or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the commentators than "Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*; "Greene's *Ground work of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Defence* "*of Coney-catching*; Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coney-*"*Catther and a She Coney-Catcher.*" As my poor library will not afford theſe *valuable* books, I profeſs myſelf ſtill ignorant of this ancient *art of Coney-Catching*, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon theſe "SNAPPERS "UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES." (Wint. Tale, A. 4. ſc. 1.)—I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-catching* means *the art of picking pockets*; (ſee his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778)—unleſs there is any pleaſant alluſion, by anticipation, to ſome late editions of Shakſpeare. My poor *pockets* cannot keep up with theſe *riſing demands* upon them. SIX POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!! for the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, and without any binding! I cry you mercy, my good Maſter Steevens; think of us *poor* poets.

(*qq*) "They of love and love's diſport
Take LARGELY, of *their mutual guilt* the ſeal." Milt. P. L. See the Comments on Shakſpeare, as above, and *paſſim* though the whole edition.

Hark, JOHNSON (*r*) ſmacks his laſh; loud ſounds the
Mounted in rear ſee STEEVENS *Whipper-in*, [din:
Rich with the ſpoils of learning's Black domain,
And guide ſupreme o'er all the tainted plain.
Lo! firſt *Melampus* (*s*) FARMER deftly ſprings,
(Walter de Mapes (*t*) his ſire) the welkin rings:
Stout

(*r*) SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. The reader muſt know enough of this *Huntſman*, his green velvet cap, and brown braſs buttoned coat, and his churliſh chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at leaſt it is not Jemmy Boſwell's fault if he does not.—Johnſon and Boſwell; Αυτον και Θεραποντα But *now* we muſt all regret the loſs of the chearful, the pleaſant and inimitable Biographer of his illuſtrious friend.

Dr. Johnſon's comments on Shakſpeare are never ſullied and contaminated with *minute* explications of indecent paſſages:

He bears no token of thoſe ſable ſtreams,
But mounts far off among the ſwans of Thames. ‡

In whatever Dr. Johnſon undertook, it was his determined purpoſe to rectify the heart, to purify the paſſions, to give *ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.*

(*s*) *Melampus* ſignifies a dog with black feet. He is ſuppoſed to have run over the town and county of *Leiceſter*, but never could be perſuaded *to give any account of it.*†—This dog ſcented

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‡ Pope Dunc. L. 2. v. 297.

† I lament that Dr. Farmer never publiſhed his intended HISTORY OF LEICESTER. I lament it, but I do not reprobate the Doctor, as he behaved in a gentlemanly manner when he declined proſecuting that work, which is a real loſs to the antiquary and the lover of topography.

Stout GLOUCESTER (*u*) mark in *Pamphagus* (*v*) ad-
Who never *ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance* ; [vance,
The ſage *Ichnobates* (*w*) ſee TYRWHITT limp ;
MALONE *Hylactor* (*x*) bouuds, a clear-voic'd imp ;
Nor

ſcented out the *Learning of Shakſpeare* with true and original ſagacity, and abſolutely *unkennelled* it. This is his proper praiſe. Mr. Steevens ſays, "Could *a perfect* and *deciſive* edition of Shakſpeare be produced, it were to be expected ONLY (though we fear in vain) from the hand of Dr. FARMER, whoſe MORE SERIOUS AVOCATIONS *forbid* HIM to undertake what, &c. &c." See Advert. by Mr. Steevens to Shakſpeare, Edit. 1793, p, 11. Such *gravity of compliments* between two editors reminds me of what Shakſpeare calls, "THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO DOG APES."

(*c*) *Walter de Mapes* was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century. "*A decent prieſt where monkies were the gods,*†" and author of the *divine* ode, beginning:

"Mihi ſit propoſitum in tabernâ mori ;
Vinum ſit appoſitum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus ſit propitius huic Potatori !" &c.

(*u*) Stout *Glouceſter.*—Warburton, Biſhop of Glouceſter.—See Gray's Bard. "Stout Glouceſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance." Stanza 1.

(*v*) *Pamphagus*—ſignifies a dog of a moſt voracious appetite, who ſnaps at and devours every thing digeſtible or indigeſtible.

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† Dunciad B. 3. 208. † Hor. A. P. v. 228.

Nor can I paſs *Lyciſca* MONTAGUE, (y)
Her yelp though feeble, and her ſandals *blue*;

Aſbolus

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ble. They who are acquainted with the *Divine Legation*, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite, and the danger of hunting in the ſame field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

(w) *Ichnobates* means a dog who *tracks* out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong ſcent; but would never ſuffer the huntſman to call him off, eſpecially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Briſtol.*—If I were again to metamorphoſe theſe hounds into men, I ſhould lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and ſagacity. "Illum *pro literato* plerique "laudandum duxerunt, quum ille, *næniis quibuſdam anilibus* "occupatus, inter *Mileſias Punicas* APULEII SUI et *ludicra li*"*teraria* conſeneſceret." (Vid. Julium Capitolinum in Vita Clodii Albini ad Conſtantium Auguſtum;) I will however ſay, as to my own part, Illum pro literato *laudandum* ſemper duxi, but with a reſerve as to the application of his learning. I wiſh this *Ichnobates* had been *utilium* ſagax *rerum.*

(x) *Hylactor* means a dog with a clear and ſtrong voice. One would think that *this dog* was one of Canidia's breed, which called from the ſepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and ſtupify the living. This dog has been ſcratching up the earth about *Doctors Commons*, and has torn up all *the Wills* of the actors who lived in Shakſpeare's time, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author.—

But

Aſbolus (z) HAWKINS, a grim ſhaggy hound,
In *Muſic* growls, and beats the buſhes round; (*a*)
Then PORSON view *Nebrophonos* (*b*) the ſhrewd, (*c*)
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's (*d*) critic blood;
See

But when I ſpeak of rational men, it paſſes the bounds of all ſagacity to divine, by what ſpecies of refined abſurdity *the Wills and Teſtaments of Actors* could be raked up and publiſhed to *illuſtrate* Shakſpeare. (See Malone's Shakſpeare, vol. ii. p. 186, &c. &c &c. and in the 2d vol. of the edit. of Shakſpeare, in 1793.) A critick for ſuch an ingenious invention ſhould be preſented with the *altum Saganæ caliendrum*, which would not eaſily fall from his head.—But Mr. M. has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable literary excellencies.

(*y*) See her Eſſay on Shakſpeare, chiefly againſt the French criticks. A very pretty Eſſay, and a great many very pretty things have been ſaid about it, which I ſhall not contradict. ‘ *Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis*," is a verſe which has always filled a houſe with ſincere admirers, *without any flattery*. N. B. I muſt obſerve *for the information of poſterity*, that the meeting of the *female Literatæ* at Mrs. Montague's houſe in Portman Square, was ſtiled " the *Blue Stocking* Club."

" Fortunata *la Calza azzurra* e' d'oro,
" Si grata a Febo, e al ſanto Aonio coro!"
Arioſto.

(z) *Aſbolus* ſignifies a dog of a ſwarthy complexion.

(*a*) *Beats the buſhes round.*—Deſcriptive of Sir John Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſic; in which however there is much original and valuable information.

See *Dorceus* † WHITER o'er the learned ſoil,
Briſk, though *at fault*, with *new* aſſociates toil;
In *Theron*'s (*e*) form, mark RITSON next contend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's (*f*) friend:

Tom

(*b*) *Nebrophonos* ſignifies a dog that kills the fawns and deer, and ſo in truth it is;

> Archdeacons, rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
> Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear ſays, "I'll take a word with this ſame LEARNED THEBAN;" my learned *Maſter* Richard Porſon: but he loves *no titles!* It would be better if he did.

(*c*)—Mr. Malone ſays, the word *ſhrewd* means *acute*, or *intelligent*; Mr. Steevens ſays, it is *bitter* or *ſevere*. Shakſp. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may chuſe, or rather combine the terms.

(*d*) The reader may be ſurpriſed to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has con-

trived

(†) *Dorceus*, ſignifies, in my opinion, a dog of a ſharp ſight, apt to ſee *what nobody elſe can* in a large field. Some derive it from Δορκας, capra, *quaſi per ſaltum*, which I reject.—See Mr. Whiter's Commentaries on Shakſpeare, on a *new* principle, &c. publiſhed in 1794. This is certainly a learned dog. He is out of the actual chace; but might, with great propriety, join the pack on a future day: or in plain words, when a new edition of Shakſpeare is printed, there ſhould be a ſelection of notes from his book. His criticiſm on the ſecond Eclogue of the Poems aſcribed to Rowley, (truly or falſely) in point of ingenuity and illuſtrative learning has never been ſurpaſſed. *Cuicunque veterum fortiter oppoſuerim.*

Tom Warton laſt, *Agriodos* (*g*) acute,
With *Labros* Percy (*h*) barks in cloſe purſuit:
Hot

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trived *to preſs* Mr. Profeſſor Porſon's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis *into the ſervice* of Shakſpeare; and by ſuch ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be *preſſed* into it? This is quite a ſufficient excuſe for me, or rather a full juſtification of my alluſion to them. See Tempeſt, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. Edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens ſtiles Mr. P. "*an excellent ſcholar and a perſpicacious critic*;" in which I moſt cordially agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the ſchoolmaſter, nor any other Doctor or Miſter in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or expreſs of him or his works. He neither gives nor takes. I find the Archdeacon has re-publiſhed his work, and in my opinion has very wiſely declined being *led* any more by Dick *and the foul fiend* "through fire, and through flame "and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, and having knives "laid under his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakneſs to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot preſſed*. Had I been the Archdeacon, I ſhould have been contented with the *hot-preſſing* by Mr. Porſon—hot indeed, *hiſſing-hot!*—This controverſy has no good end: learning is good, and theology is good; but there is ſomething better, Η Αγαϖη. There is alſo a writer who ſays Κατακαυχᾶται ΕΛΕΟΣ κρισεως. Is it not ſo, Mr. Profeſſor?

(*e*) *Theron* ſignifies a dog of innate ferocity.

(*f*) *Poor Tom Warton* could have told a piteous tale, how *his* hiſtorick *body was punched full of deadly holes* by this literary Richard IIId.—Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in ſome ancient ditty, in a *fit* or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather ſtrong. The antiquaries—but they have

ſpoken

Hot was the chace ; I left it out of breath ;
I wiſh'd not *to be in* at SHAKSPEARE's death.

OCTAVIUS.

ſpoken for themſelves. The Antiquarian Society is *amiable* and harmleſs, and from what I have ſeen, their publications reſemble the ſubjects of them, Νεκυων ΑΜΕΝΗΝΑ καρηνα. Who could wiſh to diſturb ſuch repoſe?

(*g*) *Agriodos* ſignifies a dog with a ſharp tooth.—I always regret the loſs of *Thomas Warton* : in his various writings he is amuſing, inſtructive, pleaſant, learned and poetical. The loſs of the laſt Volume of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, muſt for ever be lamented. I deſpair of any Artiſt able to finiſh ſuch a work, with ſo few imperfections, and with ſuch various erudition. Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyrick) in his 2d Diſſert. to the Hiſt. of E. P. that this divine Anacreon wrote alſo a Latin ode in favour of *married* prieſts, concluding with theſe *ſpirited* lines :

Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi ;
Nec non pro Preſbyteris multum comprobavi ;
Pater noſter pro me *quoniam peccavi*,
Dicat quiſque Preſbyter *cum ſua* SUAVI !

I quote this for *my own* ſake, *quoniam peccavi*, and am inclined to hope that every *Preſbyter cum ſua* SUAVI, will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requieſcat !

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† Nam poſſunt VITIO *nigrum* præfigure *Theta.* Pers. Sat. 4. v. 13. A beautiful phraſe for *black-balling* a man in any club or ſociety.

OCTAVIUS.

Here yet awhile (*i*) theſe honeſt labours cloſe,
And leave indignant Genius to repoſe.

(*h*) *Labros* ſignifies a dog that *opens* continually.—But I forget—Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM *aliquâ infirmitate* laborare, anathema eſto.—And thus I take my leave of the WHOLE black letter KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great *Huntſman* who is no more, and moſt probably unmoleſted by me, continue to bark and growl, and ſnap, and quarrel, and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut abſentem certatim* ACTÆONA *clament.*§—*Finally*, as to this *famous* Edition of Shakſpeare by George Steevens Eſq. and the whole *Black-letter Kennell*; I muſt pronounce *its great Eulogium*, as it is beautifully conceived and expreſſed in the words of a maſter of the moſt finiſhed Latinity of the Auguſtan age. "HIC LIBER *eſt conglutinatus ex tam multis libris*, quot unus pinguis Cocus, *Oves, boves, ſues, grues, anſeres, paſſeres, &c. &c. &c. coquere*, aut unus fumoſus. Calefactor *centum magna hypocauſta ex illis calefacere poſſit ! ! !*" Epiſt. *Obſcurorum* Virorum !

(*i*) "HÆC SAT ERIT, DIVÆ, veſtrum ceciniſſe Poetam." So ſaid Virgil,‡ and ſo ſays my friend OCTAVIUS, to whoſe judgment I ſubmit, and write this note *in concluſion for the preſent*, that I may offer and recommend to the conſideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, ſacred and profane, a ſentence from SWIFT, which I could wiſh to ſee engraven in letters of gold, as an everlaſting admonition. It is this : "*To ſay the* " *truth*, no part of knowledge ſeems to be *in fewer hands*, than " that of diſcerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE."

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§ Ovid. Met. Lib. 3.   ‡ Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 70.

END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Ετ’ αϐλητος και ανουτατος οξεϊ χαλκω,
ΔΙΝΕΥΩ ΚΑΤΑ ΜΕΣΣΟΝ, αγοι δε με Παλλας Αθηνη
Χειρος ἕλουσ’, αυταρ ϐελεων απερυκοι ερωην.

Hom. Il. 4. v. 540.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND DIALOGUE†

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

TWO years have paſſed ſince I publiſhed "The Firſt "Part of the Purſuits of Literature." I now offer a continuation of it to the attention of thoſe perſons who may feel themſelves intereſted in ſuch reſearches; the ſubjects of which indeed, *in their event*, are important to us all. What I obſerved of the Firſt Part, I obſerve of this, and the following Parts, "that no imitation is intended of any former writer or of any former poem." That it will attract *ſome* attention in *ſome* places, I am confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as to the author. He is, and will be concealed upon motives very different from the apprehenſion of any private reſentment. I diſſuade every perſon

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† Firſt printed in May 1796.

perſon from flippant and random application of any ſuppoſed name; it is as unjuſt, as it is abſurd. "Flebit et inſignis "totâ cantabitur urbe,"[†] was ſaid of old. I do not ſay this, but I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent ſagacity and curioſity to remember, that there is a darkneſs *which may be felt.*

As to the ſubject of SATIRE in general, I will add a few words, as they are not wholly unimportant, and as they explain my own ideas. All reprehenſion of vice, or of folly, or of any moral depravity, muſt ceaſe at once, if it is required of the author of that reprehenſion, that he be *blameleſs* himſelf in the ſtrict, or indeed in any, ſenſe of that word. But if the enumeration of evils, wickedneſs, folly, extravagance, abuſe of knowledge in theory or practice, and a cenſure of ſuch actions and of ſuch opinions, be conſidered as the production of a mind bad, reprehenſible, and unquiet in itſelf, I fear, that few philoſophers are exempt from the charge. In my opinion, the Philoſopher himſelf is a ſatiriſt, ſpeaking to the world at large, without a ſpecific reference to any nation. The Satiriſt, (in the general acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in proſe, who addreſſes himſelf to a peculiar part of the world, generally to his own countrymen, and calling them to a view of their faults, follies, or vices, which are deſtructive of ſociety, of government, of good manners, or of good literature. The philoſophick Satiriſt effects his purpoſe by appealing to man and his nature; the modern poet, ſuppoſing and acknowledging the truth of theſe original

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[†] Hor. Lib. 2. S. 1. v. 45.

original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his attention to exiſting perſons, circumſtances, opinions, and books, in his own times. He illuſtrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal, aſſiſted by learning, wit and ridicule; with an honeſt endeavour to uphold the common cauſe of wiſdom, of truth, and of virtue, without which criticiſm is malignity, and ſatire is ſcandal.

Yet, however excellent, the work of any Satiriſt is tranſitory as to its immediate ſubject. But as it is a view of life *deſigned* (*a*) to be preſented to other times, as well as to thoſe in which it is written, the neceſſity of an author's furniſhing *Notes to his own compoſitions* (*b*) is evident, to clear up for himſelf ſuch difficulties as the lapſe of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients, which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After theſe few obſervations, (which I thought neceſſary or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation of the Poem to my readers, not without the ſpirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will alſo, upon reflection, add the words of A MAN, not to be named on ſuch an occaſion.

"I do

(*a*) *I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince* Poſterity.

(*b*) "*The notes* I wiſh to be very large in what relates to the perſons concerned: for I have long obſerved, that twenty miles from London, nobody underſtands hints, initial letters, or town facts and paſſages, and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London." Swift's advice to Pope. July 16, 1728.—Pope's Works, Vol. 9. p. 117. *Warburton's* edition, 8vo.

“ I do not look to be aſked, wherefore I wrote this book; it “ being no difficulty to anſwer, that I did it to thoſe ends, “ which the beſt men propoſe to themſelves when they write.”

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND. (*)

AUTHOR,

ALL hail to Ceſtria, and her mitred lord! (*a*)
And may the muſe in laſting ſtrains record
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age;
Who, wild with rapture and empiric rage,
On bold aſpiring pinion could preſume
To journey through the vaſt æthereal gloom;
Who, tir'd of earth and dreams of gowned reſt,
Sunk in the elyſium of his *Cynthia*'s breaſt!

(*) Firſt publiſhed in May, 1796.

(*a*) John Wilkins, Biſhop of Cheſter in the laſt century, wrote a celebrated "Diſcourſe concerning the poſſibility of a paſſage to the moon." The biſhop is, as all biſhops ſhou'd be, very ſerious on the occaſion; and as an effectual change of air and climate is recommended in ſo many diſeaſes, I approve moſt of all of *Doctor* Wilkins's preſcription of a flying

But ah, *for us* thoſe wizard wonders ceaſe:
In war, death, peſtilence, or dang'rous peace,
Condemn'd to groan in this diſorder'd hour,
Victors and victims of th' unhallow'd pow'r,
That bids the weſtern world or rouſe or weep,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

OCTAVIUS.

Of France (*aa*) enough: go bend before that tomb,
Where other palms and other laurels bloom,
Where

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chariot; and inſtead of raving or ſtorming, or fretting about the accidents of life, to ſet off directly—*for the moon.* This method of *tranſlation*, (a happy thought in a biſhop,) would at once ſuperſede the neceſſity of ſuicide, priſons or revolutions, when people are out of humour. Beſides Dr. Herſchell has told us what an agreeable place the moon is. I believe he has deſcried the ſurveyors of the lunar turnpike roads, and has actually ſeen their St. Paul's Church, and ſome of the Selenites in a ſolemn proceſſion. This cannot much ſurpriſe us, as he has *nearly* diſcovered what the ſun is made of, which *lies* a *little further* from us.—Upon my word, Philoſophy is a very pleaſant thing and has various uſes; one of the beſt is, it makes us laugh ſometimes.

(*aa*) I can mention no lines ſo expreſſive of the ſtate of France, as the following, *adapted* from Boileau.

"Dechirans à l'envi *leur propre Republique*,
Lions contre Lions, parens contre parens,
Combattent follement POUR LE CHOIX DES TYRANS!"
Sat. 8. v. 132. (1796.)

Where Maro ſleeps; or in the Sabine ſhade,
Or in ſevere Aquinum's inmoſt glade,
Faſt by Volterra's (*a*) dark Etrurian grove,
With Boileau's (*b*) art and Dryden's rapture rove.
Be wiſe betimes, and in reſiſtleſs proſe
Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes.
Let Wakefield (*c*) rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
Lords of miſrule in Anarchy's wild hall,
Such

(*a*) Juvenal was born at Aquinum, and Perſius at Volterra, in Italy.

(*b*) Boileau.—The moſt perfect of all modern writers in true taſte and judgment. His ſagacity was unerring; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and alluſions. He is the juſt and adequate repreſentative of Horace, Juvenal, and Perſius united, *without one indecent blemiſh;* and for my own part I have always conſidered him as *the moſt finiſhed gentleman* that ever wrote. I have ſpoken more at large of this poet in another place.

(*c*) Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of *Gilbert Wakefield*, and look *at the liſt* of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*,) I feel alternately ſorrow and indignation. His learning and ſagacity are indeed ſufficient to entitle him to *ſome* patronage, and to the removal of every want. But his ſpirit is ſo reſtleſs, his temper is ſo overbearing and tyrannical, (I ſpeak *from the conſideration of his works alone*) his contempt for others is ſo great, and his perſonal vanity ſo conſpicuous,

Such prophets as ere long Horne Tooke may ſave,
And hide and feed *by fifties* (*d*) in a cave :
Let

conſpicuous, that even *literature begins to be weary of him.* But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and aſperity of the reformer, all the inſolence and even impudence of the aſſertors of equality, a want of decent, or even of common reſpect to dignified characters, and a mind (naturally deſigned for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an univerſity) hoſtile and implacable to every eſtabliſhment, and with a ſtrong tendency even to † ſanguinary perſecution. I ſpeak of him as a publick man ; I have no contempt of his attainments. But I will never ſuffer him, or any other man, who obtrudes himſelf and his political principles and meaſures upon the publick, to paſs me without notice ; or as the poet ſtrongly expreſſes it,

> Glomerare ſub antro
> Fumiferam noctem, *commixtis igne tenebris*, §

without the reprehenſion he deſerves. (1796.)

(*d*) *By fifties.*—" Obadiah took *the prophets*, and hid them by *fifty in a cave*, and fed them *with bread and water*." Kings B. 1.
ch.

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† See (if it is worth while) Gilbert Wakefield's pamphlet entitled " Remarks on the General Orders given by the Duke of " York to his army, July, 7, 1794, reſpecting the decree of the " French Convention, to give no quarter to the Britiſh and Ha-" noverians, 1794." I only mention this or any of Mr. Wakefield's writings for *their ſpirit and tendency*, as the compoſitions are worth little notice. I ſhall not at preſent wander though his
Silva

§ Vir Æn. 8. v: 254.

Let ſuch call Pitt or Grenville meanly bold,
Who calm'd the terror of Burke's claws in gold. (*e*)

You read perchance a miniſter in books, (*f*)
And know an honeſt ſtateſman by his looks;
Think

ch. 18. v. 4. In the *proviſions* of that moſt important, and I wiſh I could ſay, perpetual act, (paſſed in 1795) for preventing ſeditious aſſemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is ſpecified that none of theſe prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, ſhall meet in greater numbers than *by fifty* in a cave, or elſewhere: and conſidering the inflammatory nature of their diſorders it is devoutly to be wiſhed, that they may be kept upon the ſame cooling diet.

(*e*) "Summos auro manſueverat ungues." Statius. A beautiful periphraſis for giving a penſion; but it is a penſion nobly merited. I wiſh however moſt ſincerely, for the dignity of Mr. Burke's character in the preſent age and to all poſterity, that it had not been accepted. *Πογγου αν πριαιμην.* (1795)

(*f*) I allude to the profound knowledge which buſy men acquire of the moſt ſecret deſigns of the Britiſh, or even of foreign cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is ſo pleaſant
as

Silva Critica, "Ubi paſſim palantes *Error* recto de tramite pellit." ||His *ravages* on Virgil and Horace, in *his* late editions of them, are often as ſhocking to taſte as to truth. Bentley's *hook* (I beg pardon for coupling the names) was nothing to the *levelling axe* of Gil. Wakefield. If Mr. Wakefield does not write with greater care and ability than he has hitherto ſhewn, neither *men*, nor *gods*, nor *columns* will permits his works to be extant very long.

|| Hor. L. 2. Sat. 3. v. 48.

Think ind debates the ſpirit may be ſeen,
In Thurlow juſt, in Loughborough ſerene;
In Grenville, firmneſs; majeſty, in Pitt;
And in Dundas, the courage to ſubmit.
Proud of your keen diſcernment you retire,
Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard (g) and ſquire,
You'd print (poor man!) your ſatire and your ſong,
Correct, as Gifford, or as Cowper, ſtrong.

AUTHOR.

Yes: to my country's juſtice I appeal,
Nor dread the preſs, the guillotine, nor wheel,

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as to hear men aſſert without the leaſt heſitation what they *know* of the intention of Miniſters. I really envy the ſatisfaction they feel, when they communicate their diſcoveries to ſuch unenlightened and ignorant men as myſelf.

(*g*) The Rolliad, &c.—DR. LAWRENCE has juſt informed the Houſe of Commons, (who are prodigiouſly intereſted about the Doctor) that HE is of *the old School*, and that HE *intends* to "bring forward A MOTION *to ſilence that declamation* "*ſo commonly uſed in the Houſe*, &c. &c. &c." This is *modeſt* indeed, and if he effects his purpoſe, I hope the univerſal thanks of *the Houſe*, Dinner-troops, Family-men and all, will be voted to him, *Nem. Con.*—"Talk of a Coronation?"—See The Farce of *Peeping Tom.* (Note Dec. 31, 1796,) N. B. The Doctor never made the motion. *Parturiunt montes*, &c. &c.—(added Auguſt 1797.)

Nor fulſome praiſe, nor coldneſs of neglect,
Nor all that poets meet, but ſcarce expect;
And ſince *the queſtion* I ſhall never fear,
A rhyming culprit's bold confeſſion hear.

Plays I could frame, like Ireland, (*i*) by the ſcore;
Memory I have, not Middleton (*k*) has more;
Could ſing of gardens, yet well pleas'd to ſee
Walpole (*l*) and Nature may, for once, agree;
Could give with Darwin, to the hectick kind,
Receipts in verſe to ſhift the north-eaſt wind (*m*);

(i) The publiſher of the newly-found manuſcripts *in Shakſpeare's own hand writing.* The reader will find more on this ſubject in the courſe of *this* Second Dialogue.

(k) The famous witneſs on Mr. Haſtings's trial, the diſciple of Themiſtocles.

(l) Read (it well deſerves the attention) that quaint, but moſt curious and learned writer's excellent Eſſay on Modern Gardening, at the end of his Lives of the Painters.

(m) See Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants and a long and pleaſant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feaſible to *manage the winds*, (and every thing elſe I believe) at *his* pleaſure, *by a little philoſophy.* I never read any thing ſo comfortable in my life. Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philoſopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's

With Price (*n*) and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve,
And baniſh uſe, for naked Nature's love,
Lakes, foreſts, rivers, in one landſcape drawn,
My park, a county, and a heath, my lawn;
With Knight, man's civil progreſs (*o*) could rehearſe,
And *put* Hume, Smith, or Tacitus *in verſe*;
Or,

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ingenious underſtanding is peculiarly adapted to ſolve the following problem in *natural* philoſophy: "WHETHER, *the hybernal* "*frigidity of the Antipodes, paſſing in an orthogonal line through* "*the homogeneous ſolidity of the center, might warm the ſuper-* "*ficial connexity of our heels by a ſoft antiperiſtaſis?*" I have given a tranſlation of this great and uſeful problem, (as *the French* Philoſopher *Pantagruel* is not quite ſo intelligible in the original,) that Dr. Darwin may diſcuſs it at large in the next edition of his *Zoonomia*, which is much to be deſired. I refer the reader to the *Creme Philoſophique des Queſtions Encyclopediques* at the end of Rabelais, Book 5. The *true cream* of their *modern Encyclopedia* at leaſt, is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789, &c.

(*n*) Price and Knight. See the various treatiſes, all curious and in ſome degree pleaſant, on the ſubject of landſcape and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *verſus* Maſon and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the deciſion at the bar of taſte, but I certainly would not bring the cauſe in the court at Guildhall. With *the giants* on the jury, and Lord Kenyon for the judge, there certainly would be a verdict for the Brogdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price.

(*o*) See and *read*, if poſſible, what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic *Poem*, "The PROGRESS of Civil Society in ſix books,

Or, while Silenus and his votaries nod,
Quaff Paphian groſſneſs from my cryſtal (*p*) God:
Or

books, 4to." I proteſt I ſpeak impartially, when I aſſert that Mr. Knight ſeems to have no other ideas of poetry, than that of lines and ſyllables put into a meaſure with, now and then, ſome little attention to grammar. I mean when he *writes verſes himſelf.* For if he conceives, that the verſification of Monteſquieu's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertſon's Introduction to his Hiſtory of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and ſuch works, is *poetry*, there is no help for him, he muſt be ſuffered to *rhyme on.* "*Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres.*"† It is impoſſible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a ſpecimen of ſuch obſervations as I ſhould make, if I were to go through the whole of this *tedious* piece of work. Mr. K. is very fond of beginning all his books *with doubt*, like a true philoſopher; he always uſes the words "*Whether* this, or *whether* that, or *whether* the other" is the caſe, neither deciding the point, nor giving even a *doubtful* ſolution of *doubtful doubts*, as Mr. Hume kindly uſed to do. But *whether* Mr. K. underſtands himſelf, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers underſtand him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus, B. I. v. I. (I take the verſes at the very beginning, to ſhew my impartiality.)

> " *Whether* primordial *motion ſprang to life*
> From the wild war of elemental ſtrife,
> In *central chains* the maſs inert *confin'd*,
> And ſublimated matter into mind:
> Or *whether* one great, all pervading ſoul, &c.
> Or ———————
> *Whether*, in Fate's *eternal fetters bound*,
> Mechanic Nature *goes* her endleſs round, &c. &c.

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† Boileau, Sat. 8. v. 116.

Or I could *ſcribble* (*q*) for hiſtorick fame,
Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull and tame; (*qq*)
Then

In all this miſt and darkneſs which he flings around him, he certainly is little better than Punch in the puppet ſhew, "Hazy weather, maſter Noah:" for I am certain that neither Punch, nor Mr. Knight can look through this preparation of the poetical ſky for the metaphyſical deluge which enſues, when he is to

"Trace out the ſlender *ſocial links that bind*
"In *order*'s chain, the *chaos* of mankind, &c. &c."

Ohe jam ſatis; but then I am told there are ſo many pretty and intelligible paſſages (I grant it, Horum *ſimplicitas* miſerabilis!) in this and *t'other* poem (I muſt mean the Landſcape;) and the ladies ſay it is ſo charming to wiſh to be buried *under an oak*, and ſo romantick, ſee p. 153. I wiſh from my ſoul, that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the ſpirit of Mr. Knight confined in the ſtem of it. He might cry out as luſtily as Polydorus, and all the conjurers of the *Dilettanti* might aſſiſt at the diſinchantment if they pleaſed. N. B. I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight *for the honour* he has been pleaſed to confer on my note in the firſt part of this poem on the Purſuits of Literature; ſee page 17, &c. of *his* Preface to *his* Progreſs of Civil Society. "*If* Mr. Knight's *bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himſelf.*"† I did not name him as the author of the Eſſay "ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS," but he has *now* named himſelf. I am glad however that he has ſome ſenſe of ſhame left, by endeavouring to *explain away* one of the moſt unbecoming

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† I quote JUNIUS in Engliſh, as I would Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I conſider him as a legitimate Engliſh claſſic.

Then tired with truth, like Coxe, to fables ſtray,
And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay; *(r)*
I could,

unbecoming and indecent treatiſes which ever diſgraced the pen of a man who would be thought a ſcholar and a philoſopher; and I perſevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to *copy* even my former note. ‡ Mr. K. had better have kept to his *Principia*, Α, Β, Γ, Δ, κτλ. (See his Greek alphabet.) I hope he will do better in future; and ſpare me more trouble. I am as tired of him as he can be of me. As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I muſt fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical Committee, and any more "*reports* PROGRESS, and aſks leave to ſit again," the motion will be *negatived by the whole houſe.* (1796.)

(*p*) "Vitreo bibit ille *Priapo*." Juv. Sat. 2. v. 95. See Mr. Knight's Eſſay on the worſhip of Priapus, and my note on it in the firſt part of this Poem.

(*q*) Soon after Mr. Gibbon had publiſhed the ſecond and third volumes of his Roman Hiſtory, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compliment ſaid; "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? I ſee you are always *at it*, the old way, *ſcribble*, *ſcribble*, *ſcribble*."—There are various judges of hiſtorical writing, from Quintilian to the *late* Duke of Cumberland.—Dr. GILLIES wrote the Hiſtory of Greece, &c. in a manner *quite different* from Mr. Gibbon. But, according to Pliny's good-humoured obſervation; *Hiſtoria quoquo modo ſcripta delectat.*

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‡ See the Firſt Part of the P. of L.—I have been told that FIVE GUINEAS is the price of *The Eſſay on Priapus*, if a copy is at any time to be ſold.

I could, like Seward, if for ſcraps you call,
Turn publick bag-man, (*s*) train'd in Walpole's ſtall;
Or to Cythæron, from the Treaſury, move,
And, like Sir James Bland Burgeſs, (*t*) murmur love;
Could

(*qq*) The epithets in the verſe are deſigned to characterize *the writings* of Dr. Gillies. There is ſome learning, great diligence, attention and application, but no marks of genius or of ſtrength in his compoſitions. *Sed tamen in pretio.* And I wiſh them to be ſo, as the Doctor is a man of good intentions, a paſſable ſcholar, and of reſpectable character.

(*r*) Fables by John Gay, *illuſtrated with notes* by WILLIAM COXE, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Rector of Bemerton, Prebendary of Sarum, Domeſtick Chaplain to the Lord Biſhop of Saliſbury, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Œconomical Society of St. Peterſburg, and of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, Chaplain to H. G. The Duke of Marlborough; &c. &c. &c. (1796.) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be ſure Addiſon did gravely comment on Chevy Chace. I am not inclined to make any other compariſon. (1796.)

(*s*) See (for they are very entertaining *but very dear)* Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of diſtinguiſhed perſons, &c. in four volumes. I prefer Mr. Seward to every compiler of anecdotes, except the Hon. Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford. A *viſiting library* is very convenient and pleaſant to one's friends (1796.)

(*t*) I allude to Sir James Bland Burgeſs's Poem, entitled, "The Birth and Triumph of Love," accompanied by the prettieſt

Could furniſh feaſts for each Parnaſſian prig,
A *Florence* gooſe, *three* ducklings, and *one* (*v*) pig;
With

prettieſt little deſigns of the *Amoretti alati* by one of the faireſt, moſt ingenious, and moſt illuſtrious hands † in the kingdom. Sir James, late Under Secretary of State, is very properly (as all under Secretaries of State, or Chief Secretaries in the Treaſury, ſhould be,) attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the ſmalleſt Cupid *without à muzzle.* Sir James ſays, " That boy and that boy's deeds ſhall not pollute my meaſure." St. 1 Now when I conſider what Virgil and Taſſo have ſaid and ſung of " that boy and that boy's deeds," it is a little prudiſh in Sir James Bland Burgeſs, Baronet and Poet, on ſuch a ſubject to have ſuch fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgeſs is right after all; there certainly ſhould be none but the *moſt virtuous* perſons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treaſury, though now and then a ſtraggler of another deſcription will be found, notwithſtanding the unremitted diligence and undiverted attention of George Roſe, Eſq.

(*a*) *A Florence gooſe*, &c.—See a publication, entitled, " An " Ode to an Eton Boy, *Three* Sonnets, and *One* Epigram: by William Parſons, Eſq. This gentleman is the faireſt of all Mr. Gray's Criticks: he even allows the ſuperiority of his genius, and gives *his own* verſes in Mr. Gray's meaſure. The *obliquity* of the principles and of the underſtanding is ſometimes unaccountable.

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† H. R. H. The Princess Elizabeth.

With Spartan Pye (*x*) lull England to repoſe,
Or frighten children with Lenora's (*y*) woes:
I could—

OCTA-

(*x*) *Spartan* Pye.—Mr. Pye, the preſent poet Laureat, with the beſt intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very beſt poetry, tranſlated the verſes of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were deſigned to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among *the Militia* in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impreſſed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finiſhed, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or *verſe-ſhot*, dropped their arms ſuddenly, and were *all found faſt aſleep!!!* (†)

Marquis

(†) Certain kinds of *poetry* and writing (to which I have been too much *accuſtomed*) may be added to the number of the Υπνȣ αγωγα, or *Soporifics*, which great medical writers affirm to be accuſtomed *noiſes*, motions, &c. &c. in ſhort the πασι τα ξυνηθεα. The acute phyſician ARETÆUS thus ſpeaks:—Υπνȣ αγωγα απασι τα ξυνηθεα. Ναυτικω μεν η εν ακατω κατακλισις, και εν θαλασση περιφορα, και αιγιαλων ηχος, και κυματων κτυπος, ανεμων τε ϐομϐος—κτλ. Aretæi *De Morbis Acutis*, Cap. I. p. 75. Boerhaave 1731. The whole paſſage is uncommonly eloquent and ſenſible. My medical readers, will thank me for pointing it out. Aretæus, is perhaps, the firſt deſcriptive painter in this art. Such accompliſhed ſcholars as the venerable Dr. Heberden, Dr. Glynn, Sir George Baker, Dr. Turton, Dr. Milman, Dr. Littlehales, Dr. Vivian, and a few others, (*Apollineo nomina digna choro*) will confirm my opinion.

OCTAVIUS.

Do what ?—where will your vaunting reach ?
Is this a prelude to your parting ſpeech ?

AUTHOR.

Spare, ſpare ; till time ſubdues a poet's rage
With blaſt autumnal, or the damp of rage.
What poet will refuſe to drink, or ſing,
Since Helicon is now an *Iriſh* ſpring ?
All thirſt alike ; which made Sam Johnſon think,
That no man viſits, where he cannot drink. (*yy*)

Marquis Townſhend, who never approved of the ſcheme, ſaid, with his uſual pleaſantry, that the firſt of all poets obſerved that "*Sleep* is the brother of *Death.*" (1796.)

(*y*) A tale from the German, tranſlated by the Laureat, H. I. Pye, Eſq. by J. T. Stanly, Eſq. M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c. a ſort of Blue-Beard ſtory for the nurſery. I am aſhamed to think, that the public curioſity (I will not ſay, *taſte*) ſhould have been occupied with ſuch *Diablerie Tudeſque.*

(*yy*) Dr. Johnſon's character of the Iriſh hoſpitality, in one of his letters, or among the *Boſwelliana*, I forget which.

Why ſhould I faint, when all with patience hear,
And Laureat Pye *ſings* more than twice a year? (*yyy*)

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think;
For once I hop'd to ſee the title ſink,
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton ſhone:
Aye, while Britannia cries from ſhore to ſhore,
AUGUSTUS reigns; MÆCENAS IS NO MORE.

PITT

(*yyy*) "They ſcarce can bear their Laureat *twice a year.*" So ſaid Pope. *We* could in theſe times bear our harmleſs fluttering birth day odes, better than *the French Dithyrambicks* in the orgies of democracy.

Pitt views alike, from Holwood's ſullen brow,
(As near-obſerving (z) friendſhip dares avow)

(z) I muſt own, that unleſs the Province of encouraging Letters, which ſhould belong to the great, is adminiſtered with wiſdom and diſcretion, it is more deſirable that there were no encouragement at all. In confirmation however of my opinion of the miniſter, I refer the reader to a pamphlet publiſhed in 1795, entitled, "Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Adminiſtration, by a Near Obſerver." It is written by a man of fortune, independent ſpirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been aſcribed to M. Montagu, Eſq. M. P. and it is, I believe, acknowledged by him. He boldly tells the Miniſter of his fault, namely, an improvident and *ſyſtematick contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents.* "They had no poet, and they died." I would by no means apply to Mr. Pitt what Spenſer ſaid of the Lord Treaſurer Burleigh, once Chancellor of the Univerſity of Cambridge, becauſe it would neither be true nor juſt. But the Muſe of ſatire may, with more reſpect and delicacy, win an eaſier way to the region of his ſenſibility in the words of a Roman poet;

> FELIX CUPARUM! *cui non Heliconia cordi*
> *Serta, nec imbelles Parnaſſi e vertice laurus*;
> Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in uſus,
> Fert animus *quaſcunque vices!*

Theſe are the virtues of a miniſter in times of charge, and of general convulſion. Hiſtory indeed may ſay of Mr. Pitt in the words of Tacitus, H. 4. S. 5. "INGENIUM ILLUSTRE altioribus ſtudiis juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, ut nomine magnifico ſegne otium velaret, *ſed quo firmior adverſus*

The fount of Pindus or Bœotia's bog,
With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog. (*a*)

OCTAVIUS.

fortuita REMPUBLICAM CAPESSERET."—I might proceed and deſcribe him as "*Opum* ‡ *contemptor*, recti pervicax, conſtans adverſus metus;" but I cannot purſue him through the integral character of Helvidius Priſcus, becauſe I conceive POWER, and not FAME, to be the principle of this mighty miniſter of Great Britain.

(*a*) In the time of Auguſtus, during the adminiſtration of Mæcenas, that Miniſter's ſeal, being the figure of A FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills.* I mention this anecdote as curious, and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in the 37th book of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, ch. I. "*Mæcenatis* RANA, *ob collationem pecuniarum*, in magno terrore erat." I alſo refer the reader to the Duke of Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved privately, and the elegant Latin deſcriptions of them by the Rev. Dr. Cole, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge.—Nothing is ſo like as one Miniſter to another in this reſpect; but it is difficult to refrain from remarking, that *Frogs* were one of the plagues of Egypt.

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‡ Though Mr. P. *deſpiſes money*, yet I wiſh he would give *more attention to œconomy*, private as well as publick, than he has done. He is deſerving of much cenſure in this reſpect. He ſeems to have forgotten when Mr. Burke once thundered in the ears of one of his Predeceſſors, in the H. of C. (Lord North) "*Magnum eſt* VECTIGAL *Parſimonia.*"

OCTAVIUS.

Mere ſpleen to Pitt; (*b*) he's liberal, but by ſtealth.

AUTHOR.

(*b*) Octavius is wrong. I am neither a perſonal nor a political enemy to Mr. Pitt. I think him a powerful and efficient Miniſter, eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and ſolemnly marked out and elected to his great office He has talents to conduct, to perſuade, *and to command.* He is a ſcholar: *I know* him to be ſuch, and a ripe and good one. The low paſſion of avarice has no root in his mind; but the ſin, by which the angels fell, rages in him without meaſure and without controul. To tell a miniſter, that pride was not made *for him* or for any man, becauſe he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a groſs ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no ſervility in him. Firm, conſtant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the Houſe of Commons, not to bow, but to do the buſineſs of the ſtate, and he does it. There is not a ſubject preſented to him, even caſually, in which his ability is not conſpicuous. He treats it as if it had been the ſubject of his continued * meditation. *In the conduct of the French war*, he, his colleagues, and his allies have

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* In this reſpect Mr. Pitt always reminded me of Themiſtocles, as recorded by the great hiſtorian: "Οικειᾳ ξυνεσει, φυσεως μεν δυναμει, μελετης δε βραχυτητι, κρατιστος δη ουτος αυτοσχεδιαζειν τα δεοντα." Thucyd. Lib. 1. Sect. 138.

AUTHOR.

Yes, and he ſpares a nation's inborn wealth,

Another

have been *all found wanting*; but in the principle juſt, if not ſteady.—I will add, that in reſpect to *perſonal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumſtances of times beyond human control, and by events not in the wildeſt range of expectation, he was placed, almoſt without his ſeeking it, in the higheſt publick ſtation. He paſſed at once to the innermoſt of the temple, without treading the veſtibule. In the bloom and vigour of his faculties, (for he bore the bloſſom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the moſt, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, accepted, confirmed, continued, and eſtabliſhed by his King and by his country. His faults, his follies, and his blemiſhes, (for he has all) *might be eaſily removed*, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many have done, the higheſt ability in himſelf; and he found, what is denied to moſt, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office. My hope and earneſt prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the reſult of this juſt and tremendous war with the Republick of France, may be finally to eſtabliſh "Glory to God in the higheſt, and "on earth peace."—Is this the language of an enemy? I reſpect, nay, I would defend him: I wiſh him a long continuance in office: but I *never* can entertain a PERSONAL *regard or affection* for MR. PITT, (1796.)

Another Adam (*c*) in œconomy,
For all, but Burke, (*d*) eſcape his ſearching eye.
Stiff from old Turgot, (*e*) and his rigid ſchool,
He never deviates from this wholeſome rule;
" Left

(*c*) Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

(*d*) This is not mentioned as a cenſnre on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his penſion merited by Mr. Burke.—On this ſubject, I may ſay, that in "*Mr. Burke's Letter* on the Duke of Bedford's attack *on Him* in the Houſe of Lords," I perceive genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and fights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and ſometimes the philoſophy of Plato and the wit of Lucian. But what I eſteem moſt of all, I hear again the *warning voice* of ONE *who ſaw the apocalypſe* and FIRST cried aloud in England and to all the inhabitants of Euorpe. I cannot deſcribe the whole compoſition better than in the words of *that Poet*, who would have been proud to record the workmanſhip of EDMUND BURKE. *Brontes*, *Steropes*, and *Pyracmon*, it will be allowed, have all had their ſhare in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen.*

> "Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquoſæ
> Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis auſtri;
> Fulgores nunc terrificos, ſonitumque metumque †
> Miſcebant operi, flammiſque ſequacibus iras." (1796.)

(*e*) Mr. Turgot, ci devant Controller General of French Finance: the founder of the modern *Oeconomic School.*—Modern
State

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† Virg. Æn. 8. v. 429.

"Left to themſelves all find their level price,
"Potatoes, verſes, turnips, Greek, and rice."

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times indeed to banter no finance;
Pray, if you call him frugal, think of France.

AUTHOR.

Well, I'll be brief; with France he *muſt* contend;
There I will own, and feel myſelf his friend,
And ſing with Burke's or Maro's borrow'd fire,
"Arms and the man," till anarchy (*f*) expire.
Sedition's

State Oeconomy ſeems to conſiſt in ſpending or ſquandering the greateſt poſſible ſums in the leaſt poſſible time.

(*f*) "Till anarchy expire." In the juſt and inevitable, but moſt fatal and moſt tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds in every vein and artery, the firſt object we look for is, *a ſtability of peace.* But no ſtability can as yet be found in all the convulſive *labours* of the ſanguinary nation. That modern Gallick *Julia* has done nothing but conceive one miſ-ſhapen lump after another,
in

Sedition's crew is bound; the gloomy band
In chains of penal ſilence muſing ſtand,
Or doom'd in claſſick (g) impotence to rave
Their ceaſeleſs round, within the ſmould'ring cave,
The

in the fœculency of her political womb; conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion: and what can we ſay,

Cum tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, et patruo ſimiles effunderet offas. †

We muſt, I fear, yet wait a ſeaſon; (May 1796‡) and whatever we have paid, or muſt ſtill pay, muſt be conſidered as the αντιλυτρον, the great price of delivery and redemption from ſlavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the diſruption of ſocial order; when the earth is burſting aſunder, and hell yawning from beneath; or in language, which Edmund Burke alone could reproduce in Engliſh,

And what wonder? It is Longinus who ſpeaks of Homer.‖ (1796.)

Αναῤῥηγνυμενης εκ ϐαθρων γης, αυτȣ τε γυμνȣμενȣ Ταρταρȣ.

(g) Since the paſſing of the Bills (in 1795) againſt treaſon, ſeditious meetings, aſſemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. *John Thelwall*

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† Juv. Sat. 2. v. 32.

‡ We muſt ſay *the ſame now*, *Dec.* 31, 1796.—We have a little more hope *now*, Auguſt 1797.—It has *now* again vaniſhed. (November 1797.)

‖ Long. de Subl. Sect. 9.

The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they ſtrove
To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
In Hatſell's (*h*) clerkly tone, clear, loud, and ſhrill,
And

Thelwall read during the Lent ſeaſon 1796, what he termed *Claſſical Lectures*, and moſt kindly and affectionately pointed out *the defects* of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome, *Old* France, &c. &c. and *the cauſes* of rebellion, inſurrection, regeneration of governments, terroriſm, maſſacres, and revolutionary murders; without *the leaſt hint* or application to England and its conſtitution. Shewing *how* the Gracchi were great men, and ſo, by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdales, &c.—I muſt own, I fear nothing from ſuch Lectures.

(*h*) John Hatſell, Eſq. the very learned, polite, and reſpectable Clerk of the Houſe of Commons. 1796.—This accompliſhed gentleman has lately reſigned his office, with that propriety and diſcernment of time, and circumſtance, and of the *ætatis inſidiæ*, which has uniformly diſinguiſhed his very uſeful and honourable life in publick office. *Quando ullum invenient parem?* The illuſtrious Speaker of the H. of C. the Rt. Hon. Henry Addington, (neither inferior nor ſecond to *any* ſtateſman in that Houſe in temperate eloquence, accuracy of knowledge, and ſoundneſs of underſtanding) announced Mr. Hat-

ſell's

And Jekyll's (*i*) comment too.

AUTHOR.

Pray, heav'n, forbear:
Come then, I'll breathe at large ethereal air,

Far

ſell's intended reſignation in a manner which did honour to the ſincerity of his friendſhip, and to the ſenſe of the loſs of ſo able a ſervant of the publick. The Houſe was unanimous in their applauſe. Mr. Pitt ſeconded the Speaker, and pronounced alſo his teſtimony. But it is ſufficient to ſay, MR. PITT *ſpoke*, when that Rt. Hon. Miniſter thinks proper to aſſume the language of commendation.—Mr. Hatſell has given a moſt judicious work* to the publick, which all ſenators will do well to conſult frequently. Mr. H. will excuſe me for *adapting* to him *in this reſpect* a few words from Quintilian, "Monumenta "rerum poſteris quærentibus tradidit. Frequentabunt ejus "domum optimi juvenes, et veram viam, velut ex oraculo, "petent. Hos ille formabit, ut vetus gubernator, littora et por- "tus, et quid ſecundis flatibus quid adverſis ratis poſcat, doce- "bit, et communi ductus officio et amore quodam operis." Quintil. Lib. 12. c. xi. ſ. 1—Mr. Hatſell will not ſuſpect the hand which has paid this tribute to his character and his merits. (Auguſt 1797.)

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* Precedents of Proceedings in the H. of C. with obſervations, 4 volumes 4to.

Far from the bar, the ſenate, and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens ſport,
(Whom late, from Hampſtead journeying (*k*) to his
Aurora oft for Cephalus (*l*) miſtook, [book,
What time he bruſh'd her dews with haſty pace,
To meet (*m*) the Printer's dev'let face to face:)
With dogs (*n*) black-letter'd for the Stratford Hunt,
Thick-flued and coated 'gainſt the public brunt;

For

(*i*) There is too much of pertneſs and ſelf-ſufficiency in Mr. *Joſeph Jekyll's* remarks; and I do not apprehend that his witticiſms will ever ſhake a miniſter like the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

(*k*) He uſed to leave his Tuſculum, the ſeat of Steevens and of wiſdom, at Hampſtead, between four and five o'clock every morning, to reviſe the proof ſheets of the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, 1793, in 15 vol. 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I heard of nothing elſe at the time.

(*l*) "Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam."

Sappho to Phaon.

I will own, I was always apprehenſive for his ſafety and purity ſo very ſoon in the morning, on Primroſe hill, "earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap," but notwithſtanding theſe early freaks, *the youth* is ſtill ſafe, as I hear.

(*m*) "To meet—*the Sun* upon the upland lawn."

Gray's Elegy.

(*n*) See the firſt part of the Purſuits of Literature.

For well I mark'd them all (*o*) with curious heed.

OCTAVIUS.

(*o*) I termed the Commentators on Shakſpeare out of mere pleaſantry, "*black-letter dogs.*" But if among theſe ſcholars, or in *any* other *deſcription of the learned*, there ſhould be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accompliſhment, or the fulſome ſemblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a ſtrong devotion to literature without remiſſion and almoſt without example; with acuteneſs of mind and extenſive claſſical erudition; who, I ſay, ſhould ſo far forget himſelf, as to practiſe arts which would diſgrace the meaneſt retainer to learning:—*If* SUCH A MAN ſhould be found, with fair profeſſions and obliging attentions, ſimular of friendſhip, but at the bottom falſe, hollow, deſigning, and malicious; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky diſcovery, *even of a profeſſional artiſt*, ſhould ſtrive to depreſs the efforts of ſtruggling laborious merit, or to blaſt the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries; who ſhould inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be ſtudious of frequenting the company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who ſhould collect and ſcatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence might feel the blaſt of the enchanter, and know not whence it comes: *If*, I ſay, SUCH A MAN ſhould be found, I ſhall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conſcience by a fooliſh, appropriating indiſcretion. I have only ſketched out at preſent ſuch a character *in proſe;* and all I ſhall ſay further is, may He, *if* SUCH A MAN exiſt, ſtrive to wipe out ſuch actions by more than literary

OCTAVIUS.

Not all: you paſs'd the grave laborious *(p)* REED,
Friend to moſt traders in reſearches quaint,
Layman or prieſt, the ſinner or the ſaint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive,
Though not *Mie (pp) Maſterre* (*q*) Ireland, by your
leave.

(He

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literary contrition, and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the courſe of a life not inconſiderable in its duration, under a fatal error and a wretched abuſe of time, learning, talents, and accompliſhments.—This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the ſhadow of a name.* It ſhall ever remain *unappropriated by me.* (1796.)

(*p*) Iſaac Reed, Eſq. editor of Dodſley's old plays, lately republiſhed; a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly reſpected. I mention this gentleman with particular pleaſure.

(*pp*) Alluding to the uniform and conſtant *reduplication* of the *old* ſpelling of every word in Mr. Ireland's *new* Volume by Shakeſpeare. Maſt*erre* for maſt*er*, *bye* for *by*, broth*erre* for broth*er*, &c. &c.

(*q*) The poſſeſſor and editor of the MSS. aſſerted to be Shakſpeare's: from whoſe *officina* in Norfolk ſtreet, iſſued the
tragedy

He laughs to ſee our new Salmoneus ſtand,
(His mimic thunder rattling o'er the Strand,)
On fiery courſers from Olympia's plain,
Toſſing the torch, in ſov'reign ſplendor vain,
Command the world's proſtration from afar,
"SHAKESPEARE and Jove" grav'd on the burning car
In letter'd radiance?

AUTHOR.

Hold: now is it well,
In ſtrains like theſe of *manuſcripts* to tell?
Of notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-ſimilies,
And all that lawyers feign for proper fees?

Monks

tragedy of Vortigern, claiming to be the compoſition of Shakſpeare, acted in March, 1796, at Drury Lane Theatre, and received *in ſuch a flattering* manner[†].

> Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, et ingens
> Sarpedon![‡]

[†] i. e. *d—mn'd* by Box, Pit, and Gallery.

[‡] Vir. Æn. i. v. 99.

Monks and Attorneys may engage Malone:
Annius, (*r*) or Ireland, (*s*) 'tis to me all one.
Give me the ſoul that breathes in Shakſpeare's page,
Strength from within, the unreſiſted rage,
The thought that ſtretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
The pen he dipt in mind; (*ss*)—I'll huſh to reſt
The little tumults of a critic's breaſt.

What though no Vatican unbars the door,
No Palatine to Ireland yields its ſtore,
Treaſures he has, and many a prouder tome
Than kings to Granta gave or Bodley's dome.

Pages

(*r*) Annius was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions. See his *Seventeen Books* of Antiquities. It may be proper to obſerve, that mere vanity was his motive; he never ſolicited *any ſubſcription* for *his* ancients.

(*s*) See (for you may) all the farrago of which Mr. Ireland poſſeſſes *the originals*, numerous beyond any belief; I will not attempt to deſcribe them. (1796.)

(*ss*) Της Φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποβρεχων εις Νȣν. Suidas de Vet. Auct.

Pages, on which the eye of Shakſpeare (*t*) por'd,
The notes he made, the readings he reſtor'd,
The very gibes he ſcribbled, and the joke
That from the laughing bard on margins broke,
But where's the dark array, the veſture plain,
With many a mould'ring venerable ſtain?
All fled: a wonder opens to our view;
The ſhield is ſcower'd, and the books are new: (*x*)
" In her own hues great Nature beſt is ſeen,"
So Ireland ſpoke; and made the black—*One Green.*

(*t*) Mr. Ireland aſſerts that he has *the very library of Shakſpeare*, with his ſignature, his notes, and remarks, &c. in the margin of the books, all in *his own hand-writing*.

(*x*) Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preſerve the books *of Shakſpeare's Library* in their original and curious old black binding, (as could have been wiſhed;) but, like the nurſe *employed* by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has ſcowered them well and made them *all new*; and with ſingular felicity has *re-bound them* ALL *in* GREEN *morocco!!!*—N. B. I have written this whole paſſage in the Poem and the Notes, *to perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary hiſtory, which ſeems to be paſſing into oblivion.—I cannot think that any ſubject relating to Shakſpeare ſhould be wholly diſregarded. (1796.)

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakſpeare's grove !
Where, led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove
In ſolitude and ſacred ſilence bleſt ;
And in the muſings of his mighty breaſt,
All as he ſcann'd the volume of the paſt,
O'er Greece and Rome one wiſhful glance would caſt;
Mourn not, pleas'd Nature cried, their ſounds unknown,
My univerſal language is your own.

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakſpeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear,
Without one note, or horn-book in my head,
Ritſon's coarſe traſh, or lumber of the dead.
When flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence,
Alone give right to ſcience, taſte, and ſenſe,
When modeſt worth by idle boaſting's ſhewn,
Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone : (*y*)

See

(*y*) See Mr. Malone's Enquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakſpeare MSS. &c. which he calls (not improperly) a Vin-

See on the critick, "in his pride of place,"
Laborious Chalmers drops his leaden mace. (*yy*)

a Vindication of Shakſpeare. The ſubject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critick, but there is much ſagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is ſatisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone is too confident and preſumptuous, and not always attentive to that politeneſs of character which at leaſt all *amateur* criticks ſhould maintain. I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly ſay of theſe manuſcripts and *original* plays of Shakſpeare,

> Nunc non è manibus illis,
> Nunc non è tumulo, *fortunatâque favillâ*
> Naſcentur violæ? †

No, Mr. Ireland, neither *violets nor* GUINEAS.—"Go to bed, Baſil, good night, go to bed." (See the Spaniſh Barber.) I have juſt read two pamphlets on this ſubject, the firſt by Mr. Ireland's ſon, and the ſecond by Mr. Ireland himſelf. The ſhameleſs effrontery of THE BOY, in avowing himſelf the author of theſe manuſcripts, is only equalled by the *tender ſolicitude* of THE FATHER for *their* credit and authenticity. Mr. Ireland ſenior originally reſted the whole with his ſon who, as he conſtantly affirmed gave the collection to him, plays, receipts, drawings, deeds, "white, black and grey, and all the trumpery," but declined naming the perſon from whom he received them. Mr. Ireland ſenior *now* preſents us with the teſtimony of the Rev. Dr. Parr, Sir Iſaac Heard, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. *Laureat* Pye, Mr Boſwell, &c. who all ſigned a paper (*very wiſely* to be
ſure)

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† Perſ. Sat. 1. v. 38.

In the wild ſquabbles of a wordy war,
Let rapid *(z)*Porſon tell, or grieſly Parr, *(a)*

Coombe,

ſure) that *they* were *convinced* of the authenticity of the papers. What can that prove?—The boy's tale is ſimple; he abſolutely aſſerts that he forged the whole collection, and gave the papers to his father, to pleaſe at once and to deceive him, and the world. A very dutiful and very modeſt lad! Do we believe the boy? If we do, the buſineſs is at an end. The Father again and again aſſerts that *he* is ignorant of the perſon or the place from whence they came, and refers to his ſon's information. *Now* he diſbelieves his own ſon, and defends the authenticity of the papers. *Utrum Horum?* In ſhort, *between them both*, Father and ſon, there appears to me, what the Greeks call a Στοργη, a ſort of natural *parental affection* for theſe manuſcripts, which is very ſtrange, and which I cannot explain, but which quite ſatisfies me as to the nature of their *originality*. Mr. Malone's learning and politeneſs have not much to do with the buſineſs *as a matter of fact*; and the whole queſtion now turns upon this momentous point: "whether Mr. Ireland or Mr. Malone is THE GREATEST SCHOLAR?"†—This is what the logicians call the *Reductio ad Abſurdum*; and there the queſtion may ſleep, and Shakſpeare too. Such titles as theſe are ſoon ſhaken from his monument;

Ad quæ
Diſcutienda valent ſterilis mala robora ficus ‡ (Jan. 5, 1797.)

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† See Mr. Ireland's farewell pamphlet on Mr. Malone's *Scholarſhip*. July, 1797.

‡ Juv. Sat. 10. v. 144.

Coombe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
The breeding of mere critics is the ſame:
From royal Phalaris let your views extend
To Briſtol's wizard ſtripling, and his end.

Hear Catcott *(b)* cry, in chearleſs life's decline,
Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine.

He

(yy) See "The Apology for the Believers in—(Mr. Ireland's) Shakſpeare Papers."

"So forc'd from wind-guns lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky."‡

Mr. Chalmers is a well informed, uſeful, and well-meaning writer, but too "*laborious, heavy and buſy,*" in his works. It was but a waſte of erudition to throw it away on this compoſition. He always has my thanks for his political information; but I wiſh he had more ſpirit and a more animated manner.

(z) Mr. Profeſſor Porſon's letters to Archdeakon Travis are conſpicuous for their erudition, acuteneſs, accuracy, virulence, bitterneſs, and invective.

(a) I allude to Dr. Parr's Controverſy with Dr. Coombe, critick and man-midwife, about Horace. It ſeems Dr. Parr was angry that he did not aſſiſt the little critical man-midwife *at the labour*, "rite *maturos aperire partus*." Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæſarian operation in criticiſm. See more in a future note to *the Third Dialogue* of this Poem.

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‡ Dunciad.

He ſaw *his* Bard by Milles's pond'rous length (*bb*)
O'erlaid, revive in ſplendor, fame, and ſtrength,
For BRYANT (*c*) came; the Muſes all return,
And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn;
While Cam receiv'd the Bard with all his train,
Though Iſis turn'd her current in diſdain.

The

(*b*) When I *firſt* publiſhed the firſt part of this poem (in 1794) I had caſually glanced on the ſubject of Rowley. See P. of L. part I. but ſince that time having had ſome leiſure and more curioſity. I have peruſed many of the learned treatiſes upon it. I neither have, nor will have, any thing to do with the deciſion of ſuch a controverſy as this, which is even now ſcarcely at reſt; but having the feelings of a gentleman, I was ſtruck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott of Briſtol, the ſneers *upon the pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections on a plain, curious, honeſt, and inoffenſive man, without whoſe zeal and ſolicitude, (I ſpeak from the printed accounts) theſe ſingular poems would never have appeared. He ſeemed to ſay with juſtice:

Oro, miſerere laborum
Tantorum, *miſerere animi non digna ferentis.**

(*bb*) The edition of Rowley's Poems by the Rev. Dr. Milles.

(*c*) No man of literature can paſs by the name of Mr. BRYANT without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments

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* Virg. Æn. 2. v. 143.

The Boy whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
Firſt meanly flatter'd, (*cc*) then as meanly ſcorn'd,

Drooping

attainments peculiar to himſelf, and of claſſical erudition without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been ſpent in laborious reſearches, and the moſt curious inveſtigations. He has a youthful fancy, and a playful wit: with the mind, and occaſionally with the pen, of a poet; and with an eaſe and ſimplicity of ſtyle aiming only at perſpicuity, and, as I think, attaining it. He has contended in various fields of controverſy with various ſucceſs; but always with a zeal for truth and a ſoberneſs of enquiry. In ſpeaking of Mr. Bryant I have no neceſſity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to ſee his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live) with the eſteem of the wiſe and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleneſs of manners, and a readineſs and willingneſs of literary communication ſeldom found. He is admired and ſought after by the young who are entering on a courſe of ſtudy; and revered and often followed, by thoſe who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the ſtrength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by GOD; he has put on the *την ανωθεν πανοπλιαν*, the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind and ſanctified his ſtudies, he may expect with humble confidence the conſummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO.|| (1796.)

(*cc*) Alluding to the letters written by the Hon. Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) to Thomas Chatterton, printed

in

|| Milton ad Patrem v. 120.

Drooping he (*dd*) rais'd, and lent his little aid,
The gleanings of a hard and humble trade.
Innoxious man: yet what may truth avail!
Blameleſs his life and ſimple as his tale;
Each rude enquirer's ſneering taunt he feels;
Contempt or inſult dogs him at his heels,
No kind ſupport ſubſcribing fondneſs pours,
For him no wealth deſcends in foſt'ring ſhow'rs;
Yet be the truth to future times reveal'd,
" The wound a Varro gave, Iapis heal'd." (*a*)

Go now, for moths, and rolls, and parchments ſearch,
Ranſack the cheſt, the cloſet, or the church;
Brave all the joint aſſociates of A. S.
The jeſt inſipid, and the idle gueſs;

Bind,

---

in ſome magazines or newſpapers. I remember to have ſeen them, but I cannot point out at preſent, the time or date of them: I think they were written from Strawberry Hill, but I am not ſure.

(*dd*) i. e. Mr. Catcott.

(*a*) See Biſhop Atterbury's comment on *the* Dilectus Iapis of Virgil.—I ſhall add, ΙΑΤΡΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ, *φιλοδωρος και αδωροδοκητος, φιλοπτωχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, ὅσιος, δικαιος, ευσεϐης,* ΕΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ *εληλακως.*

Bind, copy, comment, manuſcript and print,
Take from good natur'd friends ſome uſeful hint,
From Bewick's (*d*) magic wood throw borrow'd rays
O'er many a page in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze;
Alas, for thee! nor profit, hope, nor fame,
Contempt your lot, and ſolitary ſhame.

Go rather and indulge DRAMATICK rage;
All love a publick or a private ſtage:
Our nobles now, *as players*, will be ſeen,
A duke's chaſte daughter or a Margravine;
Fled is the ſoft reſerve and nicer ſenſe,
Thoſe primal guards of love and innocence,
Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte clad.

AUTHOR.

(*d*) Mr. Bewick, the great reſtorer of the long loſt art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldſmith's poems. Mr. Bulmer is the ingenious printer of Boydell's magnificent edition of Shakſpeare; A WORK which, having been uniformly conducted on liberal principles and intended for the honour of the country, ſhould be patronized *by the Engliſh Nation.*

AUTHOR.

Why not *all* bare? leſs ſhame's in being mad. (*e*)

OCTAVIUS.

Hold:—and o'er female failings lightly paſs,
And may Aglaia (*f*) lead them to their glaſs,
Connubial glories riſing o'er their head,
As life's domeſtic happier ſtage they tread;
There they may look, well pleas'd themſelves to find
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

AUTHOR.

(*e*) The *dreſs* of the preſent period has warranted the caricatures of the preſent day, particularly one, which is called "The dreſs of ladies as it will be." I write in A. D. *Seventeen Hundred and Ninety Six*. Juvenal, who wrote about the year *Ninety Six*, ſaid on a ſimilar ſubject "*Nudus agas*; *minus eſt inſania turpis*." Sat. 2. v. 71. But ſtrange to ſay, he was ſpeaking of *the dreſs of men*.

(*f*) Aglaia is the name of one of the graces: ſhe dictated to Mr. Pope the following line.

Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be ſpied,
Where half the ſkill is *decently to hide*.*

The ladies ſhould remember that the imagination is a buſy power.

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* Moral Epiſtles. Ep. 4. v. 53.

AUTHOR.

I liſten with delight: that ſtrain again;
I'll bleſs the ſex.

OCTAVIUS.

Now paſs to titled men.
Mark, as Thalia calls in graceful air,
The ſoft patrician of St. James's ſquare; (*g*)
Her *nuptial* (*h*) voice at Blenheim Marlb'rough heard,
While lyrick Carliſle purrs (*i*) o'er love transferr'd.

Nay

(*g*) His Grace the Duke of Leeds, one of the very beſt bred men in the kingdom, and the moſt polite; a great patron of the drama and its concerns.

(*h*) *A private theatre* often proves a convenient chapel of eaſe to *Hymen.—Families of rank, diſtinction, and fortune,* will at laſt be *convinced,* what is the natural and inevitable concluſion of boys and girls making love to one another upon any ſtage, publick or private, particularly *in a private theatre.* If it terminates *in marriage,* the Fathers and Mothers ſhould not be ſurprized or angry. If the end of it, is intrigue; if the girls are debauched, and the boys come into life with the manners and morals of Players, the parents may be ſorry, but it is their own work.

Nay Thurlow once, ('tis ſaid) could ſing or ſwear,
Like *Polypheme*, "I cannot cannot bear;" (*k*)

For

(*i*) *Purrs.*—Dr. Johnſon ſays, "to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat or leopard *in pleaſure*." I have heard that Lord Carliſle (*Quel d'amor travagliato* † *Sacripante*) is writing an opera entitled, "*Angelica* e MEDORO." Angelica is ſuppoſed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the ſtage.—Συνετοισι (1796.)—The Opera, as it is conjectured, is to be dedicated to THE RIGHT HONOURABLE *Lady Jerſey*, in memory and in imitation of the gallant and accompliſhed Medoro, as recorded by Arioſto:

> "*Della Comodità* che quì *m'è data*,
> Io povero Medor &c.

Arioſto adds, *of the noble Earl*, or Count,

> "Era ſcritto in *Arabico*, che IL CONTE
> Intendea *così ben come Latino*."
> O. F. Cant. 23. s. 108.

(*k*) "Torture, fury, rage, deſpair,
"I cannot, cannot, bear."
Air (by Polypheme) in *the Serenata* of Acis and Galatea.

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† If my *romantick* memory does not deceive me, Sacripante was *jilted* by Angelica. See Arioſto. But ſubjects of the higheſt importance are preſſing on me ſo faſt, that I am obliged *to diſmiſs* Lord Carliſle, Lady Jerſey, &c. &c. and all the *youths* who are dying for places or for love, in the words of the poet.

> Nè ſono a Ferraù, nè à *Sacripante*,
> (O ſia CARLIGLIO) *per donar più rima*,
> Da lor mi leva *il Principe d' Anglante*, &c.
> O. F. Cant. 12. s. 96.

For ah! preſumptuous *Acis* (*kk*) wreſts the prize,
And raviſhes (*l*) *the nymph* before his eyes:

Such

(kk) Preſumptuous Acis. (i. e. Mr. Pitt)—I allude to a circumſtance not generally known; but which, as I have never ſeen any public notice of it, theſe lines are meant to record. About *two years ago the Serenata* ‖ of ACIS AND GALATEA (with ſome violation, I believe, of the fable, and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed *in Downing-Street* to a private company. The part of *Acis* by Mr. PITT, *Polypheme* by LORD THURLOW, and *Galatea*, by LORD LOUGHBOROUGH. *Mezzi Soprani*, LORD KENYON and PEPPER ARDEN, with a ſort of *Meſſa Baſſa* ‡ by EDMUND BURKE; the other *vocal parts* by a ſelect committee of both Houſes *à due cori.* I was not preſent at the entertainment myſelf, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution *of the difficult paſſages,* did not ſufficiently attend to his

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‖ Mr. PITT *patronizes muſical performances* on the principle of *the gods* according to Plato; but with Apollo, Dionuſus is not forgotten. "Οι Θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων (ſome M. S. inſert πολιτικων) επιπονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μȣσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορταστας εδοσαν." Plat. de Legibus, l. 2. § In Mr. Pitt's *muſical* miniſtry, the famous terms of the Εκλυσις and the Εκβολη of Bacchius and Ariſtides are familiar and *much uſed* by this great *modern artiſt*. The Ψαλμος Αντιφθογγος (ſee Athenæus L. 14. p. 635) between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow was much admired by the Cabinet about the year 1794.

‡ All the *Catholics* know (and we have *enough of them* to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Buckingham know to *their own* and *their company's coſt*) that the *Meſſa Baſſa* is a *ſilent maſs* whiſpered by the prieſt *during a muſical performance.*

§ Plat. Op. Ed. Serrani. Tom. 2. p. 653.

Such feats his honour little Pepper (*m*) ſaw
In all the pride of muſic and of law.

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleaſingly, combine,
What credit will attend the motley line?
Where is your truſt?

OCTAVIUS.

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his *appoggiaturas*, which indeed he ſeldom does; that the *baritono* of Lord Thurlow was quite Poly-phemiſh, and fully ſuſtained; but that it was impoſſible *to do juſtice* to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when—*he died away in the arms of* Acis.

N. B. Biſhop Hurd would ſay this note is allegorical, or *eleuſinian:* the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as ſtoutly deny it. (Written in 1796.)—For my own part I think there is much eloquent muſic in theſe *metaphors*, which *record the political converſion of* LORD LOUGHBOROUGH to Mr. Pitt's party.—*Ah! le Grand Opera!!!*

(*l*) *The Nymph*, i. e. Galatea, i. e. Lord Loughborough. This was more than a *Sabine* feat in my opinion. *Who's afraid?* not *Mr. Pitt.*

(*m*) *Little Pepper*, i. e. Sir Richard Pepper Arden, Kt. Maſter of the Rolls. His *legal abilities* have certainly been underrated, but I have done ample juſtice to *his muſical powers.*

OCTAVIUS.

To this diſcerning land
I truſt, and laugh: there are who underſtand.
If from ſtate farces, when the Houſe is up,
Some ſeek the green room and with Kemble ſup,
(For who 'gainſt *modeſt* merit ſhuts the door?)
Leeds ſays, 'ſo gentle Lælius did before;
Lælius, in whom each graceful act could pleaſe,
In wiſdom mild, and dignified in eaſe,
With Terence oft the publick cares would ſhun.

AUTHOR.

TERENCE and *Kemble*;—the diſpute is done.
I ever mark'd, (deem not the thought ſevere)
What bounds divide the actor from the peer:
Confound them, I'll believe a ſaint, a rogue;
Andrews writes farce, a Duke the epilogue;

Burke may the right of property invade;
Steevens contract the Commentator's trade;
To Erſkine, Kenyon ſeem a claſſick wit;
Or Paine apologize for holy writ;
THE DRAMATIST (*n*) himſelf and fame belie,
And leave the ſtage for truth and honeſty;
St. Helen's quit his diplomatick pomp;
Siddons be comick; Jordan ſink the Romp;
Ireland prove Shakſpeare; Bentley be Malone;
Thelwall dread preaching, or high treaſon, Stone;
Who hates not Merry, Jerningham may love;
And Gifford Della Cruſca's ſelf approve.

OCTAVIUS.

Merry and Cruſca!—Gifford's right: beware
The very ground is his and Bavian air.

AUTHOR.

(*n*) See a Poem entitled, "The Political Dramatiſt of the "Houſe of Commons in 1795: a Satire, 2d Ed. with a Poſt- "ſcript containing Remarks on the Declaration of the Whig "Club on the 23d of January 1796." Printed for J. Parſons, in Paternoſter Row. This poem is recommended to the publick on thoſe publick principles, which I conſider as of the higheſt importance to theſe kingdoms.

AUTHOR.

No: I'll not ſeek the tracts his arrows fire
With light that marks, but marks not to expire;
The climes he roams, where'er his footſteps ſped,
I paſs with caution or but lightly tread,
Or pleas'd with flow'rs his fancy beſt can ſtrew,
I ſit, and think I read my Pope anew. (*l*)

But grant the ſtage is *noble*; I believe
Greek is plebeian, with Lord (*n*) Belgrave's leave:

(l) The author of the Baviad and the Mæviad. Mr. Gifford is the moſt *correct* poetical writer I have read, ſince the days of Pope. Upon the whole I give the preference to the Baviad after much conſideration, though both the Poems may be ſtudied with pleaſure and advantage.—I have not the honour of Mr. Gifford's acquaintance; and indeed, from the nature of my retirement, I probably may never ſee him.

(n) Lord Belgrave; a learned and accompliſhed young nobleman of the preſent time. At his firſt entrance into the Houſe of Commons in all the honeſt enthuſiaſm of his heart, in academick freſhneſs and claſſick vigour, he quoted a paſſage from

Though now ſome high imperial criticks chafe,
To think not Æſchylus himſelf is ſafe.
Go to his text: reviſe, digeſt, compare,
With Porſon's ſhrewdneſs, or with Valknaer's care;
Then let the learned page once quit your ſight,
Some Scotch Greek ſwindling printer (*o*) ſteals your right.

But

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from Demoſthenes *in Greek*, This ſubjected him to the idle and impotent ridicule of *the Dramatiſt of the Houſe of Commons*, whoſe *ſchoolboy* memory on that occaſion happened to be more accurate. Lord Belgrave had done no more than I have often heard from Mr. Fox himſelf, who loves and underſtands Greek. As to the long and illuſtrious train of our young nobility and gentry, diſtinguiſhed for their conduct and attachment to their country, I will ſay with ſome ſpirit and animation:

> Dii patrii, quorum ſemper ſub numine *Troja eſt*,
> Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
> Cum tales animos Juvenum, et tam certa tuliſtis
> Pectora! †

(*o*) I allude to a tranſaction which ſeems to be unwarrantable. Mr. Porſon, the Greek Profeſſor at Cambridge, lent his manuſcript corrections and conjectures on the text of Æſchylus, to a friend in Scotland; for he once had, and I hope ſtill has, an intention of publiſhing that tragedian, though it may now be

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† Virg. Æn. 9. v. 247.

But mark, the ſea-birds ſound the note of doom,
And venom'd inſects (*p*) cluſter round the tomb,
The *Grecian* billows foam along the ſtrand,
In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land,
Ranging for vengeance from his native ſhore,
ARCHILOCHUS is rous'd, to ſleep no more.

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be ſuſpended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer Fowlis, and without the Profeſſor's leave or even knowledge, he publiſhed a magnificent edition of Æſchylus from it, without notes. I believe my ſtatement is tolerably correct. I hope however that Mr. Porſon will not be diſcouraged, but continue his labours on the Greek Lexicon of *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work ſo long, and hitherto ſo vainly, deſired.—But, in my opinion, the lovers of literature would be infinitely more obliged to him, or to any other illuſtrious critick, for a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of Photius*, which abounds with the moſt curious and valuable Excerpta of Writers whoſe integral works are loſt for ever. At preſent it is troubleſome even to read the remains of the laborious erudition of the Patriarch of Byzantium.

(*p*) The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the ſea ſhore, (I think in the iſland of Paros), and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the ſtone, worn away by the waves, a ſwarm of waſps was concealed, ready to avenge the leaſt inſult that could be offered to it.—The ſubject of Greek learning is carried on in the Third Part of this Poem.

END OF THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD

Εκλαγξαν δ' αρ' οϊστοι απ' ωμων χωομενοιο,
Αυτȣ κινηθεντος· ὁ δ' ηϊε Νυκτι εοικως.
Εζετ' επειτ' απανευθε νεων, μετα δ' ιον ἧκε,
Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ' αργυρεοιο ϐιοιο.
Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επωχετο, και ΚΥΝΑΣ αργȣς,
Αυταρ επειτ' ΑΥΤΟΙΣΙ ϐελος εχεπευκες αφιεις
Βαλλ'· αιει δε πυραι νεκυων καιοντο θαμειαι.

Hom. Il. 1.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD DIALOGUE †

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Ταυτα πανθ᾽ ὑπερ Υμων, ὑπερ της Αληθειας, ὑπερ της ὑμετερας Πολιτειας, και των Νομων, και της Σωτηριας, και της Ευσεϐειας, και της Δοξης, και της Ελευθεριας, ὑπερ τῶν κοινῆ πασι Συμφεροντων, ΑΚΡΙΒΟΛΟΓΟΥΜΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΕΞΕΡΧΟΜΑΙ.‡

I PRESENT the Third Part of this Poem to the publick, at the ſame time that I offer the Second: though I had intended to delay it. But ſome ſubjects are of an importance ſerious and urgent, not to be deferred. Wherever the freedom of the preſs exiſts, (and WITH US may that

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† Firſt printed in May 1796.

‡ Demoſthenes.

that freedom be perpetual!) I muſt aſſert *that*, LITERATURE, *well or ill conducted*, IS THE GREAT ENGINE *by which, I am fully perſuaded, all* civilized *ſtates muſt ultimately be ſupported or overthrown.*

It is not enough to ſay, a book is bulky or voluminous, and therefore can have no effect upon the maſs of the people, becauſe that opinion is not true. Such a book can not only be abridged and diſperſed abroad, but a man like Thomas Paine, with a rude, and wicked, and daring manner of thinking, and with vulgar but impreſſive language, may blend the ſubſtance of the opinions with his own, and in a ſhort popular tract make them familiar and intelligible to every apprehenſion. Thus are men *fooled* out of their underſtanding, *fooled* out of their ſecurity, and *fooled* out of their happineſs: and when they have loſt every bleſſing *beyond recovery*, they look round at each other in a ſtupid deſpair, claſhing their chains and unable to ſhake them off, and aſk, "*How* has all this been brought about?"

I am no enemy to the liberty of diſcuſſion, and the toleration of opinions; I am for NO literary proſcription. But I think it is plainly our *intereſt*, as well as our duty, *(while yet we may)* to ſtrive to ſupport THAT CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE, which has hitherto been able to build US up, and to give US an inheritance, or rather the pre-eminence, among all thoſe who have been ſtrengthened by policy, or ſanctified by revelation. What I would contend for alſo, is this; that among all who are worthy to be called ſcholars or legiſlators, criticiſm, obſervation, and watchfulneſs are peculiarly neceſſary;

ceſſary; that men may hear of their common danger, and be admoniſhed to put a few plain queſtions to themſelves; "WHAT are we going to reſign or give up, *and why?* WHAT are we going to adopt *and wherefore?*" I repeat it, NOW, in this our day, while the bitterneſs of *political death* is paſſing upon almoſt every other nation in Europe. When we are opening the *avenues* to Reform, and to the conſequent inevitable diſſolution of our own government, is it poſſible that we can for a moment forget the tremendous Republick? Over every ſtate, and iſland, and promontory of Europe ſhe ſits tyrant or arbitreſs.

Απαυγασαι ʽΟΙΟΣ ΕΦΕΔΡΟΣ
Ουρεος εξ ὑπατȣ σκοπιην εχει, ἀς κε σε ῥεια
ΒΥΣΣΟΘΕΝ εξερυσειε ! ||

From every other ſtate, but England, the ſceptre has fallen by the arms, or the principles, or the treachery of France. What ſhe can effect by war and invaſion, that ſhe moſt readily and moſt willingly accompliſhes. But ſhe has other means, nor leſs terrible, nor leſs certain. *The ſubterranean wind* of this fierce democracy has *force* enough to overthrow, or to tranſport, hills and rocks *torn from Pelorus*; (*a*) and by this exploſion they too often have periſhed. In the agony of theſe reflections language will labour,

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|| Callim. Hyn. ad Delum. 125.

(a) " L'alpeſtro monte, *ond' è tronco Peloro.*"
Dant. Purg. C. 14.
Whence Milton took his famous words. P. L. b. 1. 232.

labour, and the images of nature and all her elements in conflict and convulſion will preſent themſelves.

When indeed I conſider this great, powerful, and yet opulent kingdom, with all its bearings and dependencies, I know not which to reprobate moſt, the folly or the wickedneſs of its internal enemies, and of the deſperate French faction in the heart of its metropolis. When I think on theſe things, and at the ſame time reflect, that the eyes of a whole nation were *originally* opened by ONE MAN, and the ſyſtems of internal deſtruction and of irreverſible miſery, which awaited us, were *diſplayed* [‡] and *confounded* by HIS powers, I pardon and forget his eccentricities, and even his partiality for the Romiſh faith and its profeſſors, and the heat and violence which too frequently and too fatally attended upon the uncontrouled Genius of EDMUND BURKE. Sometimes indeed, (it is when my heart burns within me) I pour out my thoughts by myſelf in contemplation of MY COUNTRY, which I love with ardour unabated, and of *its* GREAT CITIZEN, whom I approach with reverence, and in the words of the poet:

> Quæ cum magna modis multis miranda videtur
> Gentibus humanis Regio, viſendaque fertur,
> Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita virûm vi,
> NIL *tamen* HOC *habuiſſe* VIRO PRÆCLARIUS *in ſe*,
> Nec ſanctum magis et mirum carumque *videtur*. [†]

But

[‡] " Animo *vidit*, ingenio *complexus eſt*, eloquentiâ *illuminavit*." Theſe are the words of Paterculus concerning Cicero.—How natural to transfer them to EDMUND BURKE! (1796.)

[†] Lucret. L. I. v. 728.

But ſtill on ſuch a ſubject, of ſuch a man, and at ſuch a time, I would ſpeak with preciſion, and admire with circumſpection. Let us call to mind for a moment the few years juſt paſt and the tranſactions, the traces of which are felt and viſible. I would paſs over them rapidly, but I could wiſh the view to be impreſſive. We have been delivered from a ſtate of much *internal* terror and impending anarchy, and from the confuſion of a new political chaos, where all was brute and diſorderly. Our conſtitution, our liberties, and our *rights*, (I fear not to name *the word*, we have and enjoy them all, RIGHTS public and private) all theſe have been preſerved and confirmed. Every rank in ſociety, the peaſant, the lawyer, the mechanick, the farmer, the tradeſman, the private gentleman, have all felt, and acknowledged, and obeyed the paramount call of their country. Peace is within our walls, and it is their work. In the higher orders of the ſtate, and in the Sovereign, we have ſeen a gracious behaviour, a common intereſt, an equal exertion, and a regular defined, limited power. Of ſuch a conduct ſecurity is the natural production; it bloſſoms into fruit. But with this, though man might be happy, he will not always, or indeed long, be ſatisfied. He will reach at perfection abſolute and unqualified. He forgets, that *theoretical perfection* in government *and practical oppreſſion* are cloſely allied. He will be more than man, and he becomes leſs In the years 1788 and 89, the viſionary proſpect from the ſhore of France opened upon the eyes of our modern reformers. England looked upon theſe Reformers, and the government neglected them. Societies, in the very face of an inſulted legiſlature, boldly multiplied, and magnified, and conſolidated each other. All grew up in ſilence. There was no publick apprehenſion among the well-affected, no diſtruſt. We laughed at metaphyſical diſtinctions, and idle terms of ſcholaſtick art, and revolutionary dinners, and republican toaſts. It was an hour of general and of unaccountable indifference. The great chain of poſts, and a ſpecies of telegraphick communication had been eſtabliſhed unperceived. The Engliſh revolution in 1688 was held up to ſeeming approbation and reverence, but in reality to ſecret or rather to open contempt; and the Revolution of France in 1788, was the Revolution which they intended to realize and to celebrate. The Reformers ſtrove to buy golden opinions of their fellow citizens, and to wear them in the neweſt gloſs. The external decoration deceived the eye. The painted ſepulchre was prepared and whited *without*, the vault and receptacle of all our ancient liberties, and rights, and ſecurities, and properties, and common comforts. Still we beheld all this, but went our way, and forgot what manner of men theſe Reformers were. At this very hour, when the publick mind was darkened that it could not diſcern, when in every quarter of the heaven appeared vapour and miſt, and cloud, and exhalation;

La piova maladetta, fredda, e greve,
(*Regola e qualità* (eſtrana e) *nuova)*
Grandine groſſa, e acqua tinta e neve,
Per l'aer tenebroſo ſi riverſa; (*a*)

at

(*a*) Dante Inf. C. 6. From what other Poet, ancient or modern, could I draw forth ſuch expreſſions?

at this very hour the morning horizon began ſuddenly to redden. It was the dawn. Then indeed, “ Firſt IN HIS EAST the glorious lamp was ſeen, Regent of Day !” This luminary was EDMUND BURKE. Light broke upon them all. The features of miſrule and malignity, of tyranny and of oppreſſion, the fabled ſpectres and hoſtile powers figured by poets and orators, were realized in the ſpirits of turbulence, diſſatisfaction, ſedition, rebellion, and democracy. But they were ſeen to be diſperſed. The rays of the orb were direct, collected, and concentrated : they had power to illuminate and to conſume. But the courſe of this orb, though marked, was ſhort. It is ſet : never to return.†

ΕΥΔΕΙΣ !—αλλ᾽ ȣ Σειο λελασμενοι εσμεν, ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥ!.
Ου μεν Σȣ ζωοντος ακηδεες, ηδε θανοντος. (b)

But I muſt proceed.

I confeſs, that I am not ſuch a deſperate lover of what is brought to me for abſtract political truth, as never to make enquiry into the character of the propoſers of it, their perſonal views, and the men and meaſures with which they are connected. I feel myſelf a member of regulated ſociety, and I would maintain an eſtabliſhed order. I acknowledge myſelf a ſubject of a mild and equitable government, (though under a moſt ſevere temporary preſſure) and I would preſerve that government which gives US ALL protection. And when I adopt the great rule, that “ we ſhould love our neighbour as ourſelves,” I have not yet made ſuch advances in the theory of political juſtice and in the new wiſdom, as coolly to aſſert, that

“ *this*

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† (Auguſt 1797.)

(*b*) Hom. Il. 23. v. 69.

“ *this maxim though poſſeſſing* conſiderable merit as a “ popular principle, *is not ſtrictly modelled with* philoſo- “ phical *preciſion.*” *(a)* I have not yet learned to treat the Revelations of God, or the inſtitutions of my country, with contumely. I have no romantic ideas of virtues without motives, and of actions without regulations. I believe it to be a matter of general ſafety, that crimes ſhould be *diſcerned*, as well as repreſſed, by legal ſanctions; and that the nature of juſtice and of injuſtice ſhould be declared, taught, and enforced, by law, by religion, and by education. Experience has inſtructed me, and reaſon and reflection have confirmed me in the belief, that Conſcience may be erroneous; that it is a monitor which needs advice, and a guide which often calls for ſuperior direction. I look upon juſtice as the foundation *(b)* and ſupport, but not *as the whole* of human duty; and I cannot, in inſulting language, reſolve the ſum and ſubſtance of all government and civil ſociety into “ Laws proclaimed by Heralds and expounded by Curates.” *(c)*

Yet

(a) See an enquiry into Political Juſtice, by William Godwin. 2d. Edit. 8vo. vol 1. page 127.

(*b*) Δικα πολιων ασφαλες ΒΑΘΡΟΝ. (Pindar.) But who calls a *foundation*, a building?—The whole paſſage of the poet has ſuch ſtrength and grace, when applied to Great Britain, that I will preſent it to our Grecian patriots. “ Οικον ἁμερον αστοις, ξενοισι δε θεραποντα, γνωσομαι ταν ολβιαν Κορινθον, προθυρον Ποτειδᾶνος, αγλαοκουρον. Εν τᾶ γαρ Ευνομια ναιει, κασιγνηται τε, Δικα πολιων ασφαλες βαθρον, και ὁμοτροπος Ειρανα, ταμιαι ανδρασι πλουτου, χρυσεαι παιδες ευβουλου Θεμιτος, αλεξειν ὕβριν, κορου ματερα θρασυμυθον. Εν δε Μοισ᾽ ἁδυπνοος, εν δ᾽ Αρης νεαν ουλιαις αιχμᾶισιν ανδρων. Pind. Olymp. O. 13.

Yet do I not ſpeak *profeſſionally*. I have no *perſonal* interference in the church, the law, or the ſtate. But I ſpeak again and again, with earneſtneſs and with ſincerity, from the mingled affections of regard, fear, and hope *for us all* (and I truſt, we are the great majority) who *yet* remain firm, conſtant, and unſhaken by ſuch writers as theſe. I ſpeak to all, who have the courage, and learning, and ability to repreſs them, not by force (God forbid!) but by reaſoning, and by appeals to the underſtanding, and the ſocial relations of their fellow creatures. I ſpeak to all who can reſcue them from the cold unfeeling tyranny of modern metaphyſicks, as exhibited in the new ſyſtems of government and manners, (religion they have none) and from nonſenſe which muſt at laſt be found impracticable, when every eſtate and condition of man has been overthrown, for their pleaſure and experiments, that theſe new arbiters, or creators, of human deſtiny may introduce a government without principles, laws without mercy, and morality without a motive.

The main point of reſt to every empire is the principle on which voluntary and habitual obedience is paid to eſtabliſhed authority. Half a century is inſufficient *for any new power or conſtitution* to find its level. It is indeed matter of great patience, as well as of deepeſt concern, to reaſonable men, to obſerve what is *ſtill* carrying on in this country in defiance of every evil which has

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(*c*) See Godwin on Juſtice as above, vol. 2. p. 299.
Hæc Ego non credam Venuſinâ digna lucernâ?
Hæc Ego non agitem?
Juv. Sat. 1. v. 51.

has been felt, and will long continue to be felt, from the introduction of new principles among other nations. For the ſentence of final deſtruction ſeems to be now executing on the various governments of Europe.

"Yes, I muſt weep for you, ye rival vales,
Arno and Andalùſia! but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion, O my country! *muſt thou join,*
In vain diſſever'd from the reſt?—"

I truſt not in vain. (*a*) Still *the laſt diſpenſation of mercy is offered* TO THIS ISLAND: and it is only to be deſerved and

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(*a*) Hiſtorical facts of ancient times are wholly inadequate to the illuſtration of the preſent great events, but ſome paſſages are not unworthy of attention. In the 256th year of Rome, when the Latins declared for Tarquin, the *Conſcript Fathers* were not terrified, though all their *Allies*, the Rutuli, the Volſci, and other powers deſerted them. *The Senate* was ſtill bold, though Rome had rebellious ſubjects in the heart of the metropolis, and the State and Conſtitution were preſerved. There were men who, like the Tookes and Thelwalls of our days, taught the people, "μη φιλοχωρειν εν πολει μηδενος αυτοις αγαθου μεταδιδουση," and enforced all the popular arguments of revolt and ſedition. I refer to the fifth B. of the Roman Antiquities of Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis. Sect. 63, which is curious and inſtructive. But one ſentence of this neglected Hiſtorian is ſo ſingularly applicable to our own immediate circumſtances, (Auguſt 1797) that it may not be improper to inſert it. It is from the 62d Section of the 5th Book. "Ουδεν δι Ρωμαιοι ταπεινωθεντες, ὁ παθειν εικος κν τους μεγαντε πολεμον αναιρουμενους, καο ΠΑΣΑΣ ΑΠΕΓΝΩΚΟΤΑΣ ΣΥΜΜΑΧΙΚΑΣ ΕΛΠΙΔΑΣ, αλλα ταις οικειαις δυναμεσι πιστευσαντες μοναις. πολλω προθυμοτεροι προς τον Αγωνα εγινοντο, ὡς δια την αναγκην ανδρες αγαθοι παρα τους κινδυνους εσομενοι, και εων ηατα νουν πραξωσι, ταις ιδιαις αρεταῖς κατορθωσαντες τον πολεμον, ουδενι κοινωσαμενοι της δοξης."

Dion. Halicarn. Rom. Hiſt. L. 5. S. 62.

and continued to us by firmneſs, temperance, and piety, and by perſeverance in the conſtitution ſacred and civil *which now is*, without daring to attempt any *preſent* innovation in theory or in practice. It is indeed by looking calmly, (not as ſlaves or bigots, but as wiſe men,) upon thoſe imperfections, which human inſtitutions never can prevent, or wholly remove, that we may *yet* hope, under Providence, to preſerve for ourſelves and our poſterity the bleſſings of cultivated ſociety, in the general convulſion of Europe. They are beſt ſecured to us by our preſent form of government and laws, which being juſt in their principle, temperate in their effects, impartial in their application, and merciful in their execution, have the ſanction of time, of wiſdom, and of experience. In whatever ſhape *French Philoſophy* may approach, however recommended, or dignified, or diſguiſed, by ſcholars, or by ignorant and ſeditious men, in Greek, in Latin, in French, or in Engliſh, I would reſiſt and repel it. Whenever the machine appears before the walls, I ſhall never regard it as the gift of Minerva, but call aloud to try the temper and the ſubſtance of it, *ferro Argolicas fœdare latebras*, to diſtruſt the preſent, and to reject the offer. Let the enemy be dragged forth to light and ſhewn *as he is*, and I will yet truſt that the kingdom and the citadel may ſtand.

The THIRD PART of this poem opens with a playful ſubject, and it is treated as ſuch. But as the poem advances, I muſt (to uſe a prophet's expreſſion) *ſhew my dark ſpeech upon the harp*, and muſt, now and then perchance, ſtrike the ſtrings *ſomewhat loudly*, and deſcend into a more ſevere and a more ſolemn harmony. But what I eſteem to be neceſſary, that I will declare; and what I feel it to be my duty to repreſent, that I will have the boldneſs to publiſh. Through the whole courſe of my life, in every trying circumſtance, and in every wayward event, publick and private, I have held faſt the conciſe and ſtrong admonition of the poet:

TU NE CEDE MALIS; *ſed contra audientior ito,*
Quam tua te Fortuna ſinet.

My learning and reſearches, ſuch as they are, I ſubmit to ſcholars; my opinions, my labours, and my ſervices, in the integrity of affection, I offer TO MY COUNTRY; my errors and defects I leave to public reprehenſion, in a reſpectful ſilence. Whether men will hear, or whether they will not hear, is not ſtrictly my perſonal concern; but my intention *no man taketh from me.*

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,

DIALOGUE THE THIRD. (*)

Ματαιολογων φημα προσεπτατο Ελλαδα μουσοπολων, σοφας επιφθονον τεχνας ονειδος.

Athenæi Deipnoſophiſt: L. 14. p. 617. Ed. Caſaub.

OCTAVIUS.

WHAT then, ſhall none remain, to whom belongs
The care of Attick bards and Dorian ſongs? (*a*)
Shall England boaſt no more, in order'd clans,
Her owls from Athens and her Delian ſwans?

(*) Firſt printed in May, 1796.

(*a*) The ſubject of Greek Literature is reſumed. See the concluſion of the Second Dialogue.

Is no memorial left of ancient fame,
No dirge funereal, nor *one Grecian game*?

AUTHOR.

There is: lo, learned **Clerks** in ſable ſtole,
Graceful *in years* pant eager for the goal. *(aa)*
Old NORB'RY (*b*) ſtarts, and with the *ſeventh-form (c)* boys
In weeds of Greek the church-yard's peace annoys,
With claſſick WESTON, (*cc*) Charley COOTE, and TEW, (*d*)
In diſmal dance about the mournful yew.

(aa) I allude to the rage for tranſlating Gray's Elegy into Greek verſe, by ſo many combatants for the prize, of whom more in the following notes.

(b) The Reverend Doctor Norbury, late one of the Aſſiſtants and now one of the Fellows *(or old boys)* at Eton, publiſhed the firſt Greek tranſlation of the Elegy.

(c) In Eton School there are but ſix forms for the boys.—Theſe Reverend Divines, it ſeems, have only taken *one ſtep* ſince they left ſchool.

(*cc*) The Reverend Mr. Stephen Weſton is a man of great claſſical knowledge, and ſkilled in various languages.

But firſt in notes Sicilian (*e*) plac'd on high,
BATES ſounds the ſoft preluding ſymphony ;

(*a*) *Monſieur* PELTIER (Editor of the Tableau de Paris, &c.) favoured me with the following record and extract, which I give in his own French terms, as they are very ſignificant and forcible.

“ PLACE DE LA TRADUCTION.

“ JEAN NORBURY, Docteur en Theologie, Chanoine et Aſſociè à Eton. *Agè* ſoixante et huit ans.

“ ETIENNE WESTON, Bachelier en Thèologie, Abbè, Voyageur, Verſificateur, *cidevant* Rectuer. *Agè* cinquante ans.

“ CHARLES COOTE,‡ Docteur en Thèologie, Doien Irlandois, *Agè* cinquante et deux ans, ſelon le régiſtre.

EDOUARD TEW, Bachelier en Thèologie, Chanoine et Aſſocié à Eton, *Agè* cinquante et ſept ans.

“ GUILLOTINES *à la Grecque, 25 Floreal Quintidi,* 1796.
Extrait du Regiſtre de la Guillotine Literaire.”

N. B. *Ils ſont montés ſur l' échaffaut avec aſſez de courage ; a dix-heures et un quart du matin leurs tetés ſont tombés.*”

Extrait du Rapport fait AU CONSEIL DES ANCIENS, par l'Executeur de la haute juſtice litéraire.

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‡ P. S. J'ai reçue une lettre très obligeante de la part de Monſieur *Peltier*, dont j'ai la plus haute conſideration, qui m'a informé, qu'il y a une petite mépriſe dans le Régiſtre au ſujet de Monſieur le DOCTEUR COOTE, Traducteur celebre. Qu'il n'etoit pas *Doien Irlandois* &, par conſèquent, grand théologien, mais Docteur en Droit Civil en Angleterre, *très inſtruit*

And in ſad cadence, as the bands condenſe,
The curfew tolls the knell of *parting* SENSE.

NARES

(*e*) Notes *Sicilian.*—JOAH BATES, ESQ. as an old Etonian, and once Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, was ſo obliging as to offer himſelf as *Muſical Conductor* on the occaſion. Some perſons may think, that the "notes *Sicilian*" allude to the Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μωσαι :[‡] but they are no muſicians if they think ſo. Mr. Bates's judgment naturally led him to adopt the *Siciliana* for this famous ſolemnity, as it is a movement ſlower and more marked than the *Giga.* While the *Siciliana* was playing, the combatants, before they entered the liſts, approached the critick's throne moving in a ſort of meaſured ſtep. The Rev. MR. NARES, (editor of the Britiſh Critick, and in my eſtimation, and I believe in that *of every member of Lincoln's Inn,* a gentleman of worth, learning and ability, and to whom not the ſlighteſt diſreſpect is here intended) was appointed the judge or Βραβευς on the occaſion, and beheld them without emotion, though the ſight was luxuriant in the extreme.

O'er their *warm* cheeks, and *riſing boſoms* move
The bloom of *young deſire,* and *purple light* of love.[‖]

—Had

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dans la grammaire Grecque. Monſieur Peltier, avec le zele le plus edifiant, pour la verité et avec beaucoup d'onction, m'a prié de corriger le regiſtre et la poéſie, là deſſus, et m'a informé, que Monſieur NARES Auteur très aimable en ſon genre, et editeur de l'ouvrage periodique, (*The Britiſh Critick*) la voulût auſſi avec beaucoup d'empreſſement. Malheureuſement c'eſt impoſſible ; et j'ai repondû très franchement : "Mon cher Peltier, quand une fois la tête doctorale eſt tombée ; eh ! que faire ?" (*Nov.* 1797.)

[‡] Moſchi Epit. in Bion. v. 1.

[‖] Gray's Progreſs of Poeſy.

Nares (*f*) holds the prize, and ſtops the Doric din,
Elmsley (*g*) without and Rivington within,
The volumes are arrang'd in order meet,
And all their ears *erect* theſe accents greet:

"Hail

—Had the combatants been political perſonages, I would have deſcribed the whole game, and the characters, and their ſpeeches in the poem; but what intereſt have mankind in a few old Greek boys in gowns and caſſocks?—I learned early from Cervantes the neceſſity of limitation and *propriety* in fiction: though this is a mere record of *a matter of fact*.

(*f*) I always admired the *ſolemn irony*, with which the Reviewers in *The Britiſh Critick* treated this *Græcian game* among the old boys. It appeared to me as if I ſaw their exerciſes *looked over* at Eton by Dr. Davies, who ſaid, "Norbury, you have done "*pretty well*;"—"Tew, you had a few faults, but *a little more* "*ſpirit* than Norbury;"—"Weſton, you have tranſlated with "ſome elegance, but you have *no authority for your genitive abſo-* "*lute*."—"*Maſter* Coote, I think you have one falſe quantity, "but it is a doubtful ſyllable, and I ſhall *paſs it this time*." It is ſomething odd, that a Weſtminſter man (I mean Mr. Nares,) ſhould be the Judge of theſe old Eton boys.

(*g*) Elmſley † and Rivington, two London bookſellers, one famed for ſhrewdneſs, and the other for orthodoxy. Very proper

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† I know not why I ſhould withold the *Teſtimonia Doctorum* to Mr. Elmſley. To begin;—"Mr. *Elmſley*, whoſe zeal for "his Author can never be ſufficiently commended," &c.—See

"Hail my fond maſters of the Grecian lyre,
"Hear a Reviewer's verſe yourſelves inſpire:
"Theſe books are yours, (oh, heed my *tuneful* voice)
"Take 'em, or (*i*) damn'em, as beſt ſuits your
choice;

"For

per aſſeſſors TO THE CRITICK. Mr. Elmſley was ſtationed *at the door* to keep the peace among the combatants, who were the rather noiſy and troubleſome from their number. Afterwards Mr. Elmſley took his ſeat with THE CRITICK. The place of the meeting was the celebrated Muſical Room in Hanover Square. See a ſubſequent note.

(*i*) *Damn 'em.*—"This (word) is to be underſtood in a *very ſober and decent* ſenſe. See Biſhop Warburton's note on one of the concluding lines of Pope's Story of Sir Balaam, Moral Ep. 3. v. 401. Pope's works edit. Warb. 8vo. vol. 3. p. 269.

"*The*

See Mr. Bryant's Letter to Mr. Richardſon at the end. Hear Mr. Gibbon: "Je trouve dans le Libraire *Elmſley*, un Conſeiller *ſage, inſtruit, et diſcret.*" Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun. Letters, vol. 2. 4to. p. 596. Again: "I was *proud and happy*, if I could prevail on *Elmſley*, to enliven the dullneſs of the evening." Ib. p. 653. Bookſellers of reputation have been always mentioned with reſpect; The *Socii* by Horace, and *Trypho* by Quintilian: Mr. TONSON is recorded by a man of talents,† Mr. BECKET by Sterne, Mr. ELMSLEY by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Gibbon, and finally by his humble ſervant, the author of the Purſuits of Literature.

‡ George Steevens, Eſq. editor of Shakeſpeare, in his Preface to the Poet's works.

“ For ſome are new, ſome fooliſh, and ſome old,
“ Some pert in calf, and ſome *in ſheets* are bold.

“ Twelve Britiſh Criticks, new or little read ;
“ Horſley's chaſte ſermon, (*k*) and his copper head ;

“ Letters

“ *The devil* and the king divide the prize; *which line* the biſhop with the utmoſt gravity declares to be ‘ a ſatire *only on ſuch miniſters of ſtate,* which hiſtory informs us have been found, *who* “ *aided the devil* in his *temptations,* in order to, &c. &c.” See the remainder of the note, or aſk Mr. Pitt, or the Bp. of Lincoln, Dr. Prettyman. This it is to be a commentator on a mere *badinage !!!* There certainly are books which may make a Reviewer or a Divine *ſwear a little.* I readily excuſe Mr. Nares (as I do Mr. Grubb in the farce) for being a *little haſty* in his expreſſions. Longinus (who gives *excellent directions,* in his treatiſe on the ſublime, *for ſwearing to the beſt advantage*) obſerves, “ Εστιν ȣ το ὀπωσȣν τινα ΟΜΟΣΑΙ μεγα, το δε πȣ, και πως, και εφ᾽ ὡν καιρων, και τινος ἑνεκα.” De Subl. S. 16. The ſubſtance of which may be this ; “ *Swearing* conſidered in itſelf and without reference to the matter and the manner, *is by no means an accompliſhment, or a ſource of the ſublime,* and *ſhould never be introduced,* but in the proper place and occaſion, and then *only* upon the moſt urgent motives and for the ſtrongeſt reaſons.” From all which it appears, that diſcipline and inſtruction *in this art* are neceſſary *before a man can ſwear* as a gentleman, a ſcholar, an orator or a man of faſhion. *Therefore,* no man ſhould ever ſwear *at random* in converſation. See the Rev. Dr. Longinus's *Sermon,* as above, *in toto* ; to which the Rev. Mr. Nares certainly paid due attention.

" Letters from Alciphron (*l*) to cool love's flame,
" And prove Greek whores and Engliſh juſt the ſame ;
" The

(*k*) See his Sermon before the Magdalens, (in 4to) on April 22, 1795. I wiſh the Biſhop had put an appendix (as the faſhion is) to explain a little of it, though in ſome places it is *very intelligible.*—For inſtance, in the following paſſage, page 6. " Numberleſs and *raviſhing* are the *beauties*, which the " *mortal* EYE beholds, in the *various* works of creation and of " art. *Elegant* and of *endleſs variety* the entertainments which " are *provided* for the EAR : *whether* it delight to liſten to the " *ſober* narratives of hiſtory, *or* the *wild* fictions of romance ; " *whether* it hearken to the *grave* leſſons of the moraliſt, to the " *abſtruſe* demonſtrations of ſcience, the *round* periods of eloquence, the *ſprightly flouriſhes* of rhetorick, the *ſmooth* numbers " and *bold* flights of poetry, or catch the *enchanting* ſounds of " harmony; *that* poetry, which *ſings* of (ſomething) ; *that* " harmony which *fans* (one thing) and *wafts* (another) &c. &c." And as if the Biſhop had not been *plain enough*, he begins again ; " *Infinite* is the multitude of *pleaſurable* forms which" do, as before obſerved. The reader will allow, he never before met with ſo much recondite truth, diverſified with ſuch *beautiful* and *diſcriminating* epithets. The Biſhop might *as well* have ſaid : What a charming place LONDON is! what *varieties* " and *entertainments* are provided for the *eye* and *ear!* *Firſt*, " there's the Houſe of Lords, then, Weſtminſter Abbey, then " the Opera Houſe and the Play-houſe. There's Doctor " Gillies who provides *ſober* hiſtory, and Mrs. Smith, *wild* " Romance ; there's Mr. Pitt with his *round* eloquence, and Mr. " Erſkine abſolutely *fainting* in *ſprightly flouriſhes* ; there are " Scotchmen

" The Hymns that Taylor, (*m*) England's gentile prieſt,
" Sung ſpouſal at fair Pſyche's marriage feaſt;

" The

" Scotchmen teaching *grave* morality and Greek; Dr. Hutton " with *abſtruſe* demonſtration *how* all things *made themſelves*; there " is Mr Jerningham with his *ſmooth* numbers, and Doctor Taſker " with his *bold* flights, Madame Banti at the Opera, and the " little children at the Foundling: there are &c. &c. &c."— All this might do well enough at a polite devotional lounge at ſome faſhionable warm chapel from a *popular* preacher; but I am really *aſhamed* that BISHOP HORSLEY ſhould condeſcend to write or pronounce *ex cathedra* ſuch trivial ſchool-boy declamation *about nothing at all*, and then *publiſh* it. Men in high ſtation and of high talents (like Biſhop Horſley) ſhould be careful, *very* careful, how they leſſen themſelves by their own words and works; and if Biſhop Horſley *goes on* in this ſtyle, and as he has done in ſeveral of his *later* productions, whatever his politicks may be, he certainly never will incur the danger of *The Second Philippic*.

(*l*) Tranſlated from the Greek by *two perſons*, whoſe time ſhould have been better employed, and who now perhaps are rather aſhamed of their production.

(*m*) Thomas Taylor, Tranſlator of Plotinus, parts of Plato, *the fable of Cupid and Pſyche* from Apuleius, Hymns, &c. the would-be reſtorer of unintelligible myſticiſm and ſuperſtitious pagan nonſenſe. All that Iamblichus revealed to Ædeſius.— Mr. Taylor, in conjunction with Dr. Darwin, might ſolve the

following

“ The alphabet in Greek by R. P. Knight; (*n*)
“ Some rules for *men* to think and ſtudy right;
“ An Eton foolscap, with the game of gooſe
“ Printed by Pote, types large and cover looſe;
“ An education ſermon, rather long,
“ By Dr. Parr, all in the vulgar tongue;
“ Laſt Horſley's maſter-piece, (*nn*) and merry plans,
“ *To accent* right *the goods* of courtezans.

“ Nor

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following problem; “ WHETHER *a Platonic idea, hovering to the right on the orifice of chaos, might drive away the ſquadrons of* democratical *atoms?* Rabelais at the end of book 5. *Queſtions Philoſophiques.* For my own part I am not diſpoſed to go any further, as Lycophron. Caſſand. v. 14, expreſſes it, Λοξων ες διεξοδους επων.

(*n*) An analytical Eſſay on the *Greek Alphabet*, by R. P. Knight. —P. may ſtand for *Payne* or *Priapus* Knight, in alluſion to his Eſſay on the worſhip of Priapus.

(*nn*) See a treatiſe on the Proſodies of the Greek and Latin languages, dedicated to Lord Thurlow by (Biſhop Horſley). I allude to *the Biſhop's pleaſant Comment,* p. 47, ſo univerſally admired, on the Attick Law, Εταιρα χρυσια ει φοροιη δημοσια εστω. My gallantry forbids me *to uſe any accents at all* upon *theſe ladies,* eſpecially ſince *the Biſhop* has ſhewn me, how *dangerous* it is *to*

meddle

" Nor books alone attend the CONQUEROR *Bard*,
" Him ſhall await a more ſublime reward :
" Not the coarſe joy a Grecian once could feel,
" *Apples (o)* for ſauce, or *parſley* for his veal,

" Or

medale with them. In this ſhort paſſage there are four perſonages virtually concerned ; Alexander *Aphrodiſienſis*, Ariſtotle, Venus, and Biſhop † Horſley !!!! I aſſure his Lordſhip, I have as great an affection, as human infirmity can allow, for an *Oxton, a Paroxyton*, or even a *Pro-par-oxyton !* Ladies never before knew the *political* importance of *an accent*.—While I am upon this *Epiſcopal* and *Cyprian* ſubject, I may obſerve that Proclus has a ſingular remark in his Chreſtomathia preſerved by Photius (Biblioth. Pag. 984, Ed. 1653.) Μηδε τα Κυπρια ΠΡΟΠΑΡΟΞΥΤΟΝΩΣ επιγραφεσθαι τα ποιηματα."

(o) Apples, &c.—There is *now* an affectation *in modern young gentlemen*, as ſoon as they have left their college, particularly in young lawyers and boy-members of parliament, of *forgetting their Greek* if they ever knew any. I ſhall therefore without ceremony remind them of the ancient rewards in the Grecian games, which conſiſted of ſome *apples* conſecrated to Apollo in the Pythian, of a chaplet of *parſley*, in the Nemæan, of an *olive* garland in the Olympick games, and of a wreath of *pine*-leaves in the Iſthmian ſolemnity.

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† I ſhall expreſs my opinion of Biſhop Horſley, *as a writer*, in the words of Eraſmus ; " Ex *libris* deprehendi hominem eſſe ardentis ingenii, variæ lectionis, et multæ memoriæ, alicubi tamen majore copia quam delectu, ac dictione *tumultuoſa magis quam compoſita*." Eraſm. Ep. 1248.

" Or beverage drawn from ſpruce or mountain *pines*,
" With oil from *Piſa's olive*, when he dines;
" No ode to praiſe the binding of his books; (*p*)
" No print from Sheffield of hiſtoric cooks,
" Of beauteous Gibbon's fair proportion'd ſhape, (*q*)
" An old baboon, or fœtus of an ape;

" No

(*p*) I am ſure Pindar † very ſeldom had ſo good a ſubject for his *deep mouth*. Mr. White, of Fleet-Street, and Mr. Edwards of Pall-mall, bookſellers, would furniſh me with much better materials for an ode than Pindar's, in their florid deſcriptions, *(ſo animating to purchaſers,)* of gorgeous binding, little Dr. GOSSET's *milk-white vellum,* and all its inſignia.

(*q*) See in the title page to the poſthumous Works of Edward Gibbon, Eſq. in 2 v. 4to. publiſhed by Lord Sheffield, an engraving of THE HISTORIAN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, which his lordſhip declares to be " as complete a likeneſs of Mr. " Gibbon, as to perſon, face, and manner, *as can be conceived*."!!! I have no doubt of Lord S's friendſhip for Mr Gibbon, but why hang up one's friend in effigy to the ridicule of the preſent age and of all poſterity? Figuram *animi magis quam corporis*

" com-

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† Not that deteſtable writer calling himſelf PETER PINDAR, of whom ſee the Firſt Part of the Purſuits of L.

" *There* on the rack of ſatire let him lie,
" Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy."——Heroick Poſtſcript to the publick, by the Author of the H. Epiſtle to Sir W. Chambers.

" No robe that waves in many a Tuſcan fold;
" No lawn that wraps a biſhop from the cold;
" But fine broad cloth, in choiceſt faſhion wrought,
" By modern hands to full perfection brought;

" 'Tis

" complectantur," ‡ ſaid Tacitus; and could Mr. Gibbon have ſeen this print, he certainly would have wiſhed ſuch a *ſimulacrum vultûs* as this, to be *imbecillum et mortale*, or in plain Engliſh, to ſee the impreſſions burned and the plate broken.—I juſt remind all collectors of prints, that there is not only to be had the head of Doctor Gillies and the other hiſtoric cooks, of Dr. Denman the man-midwife, of Mr. William Coxe, traveller and friend to half the crowned heads in Europe, *with his age* at the bottom of the print, and of other great perſonages; but there are ſtill left ſome choice proof impreſſions of the ſtriking *head and likeneſs* of Mr. *John Farley*, PRINCIPAL COOK at the London Tavern, (to be had ſeparate from his great culinary work) being all that were left unſubſcribed for by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by the Eaſt India and Bank Directors and by Mr. Pitt and the elder Brethren of the Trinity-houſe. But I cannot *aſcertain the age* of Mr. John Farley, which is a matter of the laſt importance, and for which I am truly ſorry. The Homerick jucundity from Martial ſhould have been the motto to our modern Myſtillus;

" Si tibi *Myſtillus* COCUS, Æmiliane, vocatur:
" Dicetur quare non *T'arat' alla* § mihi? Mart. Ep. l. 1.

The reader of taſte in print-collecting will thank me for reminding

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‡ Tacit. Vit. Agric. Sect. 46.

§ Μιστυλλον τ'αρα τ'αλλα, κτλ. Hom. Il. *paſſim*.

"'Tis His,—" *to wear* FOUR SUNDAYS *in the Park* (*q*)
"*The beſt black ſuit of Doctor Courtney's Clerk!!!*" (*r*)

To

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minding him of Mr. John Farley's *head*, whoſe works are more *reliſhed* than any traveller's or hiſtorian's that I know.

(*q*) Or in Kenſington Gardens.

(*r*) I informed my readers in a former note, that the ſcene of action was the celebrated *Muſical Room in Hanover Square.* I muſt now add, that the room was decorated on the occaſion with appropriate ſcenery, laid out in *belts* and *clumps* of funereal trees, to repreſent a church-yard with the belfry, the yew tree, not forgetting *the owl,* with diſtant views of groups of labourers, and of cattle returning home by moonlight, highly pictureſque. This was the ſcene of the famed ſolemnity, where MR. NARES, with his aſſeſſors, Meſſrs. Elmſley and Rivington, bookſellers, and the combatants, the Doctors, Norbury, Coote, &c. aſſembled. Dr. COURTNEY, then Biſhop of † Briſtol, now of Exeter (Aug. 1797.) and Rector of St. George's Hanover Square, was very kind on the occaſion, as the deciſion was made in his pariſh; and *with the conſent of the Pariſh Clerk,* made a liberal and voluntary offer of "THE SUNDAY SUIT ‡" furniſhed at the expence

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† Doctor Courtney was then on the eve of a tranſlation to Exeter, (Jan. 12, 1797.)—I alſo wiſh the Biſhop health to wear *his own beſt black ſuit*, as well as another old Eton acquaintance, Biſhop Cornwall, his ſucceſſor.

‡ They who are acquainted with the dignity and magnificent deportment of Dr. Courtney's *preſent* CLERK of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, *when in his full canonical Sunday dreſs,* will beſt know how to eſtimate *the prize* offered to theſe Grecian combatants by Mr. Nares. Too happy if in ſuch a garment THE VICTOR *might be miſtaken* FOR THIS GREAT MAN. (1796.)

Nares riſing paus'd; then gave (the conteſt done,)
To Weſton, Taylor's Hymns and Alciphron;
To Tew, Parr's ſermon, and the game of gooſe,
And Rocheſter's (*s*) addreſs to lemans (*ss*) looſe;
To Coote, the foolſcap, as the beſt relief
A Dean could hope; laſt to the hoary Chief
He fill'd a cup, then plac'd on Norb'ry's back
The Sunday Suit (*t*) of cuſtomary black. (*tt*)

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expence of the pariſh, and which, I underſtand, is worn *by the Clerk* during divine ſervice *in the morning only*, on that day, *and is very becoming*. After the morning ſervice the pariſh clerk appears in his ordinary dreſs *as a common man*. Such was the *Eccleſiaſtical ſuit of armour made by the epiſcopal taylor*, and hung up as the Conqueror's prize (not *pleno jure*, but *uſufructuario*,) for the *Æneas* of the Sunday. (1796.)

(*s*) Not Lord Rocheſter, but my good Lord Biſhop of Rocheſter, Biſhop Horſley's Addreſs or Sermon to the Magdalens, mentioned above; not forgetting his lordſhip's *Greek proſody* for Lord Thurlow and *the ladies*.

(*ss*) *Leman* is the old word for a lover, or a miſtreſs.

(*t*) All my Eton friends well know Dr. Norbury's celebrated black wardrobe, and the Suits which appear, in the order of the Pythagorick *rotation*, from the cheſt or ark.

"Supera ut convexa *reviſant*,
Rurſus et incipiant *in corpora velle reverti*!"

The gabbling ceas'd : with fix'd and ſerious look
GRAY glanc'd from high, and own'd his rival COOK.(*v*)

OCTAVIUS.

With what propriety did the Reverend Mr. Nares make this famous decree!

(*tt*) I muſt tranſcribe the concluding ſentence of the Review of theſe famous tranſlations, in THE BRITISH CRITICK for March 1795. vol.   p. 245. I give the Critick the fulleſt credit for the conduct of *this ſolemn irony*, and confeſs that I conceive nothing ſuperior in this ſpecies of wit, namely, that of looking gravely in men's faces, and telling them how fooliſh they are. The Britiſh Critick thus concludes: "We wiſh to avoid *any invidious diſ-* "*tinction*, any undue preference. But were we abſolutely called "on to decide, we ſhould *from the pureſt and moſt unbiaſſed* "*motives* (ſee Il. 23. v. 615) *fill the golden cup* with the moſt ex- "quiſite οινος εξαιτος, and not conſidering it as left without a "claimant *by the fall of any Eumelus*, we ſhould *reſpectfully place* "*it* in the hands of THE ETONIAN NESTOR;
Τῆ νυν, και σοι τȣτο, ΓΕΡΟΝ, κειμηλιον εστω."

(*v*) I ſelect this extraordinary genius, poet, critick, ſcholar, and orator, WILLIAM COOK, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Profeſſor in the Univerſity of Cambridge. "I knew him well, Horatio," *melioribus olim auſpiciis*. I ſelect him, as well for the ſingular and *original* excellence of his performance, (though there are ſome overſights and even verbal faults in it) as *for the manner* in which he publiſhed it. There was a ſpare leaf or two at the end of his very ſenſible edition of Ariſtotle's Poeticks, and *there* he printed it. Not in the pom-

OCTAVIUS.

Contract your ſmile, and quit this playful (*x*) ſearch;
Theſe are the lay amuſements of the church,

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pous manner, and with dedications to Lord Chancellors and I know not whom, as ſome of *theſe Old Boys* have done. I muſt own that in many paſſages, Nature, Gray, and Cook do ſeem to contend for the maſtery; but above all in that famous ſtanza;

"The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
"And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
"Await alike the inevitable hour:
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

GRAY.

Α χαρις ευγενεων, χαρις η βασιληϊδος αρχας,
Δωρα τυχας, χρυσᾶς Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα,
Πανθ' ἅμα ταυτα τεθνακε, και ηνθεν μορσιμον αμαρ·
Ηρωων κλε' ολωλε, και ωχετο † ξυνον ες Αδαν.

Cook.

Bion or Moſchus never exceeded theſe lines: I think, they never equalled

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† Some perſons object to the ο being made ſhort before the ξ. It may be ſo. I leave Mr. Davies and Mr. Stephen Weſton, the Hero of *the Genitive abſolute*, to ſubſtitute κοινον if they pleaſe.

"The rule is *abſolute*," Lord Kenyon cries;
"*Briſk from his genitive* let *Stephen* riſe."

Mere cobweb labours of their learned thought;
Though ſometimes TEACHERS muſt themſelves be taught
To weigh their office, raiſe their pow'rful breath,
Nor leave the world to darkneſs and to death.
Short be their folly: let example tell
Their life, their morals pure, and all is well.

But ſhould proud churchmen vie in ſumptuous halls,
In wines and ſoups, Carthuſian Bacchanals,
Nor think th'unwieldy ſuperflux to ſhake,
Where curates ſtarve and helpleſs orphans quake,

Wav'ring

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equalled them. I write *this Note*, I will confeſs it, *with all the friendly fondneſs which an Etonian could expreſs:*

HOC JUVENEM EGREGIUM PRÆSTANTI MUNERE DONO.†

(x) This ſubject from v. 1. to v. 63. of this part of my poem, is perhaps in itſelf a very trifling one. The names of ſome of the parties are obſcure and of little note, and the concerns of *Reviewers* ſhould in general be confined to their own *little* monthly

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‡ Virg. Æn. 5. v. 361.

Wav'ring I aſk, in this dark ſcene beneath,
Why lightnings ſcathe yon deſolated heath? (y)

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monthly *blue books*. But this example is of deepeſt conſequence; that MEN, who aſpire to be thought ſcholars, ſhould be warned, even to all poſterity, how they conduct their learning, and expend their time; and be taught from this ridiculous inſtance (which I have ſelected) to value themſelves on ſuch attainments alone, as are truly valuable. ὅτε γεγονα ΑΝΗΡ, κατηργηκα τα τȣ Νηπιȣ.—It cannot ſurely be conceived, that the ſlighteſt animadverſion is *here* intended to be made on the exerciſes in the Greek and Latin languages, whether tranſlations or originals, in the publick or private ſchools or in the Univerſities of this kingdom. The author of the P. of L. is of opinion, that the utility or rather the abſolute neceſſity of them is ſo great and ſo indiſpenſable, that they cannot be too much commended and too much encouraged. Compoſitions in Greek or Latin handed about in private circles of friends are indeed uſeleſs, but free from much reprehenſion, though at beſt rather idle in men of a certain age. But when MEN, dignified by their years and their ſacred profeſſion, *the youngeſt* having paſſed his *fiftieth*, and *the eldeſt* entering his *ſixty-eighth* year, appear as rival candidates for publick fame from *the tranſlation* of ſome excellent Engliſh verſes into *their own Greek*; what can we ſay?

"Nunc cum *ad canitiem*, tunc, tunc, ignoſcere—NOLO."
Perſius.

(y) The unbounded luxury and extravagance of the French and Italian Eccleſiaſticks ſhould be a warning to the prieſts and miniſters of all Chriſtian altars, however dignified or diſtinguiſhed, of whatever church or of whatever perſuaſion. Man-

And hark, the voice has thunder'd: and the word,
Borne on the blaſt, a trembling world has heard
In conſummation dread! the bonds of Rome
Are burſt, and Babylon's prophetick doom,
With more than mortal ruin headlong caſt,
Proclaims the meaſure full: ſhe groans her laſt.
From climes (z) where piety no more was found,
Where ſuperſtition wither'd all around,

The

kind will know, and value them *by their fruits*. "For NOW *is* "*the axe laid to the root of* THE TREES, *and every tree which* "*bringeth not forth fruit will* (moſt aſſuredly) *be hewn down.*" This is the warning voice which ſhould be heard, and heard *aloud* in aſſemblies frequent and full, in all churches and in all cathedrals; but chief in thoſe twin ſiſters of learning, the Univerſities of England, Oxford and Cambridge, which can be ſupported *on thoſe principles alone*, on which they were founded, and *by which* they have flouriſhed.—*While* YOUR *place may yet be found*, I will honour and will hail you both,

"Mothers of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hoſpitable in YOUR ſweet receſs,
City or ſuburban, ſtudious walks and ſhades!"†

But chief with pious gratitude, and with filial reverence, *Salve*, MAGNA PARENS! (1796.)

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† Milt. P. Reg. b. 4. v. 240.

The rights of nature barr'd, by heav'n reſign'd
To vile affections, in corruption blind,
While, in the terrors of the world beneath,
Permitted fiends of darkneſs round them breathe;
Britain ſecurely fix'd, invites from high
With Charity's ſedate, unalter'd eye.
The *ſacred*, exil'd, melancholy band,
Paſſing from death and France, revere the land,
Where ſtreams of inexhauſted bounty pour,
And CHRIST ſtill reigns, and bigots are no more.

AUTHOR.

Bleſt be the voice of mercy, and the hand
Stretch'd o'er affliction's wounds with healing bland,
In holieſt ſympathy! our beſt of man
Gave us to tears, ere miſery well began.

Still, ſtill I pauſe: good nature's oft a fool,
Now ſlave to party, and now faction's tool:

Attend,

(z) Alluding to the grand emigration of French Prieſts and others to England at the late revolution in France. See more in future notes.

Attend, nor heedleſs ſlight a poet's name:
Poet and prophet once were deem'd the ſame.
Say, are theſe fertile ſtreams thus largely ſpread
A *filial* tribute o'er a *mother bed*?
Say, are theſe ſtreams (think, while avails the thought)
To Rome through Gallick channels ſubtly brought? (zz)
Rome touches, taſtes, and takes; and nothing loth:
But have *we* virtue? yes of *pagan* growth. (*a*)

Aſk,

(zz) This is one of the moſt important points in *the preſent* ſituation of England and of Europe, in regard to national policy. I propoſe theſe queſtions. 1. *How far*, are the miniſters of the public treaſure of any Proteſtant kingdom juſtified in iſſuing large ſums of money, for the expreſs purpoſe of *maintaining* emigrant *Catholic prieſts*, AS A BODY? 2. If they are juſtified in iſſuing *any* ſums, *in what manner and under what control* ſhould this publick money be expended and diſtributed? 3. Whether *in England at this time*, there are not peculiar and paramount conſiderations which call for *wiſdom and prudence*, to regulate and reſtrain the firſt natural and honourable impetuoſity of *mercy and humanity*, to the end that THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, IN CHURCH AND STATE, be preſerved inviolate from open attacks, or from inſidious attempts?—Theſe queſtions are propoſed for the publick ſecurity, with ſobriety, ſeriouſneſs and charity *to all*, as of common importance. (1796.)

(*a*) It is well known that rigid Catholicks hold, that the virtues of hereticks, or proteſtants, are to be conſidered in the light of

Aſk, where ROME's church is founded? on a ſteep,
Which hereſy's wild winds in vain may ſweep,
Alone where ſinners may have reſt ſecure,
One *only* undefil'd, one *only* pure.
Blame you her cumbrous pomp, her iron rod,
Or trumpery relicks of her ſaints half-ſhod?
Lo *Confeſſors*, in every hamlet found,
With ſacred ſiſters walk their cloiſter'd round:
There read the liſt: (*b*) and calm the fate expect,
When crafty, meddling, thankleſs prieſts direct.

Think

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of pagan virtues. I think the biſhop of St. Pol de Leon would agree to this opinion.

(*b*) See "THE LAITY'S DIRECTORY *for* 1796, (printed for J. P. Coghlan, Duke-ſtreet, Groſvenor-ſquare) to which are added "THE COLOURS OF THE CHURCH;" words rather ominous. It is a pamphlet at the low price of *ſixpence*, which I recommend to publick notice, and to which I refer the reader. It is a matter of ſome ſurpriſe and concern, to read the liſt of the almoſt incredible number of little books and tracts *at the ſmalleſt prices*, publiſhed and to be publiſhed, calculated *for the general diſſemination of* POPERY *in theſe realms*;—the fatal diſplay of all the exiſting and riſing Romiſh ſeminaries, Romiſh boarding houſes, and Romiſh ſchools for youth; the plenary indulgences (for one another;)—and the ſettlement of *Nuns profeſſed* in monaſteries erected in this kingdom, Clares, Benedictines, Sepulcharins,

Think you, their hate unquench'd can ere expire?
The torch not tipt with ſleeping ſulphurous fire?
Their doctrines round a careleſs land are blown;
They blaſt the cottage, and would ſap the throne.
What? are my words too warm?—I love my King,
My Country, and my God! the ſounds ſhall ring
Ceaſeleſs,

pulcharins, Auſtins, and Dominicaneſſes. Then, in this very ſame pamphlet, as if by a ſtrange fatality and in the blunder of papal metaphor, they advertiſe even their *drugs*. The very medicine, it ſeems, is papal. Behold their "Laxative *ſulphurated* pills (once *exhibited* in *another* form in theſe realms,) "*The Medicated Snuff*, a Cephalic of *many* virtues, *prepared from the original receipt found* in the Jeſuit's *Library*;"—"The Jeſuits *nervous* pill,"—"The Jeſuits *Balſamic* cordial." In ſhort, *decernunt quodcunque volunt* DE CORPORE NOSTRO; body and ſoul, fortune and ſtate. I underſtand them but too well. They know their hour, THEIR PROTECTORS OF NOBLE RANK, their opportunity, their advantages, *their revenue from the ſtate*. They advance by approaches, not deſultory, but regular. The papal genius never ſleeps, no, not for a moment; but directs, and animates, and acts, uniformly and conſtantly, at home and abroad, in cities, in towns, in villages; it takes aid from ſtupidity and from ability, from above and from beneath. Their biſhops, as yet, are but *titular*, but depend upon it,

> Per ſolis radios, TARPEIAQUE FULMINA jurant,
> *Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli*, ‡

Depend

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‡ Juv. Sat. 13. v. 78.

Ceaſeleſs, till PIT (with all his hoſt awake)
IN OUR GREAT CAUSE a nation's inqueſt take.

Look

Depend upon it, I ſay, *they ſwear:* but what the oath is, I ſhall not take upon me to deſcribe. It may be well underſtood, and for aught I know, it is already regiſtered.—I have compaſſion for the unfortunate; I have charity for plundered exiles; I have pity, and would wiſh and would give relief to the wretched and the ſuffering; I have veneration for the truly pious of every perſuaſion in the Chriſtian faith. "*There is* ONE *Lord!*" But I have, and it is an Engliſhman's duty to have, a watchful eye upon the inſinuating or domineering ſpirit of the Romiſh church. I have no opinion of the ſincerity of *their* attachment to *us*, or of *their* gratitude for *our* favours. I inſiſt upon it, they regard THEMSELVES as the *original and rightful inheritors of our land.* I call upon the guardians of our church and ſtate to be watchful, and to regard with attention the proceedings of ALL THE EMIGRANTS. If they refuſe to hear, I wiſh moſt fervently, that Great Britain may never, in the anguiſh of an inconſiderate ſpirit, ſay of theſe numerous emigrant prieſts, and of all the reſt ſacred or profane;

Ejectos littore, egenos
Excepi, et regni DEMENS *in parte locavi!* †

I ſend THIS NOTE into the world, whatever be its fate, with the famous papal inſcription, but without the ſpirit, of Sixtus the Fourth to the Florentine Synod under Lorenzo the Magnificent, "IN FUTURAM REI MEMORIAM!" and the Biſhop of St. Pol de Leon, and his Conſiſtory, *reſident and acting* in England, may reply to it, if they think proper.—(Written in the year 1796.)

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† Virg. Æn. 4. v. 373.

Look from that vale what tribes the fortreſs (*c*) fill!
Then frown indignant o'er the *opprobrious Hill.* (*d*)

OCTAVIUS.

THESE THOUGHTS ARE FOR THE STATE: enough of Rome,
Her Gallick altars, and approaching doom.
But if from themes ſo grave (*e*) you never roam,

Aſk

(*c*) THE GREAT COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, AND HEAD QUARTERS OF THE CATHOLICK CAUSE *in the Caſtle* or *King's Houſe at Wincheſter*, tenanted by prieſts emigrant and non-emigrant, *publickly maintained at the expence of the ſtate. Read* the preceding note. I am not ſpeaking to thoſe, who are indifferent about all or any religion; but to thoſe, who from their ſtation, political or ſacred, ſhould underſtand the importance of the cauſe, the intereſts of Chriſtianity and its purity, the evidence of hiſtory, the nature and the *eſſential* and *unaltered* ſpirit of the Romiſh prieſthood, and their ſubtilty and peculiar arts by perſuaſion, or by terror over weak conſciences. I am ſpeaking to the governors of Great Britain, to the miniſters of the crown, who ſhould guard, and who I truſt will guard, *againſt the revival of the Romiſh Church* now working in ſecret; as well as againſt

Aſk at St. Paul's, is Prettyman (*ee*) at home?

The

againſt the more open and more terrible democracy of *ſome* deſcriptions of the Diſſenters. What is ſaid to us all, is ſaid at this hour to miniſters and rulers of ſtates with a more important and a more ſacred emphaſis, "WATCH, *for ye know not* THE "HOUR *when deſtruction cometh.*"—(1796.)

(*d*) Finally: I have to propoſe one plain and ſignificant queſtion to MR. PITT, or to any great miniſter of ſtate: it is this: "Is there a ſingle inſtance in the records of any modern hiſtory of Europe, where the governing and directing power of the ſtate ever authoriſed, patroniſed, and ſupported with the publick money, under any circumſtances whatſoever, A COLLEGE OF PRIESTS, *in the heart of a kingdom,* whoſe tenets and principles were not only different from the eſtabliſhed religion of the country, but were in direct oppoſition and avowed hoſtility to it?—And particularly, when it was the original and fundamental purpoſe and conſtitution of that eſtabliſhed church, to diſcountenance and extinguiſh the ſuperſtitious doctrines, and the political eccleſiaſtical tenets of *that College of Prieſts,* ſo authorized, patroniſed, and ſupported by the publick money, AS A BODY?" If this queſtion muſt be anſwered, as I apprehend it muſt, in the negative, I maintain, (and if neceſſary will maintain more ſolemnly, if poſſible, and more at large,) *that* THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS IN THE KING'S HOUSE AT WINCHESTER SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY DISPERSED, † and not ſuffered to ſtand in that offenſive, conſpicuous, and opprobrious light in the face of the country. I am really ſpeaking in mercy to them, and to us all, if I am rightly underſtood. I would

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† This was effected in December 1796.

The Dean might ſmile, when you with happieſt care

Blend

would ſupport and preſerve them from every want, *privately,* and in *detached* ſituations; *but I would not ſuffer the miniſtry of a Catholick Biſhop to direct the expenditure* of that publick money ſo granted, *for mere Catholick purpoſes*; but with the moſt perfect toleration of all perſuaſions in religion, the Governors of the ſtate ſhould defend and *excluſively ſupport their own.* This is prudence, this is policy, this it is to remember the beginning and progreſs of all great events, ‡ (May, 1796.)

(*e*) I am not in the habit of peruſing many of the various ſingle ſermons which are publiſhed; but I cannot reſiſt the opportunity of recommending three, which I think are at this time important, and written with ability and ſpirit. One, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, head maſter of Weſtminſter ſchool, (a Gentleman of very conſiderable erudition and exemplary conduct) preached for the Weſtminſter Diſpenſary; another by Dr. Watſon, biſhop of Landaff, for the Weſtminſter Diſpenſary alſo, with an Appendix, containing Reflections on the preſent

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‡ Though the French prieſts were removed, *by order of the Government,* from the King's Houſe at Wincheſter, at the cloſe of the year 1796, yet I have ſtrong and important reaſons for leaving this whole paſſage, in poetry and proſe, text and comment, unaltered *upon record to poſterity.*—N. B. I refer the reader with much earneſtneſs, (for the times demand all our faculties and all our circumſpection) and I requeſt his attention to a ſhort tract, entitled, "A Letter to the Lord Marquis of Buckingham, "Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter, &c. *chiefly* on "the ſubject of the numerous Emigrant French Prieſts of the "Church of Rome, reſident and maintained in England at the "publick expence: *and on the ſpirit and principle of that church* "*ſacred and political.*" By a Layman. (Firſt printed in October, 1796.)

Blend Horſley's acid with the cream of Blair;
You'd riſe at laſt.

AUTHOR.

ſent ſtate of England and France; the appendix is of peculiar merit; and a third, "On Gaming," written with great energy, erudition, piety, patriotiſm, and eloquence, by the Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. prebendary of Wincheſter.—While I am ſpeaking on this ſubject, I think, it may be curious and pleaſing, and perhaps uſeful to ſome perſons, to ſee the liſt of books which William Warburton, Biſhop of Glouceſter, recommended in ſome poſthumous MSS. Directions for the ſtudy of Theology, which Biſhop Hurd publiſhed in the 4to edition and in the 8vo ſupplement to his works. I refer to the tract, and merely give the books in the diviſions, and order in which Warburton placed them.—Locke on the Human Underſtanding: Quintilian's Inſtitutions.—Grotius de Jure belli et pacis; Woollaſton's Religion of Nature; Cumberland on the Law of Nature; Cudworth's Intellectual Syſtem.—Maimonides Ductor Dubitantium; Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus: Walton's Polyglot Bible; Critici Sacri.—Locke's Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity; Burnet de fide et officiis Chriſtianorum; Grotius's Comment on the Goſpels; Locke on the Epiſtles; Joſeph Mede on the Apocalypſe; Epiſcopii Inſtituta Chriſtianæ Theologiæ; Limborch's Theologia Chriſtiana; Grotius de Veritate Religionis Chriſtianæ; Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, 1ſt. ed. Limborch de Veritate Religionis Chriſtianæ Amica Collatio cum Erudito Judæo, i. e. Iſaaco Orobio; Chillingworth's Religion of Proteſtants a ſafe way to ſalvation; Hooker's Eccleſiaſtical Polity, 4 firſt books. Taylor's Liberty of Propheſying; Stillingfleet's Irenicum; Locke's Letters on Toleration; Bayle's Comment on the words "Compel them to come in."—Moſheim's Eccleſi-

AUTHOR.

How ſtrangely you miſtake;
The dream deceives not, when the man's awake.

Once

Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory; Collier's Church Hiſtory; Fuller's Church Hiſtory; Sleidan Commentarii de ſtatu Religionis et Reipublicæ Carolo Quinto Cæſare Commentarii; Burnett's Hiſt. of the Reformation; Dr. Clarke's Sermons, Dr. Barrow's Sermons; Sermons du Pere Bourdaloue."

The Second Part of theſe directions could not be found; but it may ſurpriſe ſome people to hear that Biſhop Warburton's vigorous intellect regarded this plan, *but as an introduction* to the ſtudy of Theology. *Hæc limina* VICTOR ALCIDES *ſubiit!* Through ſuch a veſtibule did this high-prieſt paſs INTO THE TEMPLE.—But if the reader is diſpoſed to attend to the humbler ſuggeſtions of a very private layman on this ſubject, I think he would find great advantage in *ſtudying and conſidering* the following works *in Engliſh*, (which are very few in number) *and in the order* in which they are arranged. 1. The View of the Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, by Soame Jenyns, Eſq. 2. The Evidences of Chriſtianity in three parts, by W. Paley, D. D. 3. Grotius on the truth of the Chriſtian Religion, in *any* tranſlation. 4. The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Dr. Samuel Clarke. 5. Mr. Locke's Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity, particularly the latter part of the tract. 6. Biſhop Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies. 7. Lord Lyttleton's Diſſertation on the Converſion of St. Paul,

and

Once in the morn of life, a wizard ſaid ;
" He ne'er ſhall riſe by benefice, or trade ;

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and 8. Dr. Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the conſtitution and courſe of nature."—*From theſe few volumes*, if they are ſtudied with care and an upright intention, I think it may be ſaid, that " They ſhall ſee, to whom HE was " not (before) ſpoken of; and they that have not (before) heard, " ſhall underſtand." Theſe volumes are the works of laymen as well as of divines; and if I am not miſtaken, I think I perceive the following connection in the ſhort plan which I have offered. MR. JENYNS's View prepares the mind to think worthily of the Religion which is propoſed, and demonſtrates that there is the higheſt reaſon to think and conclude, that its origin is from above, and not from man. DR. PALEY's View of the ſubject diſplays, confirms, and eſtabliſhes the *direct* hiſtorical evidence and proof, with all the plainneſs and candour of which it is capable, and independent of the particular tenets of *any* church or ſect. GROTIUS and Dr. CLARKE preſent to us the faith, doctrine, and evidences in the form of propoſitions, with ample and learned illuſtrations, with force of reaſoning, and with logical preciſion. Mr. Locke has been peculiarly happy in repreſenting the conſonance of the Chriſtian doctrine to reaſon properly underſtood, and its neceſſity from the defects of all philoſophy however diſtinguiſhed. *Biſhop* HURD, with the hand of a maſter, has opened the general View of the ſubject of prophecy, and freed it from the intricacies of ſpeculation, and ſhewn its time, nature, end, and intent. LORD LYTTLETON has diſcuſſed the moſt illuſtrious inſtance of the converſion to this religion, in the perſon of St. Paul, a man of the higheſt natural talents, and profoundeſt reaſoning and erudition: and he has accompanied the whole with re-

"But find, remote from conſequence or fame,
"A local ſomething, and a ſhadowy name;
"Shall brave neglect; in England's cauſe contend,
"Hopeleſs himſelf of virtue, but her friend;
"Through crowds ſhall mark his ſolitary way,
"Ardent, though ſecret, and though ſerious, gay;

marks of weight and dignity on the general ſubject of Revelation. And *laſt,* to a mind diſpoſed to view with calmneſs, humility and reverence, *the whole ſyſtem of Providence,* as far as it is permitted to man to view "THE WORK WHICH GOD WORKETH FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END," Dr. BUTLER has unfolded the Analogy or *relation* of the Courſe of Nature to Religion, by which all things are found to proceed in harmony from HIM, who hath made nothing imperfect. I think this great performance of Butler has peculiar force when it is conſidered *in the concluſion* of our religious reſearches, and not as part of the *original* proof, or as Lord Bacon expreſſes himſelf, "tanquam portum et ſabbathum humanarum contemplationum omnium." (De Augm. Scient. Lib. 3.)—I ſpeak merely my own ſentiments to thoſe *who have not much time or leiſure for deep ſtudy,* and I ſpeak in ſubmiſſion to ſcholars better informed than myſelf.—Reader, whoever thou art, if thou ſhouldſt approve theſe *introductory* ideas to this great ſubject, inexhauſted as it is and inexhauſtible, prepare thyſelf, thy underſtanding, and thy affections. "*Te quoque dignum finge* DEO!"

(*ee*) The Rt. Rev. George Prettyman, D. D. Biſhop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's; Tutor and Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, before he was raiſed to the Prelacy. A man of learning and of ability.

" Erect, without a penſion, to his end
" Unknown, unheard, unhonour'd, ſhall deſcend;
" Bow to no miniſter for golden views,
" His portion, memory, and beſt gift, the muſe."

OCTAVIUS.

This of yourſelf?

AUTHOR.

'Tis ſo.

OCTAVIUS.

You're turn'd plain fool:
A vain pert prater, bred in (f) Erſkine's ſchool;
Talk of yourſelf?

AUTHOR.

(f) The Hon. Thomas Erſkine, the celebrated Barriſter. For a further account of his talents, abilities, legal knowledge, &c. ſee and aſk—*Mr. Erſkine* HIMSELF. (See alſo P. of L. Dial. 4.)

AUTHOR.

Why yes; I would be heard:
Mere *talkers* now, not writers, are preferr'd.
Look at that paper: *(g)* if you print the ſpeeches,
Pitt ſeems George Roſe, or like Sir Richard, preaches;
Nor tone, nor majeſty, nor patriot fires;
Methinks the wit of Sheridan expires;
Loſt in Dundas the Caledonian twang,
Though Pitt, and port, and property he ſang;
Print negro ſpeeches, and in reaſon's ſpite,
Lo, Wilberforce is black, and Francis white;
Who wonders at buffoons, or Courtenay's joke?
And we ſcarce ſlumber, though Sir William *(gg)* ſpoke;
'Tis Grey and grumbling; Curwen *(h)* all and clatter;
And Dent *(i)* and Dogs; and Pewter *(k)* pot and platter.
Shall

(g) Any newſpaper or report of the Debates in Parliament.

(gg) Sir William Young, Bart.

(h) All the changes rung upon feudality, and tyranny, and I know not what, when the Game Laws were diſcuſſed at the cloſe of the laſt parliament, April 1796, on the motion of Mr. Curwen.

Shall I not *talk ?*—Few politicks will *read*,
Though Lauderdale ſhould ſketch his Scottiſh creed; (*l*)

L 3 Though

(*i*) Alluding to the long debates on the *Dog* and *Bitch* bill, brought into parliament in 1796, by Mr. Dent. The bill is a little allegorical, ſometimes unintelligible, and often ludicrous. For inſtance; I ſhall not look to Mr. Pitt or Mr. Wilberforce for an explanation of the following clauſe in it: namely, "Provided always, that NO PERSON *who ſhall* KEEP ANY BITCH, &c. ſhall be charged with *the payment* of the ſaid ſum, *until* SUCH BITCH, &c. *ſhall be of the age of* ——." § Sect. 2. Certainly the bill is allegorical, and THE KEEPERS of BITCHES, &c. complain, that they had *taxes enough to pay for them* before. Mr. Fox objected to it in the H. of C.; ſo did Lord William Gordon, and many other reſpectable and *playful* members; but in the H. of L. the Duke of Queenſbury ſaid, "It did not *much* ſignify." If Mr. Pitt means that taxes ſhould be an object of *wit*, I ſhall ſoon expect to hear Mr. Sheridan, in the Houſe, call the Diſtrict of Downing-ſtreet "The Borgo Allegro." (1796.)

(*k*) This is another curious ſubject brought into the Houſe in April 1796, and ſhews that Mr. Fox has eloquence of all materials and of all metals. GOLD, *for his penſion*; BRASS, *for his opinions*; and PEWTER, *for his conſtituents*.

(*l*) See his Letters to the Scotch peers. All his affecting eloquence was thrown away upon them, even *when they underſtood* many of the paſſages, which they did now and then. (1796)

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§ See the Act for granting to His Majeſty certain *duties on Bitches*, Whelps, &c. &c. paſſed May 19, 1796.

Though Abram Jones *(ll)* and Jaſper Wilſon preach,
With names uncouth, but not unpoliſh'd ſpeech.
Few mark *the Journals* of the dubious Moore, *(m)*
We ſcent the tainted gale from Gallia's ſhore;
Through England as his *Various Views* advance,
We ſmile, but trace *the Manneriſt* of France.

Godwin's

(ll) Two aſſumed names of political writers, inſtead of Cato, Brutus, &c. but it is a fooliſh cuſtom and ſhould ceaſe. Of Abram Jones I have no conjecture; but I think I more than ſuſpect the celebrated Mr. Roſcoe of Liverpool in Jaſper Wilſon.

(m) John Moore, M. D. the celebrated author of Travels into France, and Italy, of Zeleuco, of Edward, of *various views* of life and manners in England, &c. &c. &c. I ſpeak of him only *as a public author*. He is a ſenſible and entertaining companion. His ſtyle is eaſy, always agreeable and pleaſing, and his wit is playful. His pleaſantry on phyſicians is little inferior to Moliere. *Vineta cædit ſua.*† But I diſlike the *tendency* of various parts of his writings when he ſpeaks of the French affairs, I mean of the *principles* of the *firſt* Revolution, which led to the cruelties, miſery and diſtreſs, which have been ſince *felt* by France and by all Europe. It is impoſſible that Mr. Moore or any other man of ſenſe, can be an advocate for their preſent ſyſtem. I diſlike the perpetual ridicule which Mr. Moore throws upon *hereditary* honour, at a time like the preſent. (1796).

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† Hor. Ep. ad Aug. v. 220.

Godwin's dry page *(p)* no ſtateſman e'er believ'd,
Though fiction aids, what ſophiſtry conceiv'd;

Genius

(*p*) I have given ſome attention to Mr. Godwin's work, " ON POLITICAL JUSTICE,†" as conceiving it to be the CODE of *improved* modern ethicks, morality, and legiſlation. I confeſs I looked not for the republick of Plato, or even for the Oceana of Harrington, but for ſomething different from both. I looked indeed for a ſuperſtructure raiſed on the revolutionary ground of equality, watered with blood from the guillotine; and ſuch I found it. I cannot diſcuſs a work in two large volumes in a note, (though ſome would diſpatch it with a ſingle word) but in general I can ſpeak as much of it, as it deſerves, in a ſhort compaſs; I mean, as it appears to me.—The firſt trait of the work is, a certain cold-blooded indifference to all the mild, pious, and honourable feelings of our common nature, like all the Philoſophers of the new ſect, which I would deſcribe, if Mr. Burke had not done it already. The next thing obſervable, is, a moſt affectionate concern and regard for the welfare of mankind, who are to exiſt *ſome centuries hence*, when the *endleſs perfectibility of the human ſpecies* (for ſuch is their jargon) ſhall receive *its completion* upon earth; when the diſciples of Dr. Darwin have learned to *manage the winds*, and direct their currents as pleaſure, and the diſcendants of Abbè Sieyes have calmed the waves of a ſtormy people with the eſſential oil of democracy. Another trait is, that all political juſtice is eſſentially founded upon injuſtice; if plunder, robbery, and ſpoliation of all property *in the outſet* may be termed injuſtice; ‡ though to be ſure the

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† Firſt publiſhed in 2 vols. 4to. and ſince in 2 vols. 8vo.

‡ i. e. If Mr. G's principles are to be adopted in any country, where property is *now* ſecured *by the laws*.

Genius may droop o'er Falkland's funeral cry;

No

the latter end of his commonwealth rather forgets the beginning. But I muſt ſay, he is not without ſome kind apprehenſion, that the population of ſtates may be too great under the bleſſings of *equal diffuſion* of property under the propoſed government, for which he provides a remedy; though, for my own part, I think ſuch a government, like Saturn of old, will be reduced to the neceſſity of eating up its children. Again: another diſcovery ſeems to be, that as hitherto we have had recourſe to the agency and interference of the Deity and his unalterable laws, to account even for the fall of a ſtone to the ground, the germination of a blade of graſs, or the propagation of the meaneſt inſect; we are *now* to diſcard the ſuperintendence of God in human and terreſtrial affairs, and to believe *in no providence but our own*, and to *re-make* ourſelves and our faculties. He ſeems to realize a modern fiction I once read, which ſuppoſes an aſſembly of certain philoſophers before the Deity, when ſome of them are ſaid to whiſper in HIS ear, "Between friends, we do not believe that YOU exiſt at all." Further: as to ſuppoſe a divine ſanction without a divinity would be abſurd, *therefore*, every inſtitution ſuch as marriage, which in all civilized nations has been hallowed for the great end for which it was ordained, is to be vilified, ridiculed, argued away, and aboliſhed. The tender ſex, deprived of the ſupport, comfort, and protection of their natural guardian, is to be delivered over to fancied freedom and wild independence, but in reality to miſery and deſtitution beyond all calculation. Then *by way of corollary*, a few vulgar virtues and once honourable affections, as piety to parents and love to children, *as ſuch*, are to be eraſed from the breaſt.

No patriot weeps when *gifted villains* die.

Who

breaſt. Gratitude for kindneſs and tears for the unfortunate are but weakneſs; there is nothing ſoothing in compaſſion, and friendſhip has no conſolation. It would ſeem, that a well of water, an apple-tree, or any thing *productive*, is more valuable than man to man, *abſtracted from the mere uſe* which one man can derive from another. "Theſe are thy gods, O Iſrael, and this is the worſhip to which you are called!"—Nevertheleſs I ſhall ſtill venture to mention with reverence and humility THE GREAT MORAL CODE, intended for all mankind, once delivered and ratified by HIM, *who knew what was in man*. In that code all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindneſs, benevolence, and comfort, alike to him that gives and him that takes. There man plants, and God, not man, gives the increaſe; there we find no wild ſuppoſition of an intereſt which cannot be deſcribed, as it does not exiſt; no actions without a motive direct and reflected. I ſpeak here of perhaps the leaſt part of the Goſpel Code, even of that Revelation which has given unto men in a manner at once clear and perſpicuous, pure and unmixed, uniform and conſiſtent, perſuaſive and convincing, powerful and *authoritative*, in the name and in the majeſty of HIM *who* is from everlaſting to everlaſting, THE ALMIGHTY!—But if we regard mere human inſtitutions; if a man wiſhes to ſee *a practicable* ſyſtem of policy and government, founded and confirmed in the experience of ages, let him, if he has been awhile led aſtray by the meteors of Godwin, walk for a ſeaſon in the ſteady light which Blackſtone has diffuſed. Let him ſtudy the Commentaries on the Engliſh Laws, as they exiſt and uphold all that is valuable, or perhaps attainable, in a rational and civilized nation; and then let him conſider the Theories of Godwin on po-

litical

Who now reads PARR? whoſe title who ſhall give?
Doctor

litical juſtice, and contemplate the government which would be raiſed on his principles. To me there ſeems to be no more compariſon than between light and darkneſs. What the great Burnet[†] affirms of the Deiſt and the Atheiſt, conſidered merely as two ſects in philoſophy, is, I am convinced, not wholly inapplicable to the two political ſects in queſtion. "The hypotheſis of *the Deiſt* reaches from top to bottom, both through the intellectual and material world, with a clear and diſtinct light every where; is genuine, comprehenſive, ſatisfactory; has nothing forced, nothing confuſed, nothing precarious: Whereas the hypotheſis of *the Atheiſt* is ſtrained and broken; dark and uneaſy to the mind, *commonly precarious, often incongruous and irrational, and ſometimes plainly ridiculous.*"—I can allow Mr. Godwin and other ſpeculative writers on government to be ingenious. They muſt, in the courſe of their inveſtigation, now and then throw out a *new* idea, but in general the greateſt part of their works conſiſts of very old ideas, which have been diſcuſſed again and again. They aſtoniſh by paradoxes, and allure the imagination by proſpects without a limit; and when they have alternately *heated and confounded* the minds of men, they call them *to the great work*, namely, the ſubverſion of what they call, perjudices, and the overthrow of the government, *which is*. "IN NOSTROS FABRICATA EST MACHINA MUROS." I can laugh at
their

[†] Burnet's Theory of the earth. b. 2. ch. 10 —See the tenth and eleventh chapters of that great man's work; "On the Author of Nature, and on Natural Providence;"—a maſter treatiſe of reaſon and eloquence. I wiſh theſe two chapters were publiſhed in a ſeparate pamplet.

Doctor *Sententious* hight, or *Poſitive*? (s)

From

their metaphyſicks, and even be amuſed with their pantomime fancies, *as ſuch*. But when I know that their theories are deſigned to be brought into action, and when they tell us, that they hate violence, bloodſhed, revolution, and miſery, and that truth and happineſs are their objects; I open my eyes to ſee, and my ears to hear; and having honeſtly exerted both faculties, I declare from private conviction and from publick experience, that I oppoſe the admiſſion of theſe doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Paine or William Godwin.—Yet a moment; take Mr. Godwin as a *natural* philoſopher, and from his doctrines let the reader conſider *the ſtate of his underſtanding.* Let him alſo conſider, *how* ſuch a man is *qualified* not merely to reform, but firſt to overthrow and then to rebuild, the whole ſyſtem of government, morality, and religion in ſuch a kingdom as Great Britain. What opinion can we entertain of a man who ſeriouſly thinks that, at ſome future period, the neceſſity of *ſleep in an animal body* may be ſuperſeded:—that *men die merely by their own fault and miſmanagement*, but that the immortality of the organized human body, as it is now formed, might be attained by proper attention and care:—or who thinks "that, hereafter it is "by no means clear, that the moſt extenſive operations may not "be within the reach of *one* man, or to make uſe of a *familiar* "inſtance, *that a plough may not be turned into a field, and perform* "*its office, without the need of ſuperintendence!!!*" and then adds, "It was *in this ſenſe* that the celebrated Franklin conjectured, "that "Mind would one day become omnipotent over matter!!!‡"—Surely, we may ſay with the poet of Epicurus:

Naturäi
Perturbatur ibi totum *ſic* corpus, et *omnes*
Commutantur ibi POSITURÆ PRINCIPIORUM†.

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‡ Godwin, v. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo.

† Lucret. L. 4. v. 670.

From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,

In

I have quoted from the laſt edition of Mr. Godwin's work, as he has corrected or omitted many paſſages which were in the 4to edition. If he will but go on with *more laſt thoughts,* I think he will ſhortly reduce it to a very little pamphlet. I could make ſuch a collection of *Beauties* (or what Rabelais might call, " *Antidoted Conundrums*") from this work, as would dazzle even a modern philoſopher, whoſe " mind is omnipotent over matter," in Mr. Godwin's and Dr. Franklin's ſenſe. I think theſe *Beauties* would form an aſſemblage of the moſt curious and incongruous ideas ever exhibited; fully ſufficient, (as Mr. Godwin expreſſes it) to " rouſe (any man) from the lethargick OBLIVIOUS " POOL, *out of which every finite intellect originally roſe!*" (vol. 2. p. 88. 8vo. ed.) Good heaven! what can Mr. Godwin mean by ſuch ideas, and ſuch words! unleſs he *ſeriouſly* believes that *human ſouls* are dipped in the river of oblivion, or drink of that ſtream as deſcribed by Virgil. Yet even this will not help or explain Mr. Godwin's words, for he ſays, that they " ORIGINALLY *roſe from the oblivious pool.*" Into what whirlpools of deſolating nonſenſe are *we* to be hurried, as the ſport, the ſcorn, the ludibria, the puppets of *theſe new Creators of the moral world?* Alas for man! wherever they lead us and themſelves, methinks it is deeper and deeper, *confuſion worſe confounded!* The further I proceed, the more I learn to diſtruſt ſwelling men and ſwelling words and ſwelling ideas, but above all in political ſubjects, from which moſt is to be dreaded. Political writers of this claſs are not to be conſidered as the ſpeculators of former times The lucubrations of Monteſquieu and Locke were given as the reſult of long experience and continued meditation; and were not deſigned to produce ſubverſion, but *ſlow* and gradual reformations, as

the

In mazy progreſs and eternal round

Quotations

the various ſtates of Europe would admit. The writers of theſe days, on the contrary, throw out their ideas *at a heat*, and intend they ſhould be brought into *immediate* action. They are not friends "*to the world, or the world's law.*" For I would inculcate it again and again, that whatever may be held forth to us, or diſguiſed by theſe philoſophers, neither *their* plans, nor *their* reforms, nor *their* ſyſtems, can ever be erected or eſtabliſhed IN THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN, but upon the overthrow of the Chriſtian Religion, upon the annihilation or the diſturbance of all orders and ranks in ſociety, as they now exiſt. And this cannot be effected, but through the neceſſary and unavoidable medium of plunder, confiſcation, revolutionary diurnal murders, and in the inſurrection of the enterpriſing talents of gifted, bold, and bad men UPON ALL PROPERTY, *publick and private*, upon which all modern Revolutioniſts reſt as their corner ſtone, and their final hope‡.

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‡ To ſuch of my readers as are converſant in thoſe authors of antiquity, whoſe preciſion, of thought and of language, has conferred dignity and ſtability on thoſe principles by which all that is ſacred, or venerable, or uſeful, or neceſſary to well-being is maintained, I would offer the words of an ancient Chriſtian Philoſopher in the early ages. The uncertainty, and weakneſs, and futility of *modern and revived* doctrines were never better expoſed or expreſſed. "Ηδη γαρ μοι σκοτος αγνοιας ἁπαντα, και απατη μελαινα, και απειρος πλανη, και ατελης φαντασια, και ακαταληπτος αγνοια. Ταυτα τοινυν διεξηλθον, βουλομενος δειξαι την εν τοις δογμασιν ουσαν αυτων εναντιοτητα, και ὡς εις ἀπειρον αυτοις και αοριστον προεισιν ἡ ζητησις των πραγματων, και το τελος αυτων ατεκμαρτον και αχρηστον, εργω μηδενι προδηλω και λογω σαφει βεβαιουμενον."

Hermiæ Διασυρμος (ſive Irriſio) των εξω Φιλοσοφων. Pag. 175.—Sub fin. Ed. Paris. Juſtin. Martyris Op. 1636.

Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buzz through his wig, and give the buſh more grace:
But on the mitred oath that Tucker (*t*) ſwore
Parr wiſely ponder'd, and that oath forbore.
He prints a Sermon; (*tt*) Hurd with judging eye
Reads, and rejects with critick dignity:
Words upon words! and moſt againſt their will,
And honied globules dripple through his quill,

Mawkiſh,

N. B. *If this note is too long,* I have no inclination to make any apology for it. My conviction and my fears on this moſt awful ſubject, (while it may *yet* avail us to conſider it) ſometimes overpower me, till I abſolutely ſink under them. It is written, I hope we all know where, "*Γενομενος εν αγωνιᾳ* ΕΚΤΕΝΕΣΤΕΡΟΝ *προσηυχετο*!"

(*s*) Though the reader may poſſibly have a very good idea of a ſententious or poſitive Doctor, in general; yet my ſpecifick alluſion is to the theology of the twelfth century, when the Doctors were divided into *Doctores Dogmatici et Poſitivi,* and the *Doctores Sententiarii,* or expounders of the famous Book of Sentences by Peter Lombard, *Biſhop of* Paris.—At preſent *Biſhop* Gregoire and *Biſhop* Sieyes at PARIS, give *their Doctors* ſome famous books of ſentences to expound, *notis et commentariis perpetuis* DOCTORIS GUILLOTINI, who cauſes great unanimity of ſentiment among the Doctors, and *arranges their ſeveral heads* with admirable preciſion. (1796.)

(*t*) Joſiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Glouceſter, *ὁ πανυ,* once took an oath in a pamphlet that he would refuſe a biſhoprick, if offered to him.

Mawkiſh, and thick; Earth ſcarce the tropes ſupplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and *crowded galaxies*; (*v*)

Polemick

(*u*) The unfortunate Education Sermon, which Biſhop Hurd happened to diſlike. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* This produced the re-publication of Warburton's and Hurd's tracts, with the ſplendid and aſtoniſhing dedication by Dr. Parr. See the firſt dialogue of the P. of L. See alſo Rabelais's great Chapter, "How Gargantua ſpent his time in *rainy* weather," and the comment by Du Chat.

(*v*) Dr. Parr's *own* words. See the P. of L. Dialogue 1. and Dr. Parr's *own* Dedication of Warburton's tracts, p. 151, &c. with all the diſplay of beautiful earthly and cœleſtial imagery, and all the *melliti verborum globuli,* which were exhibited on the occaſion in ſuch admirable confuſion, "ut majus ſit *haſce contortiones orationis,* quam ſignorum ortus obituſque, perdiſcere." Cic de Fato, Sect. 8. Dr. Parr's ſtrange *verbiage* § reminds me of ſome perſons in *The Waſps* of Ariſtophanes;

Λυχνες

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§ I have been miſunderſtood. I hold up none of Dr. Parr's ſeſquipedalia verba to ridicule; it is his verbiage and phraſeology which I reprobate. It would be ridiculous indeed to compare *the Birmingham Doctor* with Dr. Samuel Johnſon. I am not his Biographer. It is not his life but his writings which I criticiſe. What has Dr. Parr written? A Sermon or two, rather long; a Latin Preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too) conſiſting of a cento of Latin and Greek expreſſions applied to political ſubjects: another preface to ſome Engliſh tracts, and two or three Engliſh pamphlets about his own private quarrels. And this is the man to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnſon!!! (Added, 1797.) Why am I *forced* into a confirmation of my opinion ſtronger and ſtronger?

Polemick phrenzy and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence, deform the page.

Let

Λυχνȣς εχοντες, και μινυριζοντες μελη
Αρχαιομελησιδωνοφρυνιχηρατα.

315. Σφηκες.

Or as Plautus expreſſes himſelf in one of his comedies;
"Salva res eſt, philoſophatur quoque jam:
"Quod erat ei nomen?—*Theſaurochryſonicochryſides.*"

Captiv. A. 2. S. 2.

The Doctor can conſtrue *all this*, I believe, and the meaning of it.—Dr. Parr is ſo very learned, and has ſuch a deep mouth, that ſome conjecture he was not born *till the end of the eleventh month*, like the great Gargantua; or περιπλομενȣ ενιαυτου, at *the end of the twelfth month*, as Homer ſpeaks (Od. xi. v. 247.) of one of Neptune's children, and for which Aulus Gellius, (a favourite author with Dr. Parr) gravely aſſigns a reaſon, "Conveniſſe Neptuno majeſtatique ejus, ut longiore tempore fatus ex eo grandeſceret. Lib. 3. Cap. 16. επει ȣκ αποφωλιοι ευναι Αθανατων!!!"—A few months after the Doctor's birth, he was found, like Gargantua, to be "a fine boy, and *had a burly phyſiognomy*; he monochordized with his fingers, and *barytonized* with his tail." Rabel. B. 1. C. 7. This was a preſage of *the noiſe* the Doctor was to make hereafter; but from the nature of his *boyiſh* diet, (for his maſters were ſtyled Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus) it appeared that he was better *fed* than *taught*. If the child wanted a bit of bread, or a ſlice of mutton, or any common vegetable, he was not ſuffered to have any, till he had *quoted all the* Greek or Latin *authors* who had mentioned theſe *natural* ſubſtances, Pliny, Athenæus, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphy-

ry

Let him but wrangle, and in any ſhape
Not inſignificance itſelf can 'ſcape:
Horace and Coombe (*x*) go forth, a gentle pair,
Splendid and ſilly, to unequal war;

But

ry, Oppian, Polybius, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis, Heliodorus, Ariſtotle, Plato, Aulus Gellius, Ælian, Theophraſtus,* and Dioſcorides, down to Buffon and Sir John Hill. This habit *the child* never loſt in his riper years, to the great edification of his hearers or readers, when he was furniſhed with pen and ink. When he was advanced to the Doctorate, *the child* was ſtill the ſame, as appeared in his complimentary and ſatirical preface to Bellendenus, in which, as uſual, he *diſcharged all the literary food he ever ate*, after the Greek faſhion of his maſters Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus, and as preſcribed by that great and conſummate Theologian, "Joanninus de Barrauco in libro de copioſitate reverentiarum," a writer who cannot be ſufficiently recommended, and who is *as well known* as "MUSAMBERTIUS in Commonitorio ad Ramireſium de Prado," quoted by Mr. Porſon in his title page of his Letters, to regale Archdeacon Travis.

(*x*) See the ridiculous controverſy between Dr. Parr and Dr. Coombe, the little man-midwife and critick, about a pompous edition of Horace, publiſhed to be ſure for no purpoſe that I can diſcover; which the Doctor Poſitivus mangled and de-

ſtroyed

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* I recommend to Dr. Parr the following paſſage from Theophraſtus's Hiſtory of Plants, which he will underſtand: *Εν ταις αγαθαις χωραις, προς το* ΜΗ ΦΥΛΛΟΜΑΝΕΙΝ, *επινεμουσι και επικειρουσι τον σιτον* Theophraſt. Hiſt. Plant. Lib. 8. c. 7.

But while the midwife to Lucina prays,
The Gorgon glares, and blaſts the critick's bays.
Parr prints *a Paper*: (y) well; in all things equal,
Senſe, taſte, wit, judgment: but pray read *The Sequel.*
Sequel to what? the Doctor only knows;
Morſels of politicks, moſt choſen proſe,
Of Nobles, Prieſtley, Plato, Democrats,
Pitt, Plutarch, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and rats;
The ſcene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
At once for half-pence, and for Doctor Parr.

OCTAVIUS.

ſtroyed in the Britiſh Critick without any mercy. See alſo Dr. Parr's *ſtrange* Letter to Dr. C. on this occaſion, ſigned "By an Occaſional Writer in the Britiſh Critick."

(y) Dr. Parr publiſhed at Birmingham what he called a "*printed Paper*," and after that, "a Sequel to a *printed Paper*," a very large pamphlet, *de omni ſcibili*, as uſual.—N. B. I really think it is impoſſible to point out any man of learning and ability, (and Dr. Parr has both,) who has *hitherto* waſted his powers and attainments in ſuch a deſultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and uſeleſs manner, as Dr. Parr.—*In nullum reipublicæ uſum* ambitioſâ loquelâ *inclaruit*."§—I have done with him.

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§ Tacit. Ann. L. 4. Sect. 20.

OCTAVIUS.

Well, if none *read* ſuch works, yet all admire—

AUTHOR.

The paper?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes; ten ſhillings every quire: (*a*)
The type is Bulmer's, *juſt like* Boydell's plays:
So Miſter Hayley ſhines in Milton's (*b*) rays.

(*a*) Not Dr. Parr's paper or printing, which in ſome of his works is ſometimes ſcarce legible; but I allude to and condemn the general needleſsly expenſive manner of publiſhing moſt pamphlets and books at this time. See the Purſuits of Literature Dial. 1. If the preſent rage of printing on fine, *creamy*, wire-wove, *vellum*, hot-preſſed paper is not ſtopped, the injury done to the eye from reading, and the ſhameful expence of the books, will in no very long time annihilate the deſire of reading, and the poſſibility of purchaſing. *No new work whatſoever* ſhould be publiſhed in this manner, or Literature will deſtroy itſelf.

In one glaz'd glare tracts, ſermons, pamphlets vie,
And hot-preſs'd nonſenſe claims a dignity.

AUTHOR.

Nonſenſe or ſenſe, I'll bear in any ſhape,
In gown, in lawn, in ermine, or in crape:
What's a fine type, where Truth exerts her rule?
Science is ſcience, and a fool's a fool.

Yet all ſhall read, and all that page approve,
Where publick ſpirit meets with publick love.
Thus late, (*c*) where Poverty with rapine dwelt,
RUMFORD's kind genius the Bavarian felt,

Not

(*b*) Mr. Hayley wrote a long life, or rather a ſort of defence of Milton, as I think, prefixed to Boydell's grand edition of the poet, I like neither the ſpirit nor the execution of Mr. H's work.

(*c*) See the Experimental Eſſays, Political, Economical, and Philoſophical, by BENJAMIN, *Count of* RUMFORD, &c. &c. &c. I hope the Directors of the interior Government of this country will have the ſenſe and wiſdom to profit from this moſt valuable and

Not by romantick charities beguil'd,
But calm in project, and in mercy *(d)* mild,
Where'er his wiſdom guided, none withſtood,
Content with peace and practicable good;
Round him the labourers throng, the nobles wait,
Friend of the poor, and guardian of the ſtate.

Yet *all ſhall read*, (*e*) when bold in ſtrength divine,
Prelatick virtue guards the Chriſtian ſhrine,
Pleas'd

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and important work, whoſe truly philoſophick and benevolent author muſt feel a joy and ſelf ſatisfaction, far ſuperior to any praiſe which man can beſtow.

(d) A diſtinguiſhing feature in all his plans for the relief of the poor, the idle, the abandoned, and the wretched. *The mode of conferring mercy* and apparent kiudneſs *is not always mild* and merciful. I have too much reſpect for my readers to enlarge on this virtue. May they all feel experimentally, that the merciful, in the true ſenſe, ſhall obtain mercy!

(*e*) See the important, convincing, and eloquent Letters addreſſed to Thomas Paine, author of the *Age of Reaſon* 2d. part, by the Rt. Rev. Richard Watſon, Biſhop of Landaff, ſtyled, "An Apology for the Bible." Every perſon wiſhes, that the Biſhop had changed, or even would now change, the word "Apology" to "Defence," or any other: not that the word "apology" is abſolutely improper, but becauſe the original meaning

Pleas'd from the pomp of ſcience to deſcend,
And teach *the people*, as their hallow'd friend;
In gentle warnings to the unſettled breaſt,
In all its wand'rings from the realms of reſt,
From impious ſcoffs and ribaldry to turn,
And *Reaſon's age* by reaſon's light diſcern;
Refix inſulted truth with temper'd zeal,
And feel that joy which WATSON beſt can feel.

True Genius marks alone the path to life,
And Fame invites, and prompts the noble ſtrife,
Her temple's everlaſting doors unbarr'd,
Deſert is various, various the reward;
No little jealouſy, no ill-tim'd ſneer,
No envy there is found, or rival fear.

Methinks on Babylon fond fancy dreams,
Her vale of willows by the mournful ſtreams,

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meaning of it is obſolete. *To write ſuch a book as this is* TO DO A REAL SERVICE TO MANKIND.—N. B. A cheap edition of it is printed, and it is hoped, will be circulated throughout the kingdom.

Where Hebrew lyres hung(*cc*)mute!—o'er Sion's hill
Blows the chill blaſt, and baneful dews diſtil. (*dd*)

Where

(*cc*) "The banks of *the rivers of Babylon*, the Euphrates, &c. were ſo thickly *planted with willow trees*, as the learned Bochart informs us, that the country of Babylon was thence called, "The Vale of Willows," and on thoſe trees were ſuſpended the lyres of the captive Hebrews neglected and unſtrung." See PERSIAN MISCELLANIES, by William Ouſeley, Eſq. 4to. p. 101. abounding with learned, pleaſing, and curious information. It is one of thoſe works, which not being adapted to general reading, ſhould be patroniſed and purchaſed by men of fortune and education. I beg leave for the ſame reaſons, to recommend the ingenious Mr. MAURICE's *Hiſtory of Hindoſtan* in 4to. and his Indian Antiquities in 8vo. The ſubject is indeed in the region of fancy and of conjecture, and Mr. M's work abounds with both. But ſuch erudition, ingenuity, and unremitting diligence, ſhould not fail of an honourable reward. *Sint* HIC *etiam ſua præmia laudi.*† (See alſo P. of L. Dial. IV.)

(*dd*) I read with the greateſt concern, the following paſſage in the very learned, ingenious, and venerable biſhop of Worceſter's Preface to the quarto edition of Warburton's Works, concerning Dr. Lowth, one of the greateſt men whom our times have produced. Dr. Hurd ſays; "*Biſhop* LOWTH's reputation, as a writer, was raiſed chiefly on his *Hebrew* Literature, as diſplayed in *thoſe two works*, his "Latin Lectures on the Hebrew poetry," and his "Engliſh verſion of the prophet Iſaiah." The former is well and elegantly compoſed, but in a vein of *criticiſm*

not

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† Virg. Æn. 1 v. 461.

Where is the charm, that ſenſe to virtue binds,
The ſocial ſympathy of learned minds,
The common int'reſt, univerſal cauſe,
And all that piety to genius draws?
How ſweet to hear on that Parnaſſian mount,
Mild waters welling from the favour'd fount:
Oh, never may Caſtalia's ſtreams divide
From Siloa's brook, and Jordan's hallow'd tide.

But hark, what ſolemn ſtrains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuſcan gales!
LORENZO rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him ſpread;
The Muſes ſtarting from their trance revive,
And at their ROSCOE's bidding, wake and live. (c)

The

not above the common; the latter, I think, is chiefly valuable, *as it ſhews how little may be expected* from Dr. Kennicott's Work, and from a new tranſlation of the Bible for publick uſe." Pref. to Warb. 4to edition, p. 94. The neceſſity of any obſervation from me, in this note, is precluded by a very able Letter to Biſhop Hurd, occaſioned by his Strictures on Archbiſhop Secker and Biſhop Lowth, by a member of the Univerſity of Oxford, which I recommend to the reader.—It is one of the few pamphlets which ſhould be preſerved.

The LATIAN GENIUS vindicates his ſtate,

And

(e) See "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, by William Roſcoe." 2 vol. 4to. I cannot but congratulate the public upon this great and important addition to Claſſical Hiſtory, which I regard as a phænomenon in Literature, in every point of view. It is pleaſing to conſider a gentleman, not under the auſpices of an univerſity, or beneath the ſhelter of academick bowers, but in the practice of the law and buſineſs of great extent, and reſident in a remote commercial town, where nothing is heard of but Guinea ſhips, ſlaves, blacks, and merchandiſe, *in the town of Liverpool;* inveſtigating and deſcribing the riſe and progreſs of every polite art in Italy at the revival of learning with acuteneſs, depth, and preciſion; with the ſpirit of the poet, and the ſolidity of the hiſtorian. It is pleaſing to conſider this. For my own part, I have not terms ſufficient to expreſs my admiration of his genius and erudition, or my gratitude for the amuſement and information I have received. I may add, that *the manner* in which Mr. Roſcoe procured, from the libraries at Florence, many of the various inedited manuſcripts with which he has enriched the appendix to his hiſtory, was ſingularly curious: not from a Fellow or Traveller of the *Dilettanti,* but from a commercial man in the intervals of his employment. I ſhall not violate the dignity of the work by ſlight objections to ſome modes of expreſſion, or to a few words, or to ſome *occaſional ſentiments* in the Hiſtorian *of a Republick.* But I recommend it to our country as a work of unqueſtionable genius, and of uncommon merit. It adds the name of ROSCOE to the very firſt rank of Engliſh claſſical Hiſtorians.

MUSARUM SPONDET CHORUS, ET ROMANUS APOLLO.‡ (1796.)

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‡ Sulpiciæ Sat. v. ult.

And proudly hails the great Triumvirate, (*f*)
Lords of the lyre, and fathers of the ſong,
In Fancy's order as they paſs along.
There muſing deep in philoſophick groves,
His Tuſcan Academe, (*g*) LORENZO roves;
While prophets of his great reviving name,
From iſles of fragrance and Athenian fame,
Sages and Bards in claſſick pomp appear:
BESSARION, (*h*) and PHILELPHO'S (*i*) form ſevere;

(*f*) Dante, Boccacio, and Petrarch.

(*g*) See Mr. Roſcoe's account of the inſtitution of the Platonick Academy at Florence, and the Platonick feſtival, and the effects of it. Vol. 1. p. 160, &c. &c.

(*h*) Cardinal Beſſarion, a learned and eloquent prelate, honoured with the purple by Pope Eugenius the 4th in 1439.—For the moſt ample account of the reſtoration of Greek literature in Italy the reader muſt conſult the learned Hodius de Græcis Illuſtribus, Linguæ Græcæ literarumque humaniorum Inſtauratoribus, which may eaſily be procured; and, if convenient, Tiraboſchi's Hiſtory, which is voluminous. Tiraboſchi was the Librarian at Modena.

(*i*) Philelpho.—A Profeſſor in various ſciences in different parts of Italy, who introduced many curious Greek MSS. into that country; a man of erudition, but turbulent and intractable in his temper. "Ingenium vagum, multiplex, volubile." See alſo the Academie des Inſcriptions, tom. 10. p. 691—751.

Marsilius, (*k*) robed in olive, Plato's prieſt;
(*l*) Janus, with treaſures from the learned Eaſt;
And he, who from Eleuſis flaming bore
The torch of ſcience to his native ſhore,
Fam'd Chrysoloras; (*m*) and Landino (*n*) bold,
In ſtudious ſhades high converſe form'd to hold;

Politian,

(*k*) Marſilius Ficinus, the great diſciple of Plato, whoſe doctrines alone occupied their attention, or rather devotion, and which appeared in all his conduct and converſation.

(*l*) *Janus Laſcaris*, a man of eloquence and politeneſs, and of imperial deſcent. He was a literary miſſionary of Lorenzo, and brought with him from the eaſt a treaſure of two hundred manuſcripts. See alſo Hodius de Græcis Illuſtribus, p. 294, for ſeveral curious particulars.

(*m*) Emanuel Chryſolòras, ſtyled by his contemporaries, the Patriarch of Literature, principally the Græcian.

(*n*) Chriſtophero Landino, a Profeſſor of Poetry and Rhetorick in Florence, a writer of ſpirit and depth of knowledge; and author of a work, once celebrated, called the "Diſputationes Camaldulenſes," formed on a plan ſimilar to the Tuſculan diſputations. The ſcene ſuppoſed is a monaſtery in the wood of Camaldoli. The account of it by Mr. Roſcoe, is particularly pleaſing and judicious, Vol. I. p. 103, &c.

POLITIAN, *(nn)* chief of all th'enlighten'd race
In Lydian ſoftneſs, and Horatian grace;
Aud MICHAEL, *(o)* whoſe bold hand the gods direct,
The ſculptor, painter, poet, architect,
Michael, to Britain dear, ſo Genius ſpoke,
When his laſt praiſe from parting*(p)*Reynolds broke:
And

(nn) See Mr. Roſcoe's account of that finiſhed and polite ſcholar and poet, *Angelo Politiano*. It were an injury to abridge it.

(o) Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I wiſh, however, to refer the reader again to Mr. Roſcoe, vol. 2. p. 201, &c. who gives animation to any ſubject, new or old; for I know not how it is, but as it ſeems *to me*,

> HUIC *Muſæ indulgent omnes*, HUNC POSCIT APOLLO.†

(p) In Sir Joſhua Reynolds's final addreſs to the Royal Academy, as their Preſident, he concluded an able panegyrick on that mighty maſter, by ſaying that the laſt word he wiſhed to pronounce from the Chair was, "MICHAEL ANGELO." It was a word heard by the audience with the deep ſilence of regret. It abſolutely repairs me to talk of theſe great men. Such is the power of departed genius!—Far pleaſanter to me is the language of commendation than the tone of cenſure. I wiſh to expatiate freely, when I can, in the groves and retreats of the wiſe, the virtuous and the eminent, with philoſophers, and ſtateſmen, and poets, and

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† Vidæ Art. Poet. L. 1. v. 327.

And all whoſe brows, with ivy grac'd or bays,
Brighten'd their Leo's viſionary days.
Names, which I long have bleſt, nor bleſt in vain!
Oh! were I number'd in their ſacred train,
To realms of pureſt light, where heroes dwell,
Her bolder notes the willing Muſe ſhould ſwell
In lyrick intonation grave and deep,
Nor dream with folly, nor with dulneſs ſleep;
To Cowper and to Gifford leave the rod,
For ſongs cœleſtial, and the Delian God:
Then calmly to the ſecret mount retire,
Bid Satire glance on folly, and expire.

OCTAVIUS.

Give me my Sabine grove, tir'd Horace cried;
For Cumæ thus the great Aquinian ſigh'd:

But

and hiſtorians, and orators of higher fame. I love the regions of the morning, and the light of the ſun;

Οθι τ᾽ Ηȣς ηριγενειης
Οικια και χοροι εισι, και αντολαι Ηελιοιο. ‡

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† Hom. Od. L. 12. v. 3.

But when wild waves, and wars, and tempeſts rage,
Ah, who can find the ſoft Saturnian age?
'Tis your's *awhile* to frown on claſſick toys,
Black letter Dogs, or hoary *ſeventh-form* (*q*) Boys;
Awhile to war with dunces, fools, and knaves,
Hirelings of ſtate, or oppoſition ſlaves,
And all who dare profane the MUSE's dome;
With idle random fierceneſs they may foam,
None ſhall HER column's ſtately pride deface:
The ſnake winds harmleſs round the marble baſe. (*r*)

(*q*) i. e. The modern Commentators on Shakſpeare, (ſee Dial. 1. of the P. of L.) and the tranſlators (not quite *The Septuagint*) of Gray's Elegy into Greek. See Dial. 3. of the P. of L. v. 1. to v. 60.

(*r*) My friend Octavius means by this alluſion to obſerve, that *the proper, conſtant, and undeviating* application of time, learning, and talents, muſt ultimately reſiſt the malignity of criticiſm, and riſe ſuperior to temporary neglect, in any department of literature, of government, or of ſociety. And as I concluded the firſt part of this Poem with a ſentence from Swift, I wiſh to recommend another from that great maſter of life, as obvious perhaps, and as little attended to. The ſentence is this: "*It is an uncontrouled truth*, THAT NO MAN EVER MADE AN ILL FIGURE, WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS OWN TALENTS, NOR A GOOD ONE, WHO MISTOOK THEM."

END OF THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH AND LAST.

Ουδ᾽ αλαοσκοπιην ειχε κρειων Ενοσιχθων·
Και γαρ ὁ θαυμαζων ἧστο Πτολεμοντε Μαχηντε,
Υψȣ επ᾽ ακροτατης κορυφης Σαμȣ ὑληεσσης
Θρηϊκιης· ενθεν γαρ εφαινετο πασα μεν Ιδη
Φαινετο δε Πριαμοιο πολις, και νηες Αχαιων.
Αυτικα δ᾽ εξορεος κατεϐησατο παιπαλοεντος.
ΤΡΙΣ μεν ορεξατ᾽ ιων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἱκετο τεκμωρ
Αιγαι, ενθα δε ὁι κλυτα δωματα ΒΕΝΘΕΣΙ ΛΙΜΝΗΣ
Χρυσεα, μαρμαιροντα τετευχαται, αφθιτα αιει.

Hom. Il. 13. v. 10.

PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH AND LAST DIALOGUE (a)

OF THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

L'OMBRA SUA TORNA CH'ERA DIPARTITA! Dante.
"*Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.*"
"But one word more:—"
"*He will not be commanded!*" Macbeth.

As I have now brought my Poem to the concluſion which I intended, it is proper and, as I think, reſpectful to offer ſome conſiderations to the publick, for whoſe uſe it was written. No imitation of any writer or of any poem was propoſed, except the adherence to the principles of juſt compoſition, and a *general* obſervation of the finiſhed models of claſſical literature, be conſidered as ſuch. In the

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(a) *Firſt* printed in July 1797.

the Preface to the Firſt Dialogue I ſaid, what I now repeat, that I would not have printed it, but from a full conviction of its *tendency* to promote the publick welfare. My particular ideas on the nature and ſubject of SATIRE I expreſſed clearly and fully in the Advertiſement to the Second Dialogue, and under the influence and impreſſion of thoſe ſentiments I wrote the Poem. In my introduction to the Third Dialogue, feeling the importance of my ſubject in its various branches, I aſſerted that, "LITERATURE, "*well or ill conducted*, IS THE GREAT ENGINE *by which*, "I am fully perſuaded, ALL CIVILIZED STATES *muſt* "*ultimately be ſupported or overthrown.*" I am now more and more deeply impreſſed with this truth, if we conſider the nature, variety, and extent, of the word, Literature. We are no longer in an age of ignorance, and information is not partially diſtributed according to the ranks, and orders, and functions, and dignities of ſocial life. All learning has an index, and every ſcience its abridgment. I am ſcarcely able to name any man whom I conſider as wholly ignorant. We no longer look excluſively for learned authors in the uſual place, in the retreats of academic erudition, and in the ſeats of religion. Our peaſantry now read the *Rights of Man* on mountains, and moors, and by the way ſide; and ſhepherds make the analogy between their occupation and that of their governors. Happy indeed, had they been taught to make no other compariſon. Our *unſexed* female writers now inſtruct, or confuſe us and themſelves in the labyrinth of politicks, or turn us wild with Gallick frenzy.

But there is one publication of the time too peculiar, and too important to be paſſed over in a general reprehenſion. There is nothing with which it may be compared. A le-

A legiſlator in our own parliament, a member of the Houſe of Commons of Great Britain, an elected guardian and defender of the laws, the religion and the good manners of the country, has neither ſcrupled nor bluſhed to depict, and to publiſh to the world, the arts of lewd and ſyſtematick ſeduction, and to thruſt upon the nation the moſt open and unqualified blaſphemy againſt the very code and volume of our religion. And all this, with his name, ſtyle, and title, prefixed to the novel or romance called "The Monk." (*b*) And one of our publick theatres has

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NOTE.

(*b*) "The Monk, a Romance in three volumes by M. Lewis, Eſq. M. P." printed for Bell, Oxford Street. At firſt I thought that the name and title of the author were fictitious, and ſome of the public papers hinted it. But I have been ſolemnly and repeatedly aſſured by the Bookſeller himſelf, that it is the writing and publication of M. Lewis, Eſq. *Member of Parliament.* It is ſufficient for me to point out Chap. 7. of Vol. 2. As a compoſition, the work would have been better, if the offenſive and ſcandalous paſſages had been omitted, and it is diſgraced by a *diablerie* and nonſenſe fitted only to frighten children in the nurſery. I believe this 7th Chap. of Vol. 2. *is indictable at Common Law.* Edmund Curl in the firſt year of George II. was proſecuted by the Attorney General (Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke) for printing two obſcene books. The Attorney General ſet forth the ſeveral obſcene paſſages, and concluded, that *it was an offence againſt the King's peace.* The defendant was found guilty and ſet in the pillory.* See Str. 788. 1 Barnardiſt. 29.

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

* The indictment (in Mich. Term 1 G. II. begins thus: "Edmund Curl, *Exiſtens homo iniquus et ſceleratus nequiter machinans et intendens bonos mores ſubditorum hujus regni corrumpere, et eos ad nequitiam inducere, quendam obſcenum libellum intitulat,"* &c. &c.—See Sir John Strange's Rep. p. 777. Ed. 1782. In

allured the public attention *ſtill more* to this novel, by a ſcenick repreſentation of an Epiſode in it. "*O Proceres, Cenſore*

NOTE.

We know the proceedings againſt the book, entitled "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleaſure," by John Cleland. To the paſſages of obſcenity, (which certainly I ſhall not copy in this place) Mr. Lewis *has added* BLASPHEMY AGAINST THE SCRIPTURES; *if* the following paſſages may be conſidered as ſuch. "He (the Monk) examined the book which ſhe (Antonia) had "been reading, and had now placed upon the table. *It was* "THE BIBLE. 'How,' ſaid the Prior to himſelf, 'Antonia "reads the Bible, and is ſtill ſo ignorant?' But upon further "inſpection he found that Elvira (the mother of Antonia) had "made exactly the ſame remark. That *prudent* mother, while "ſhe admired *the beauties* of THE SACRED WRITINGS, was con-"vinced, that *unreſtricted, no reading more improper could be per-*"*mitted a young woman.* Many of the narratives *can only tend* "*to excite ideas the worſt calculated for a female breaſt*; every "thing is called roundly and plainly by its own name; and "THE ANNALS OF A BROTHEL WOULD SCARCELY FURNISH "A GREATER CHOICE OF INDECENT EXPRESSIONS. Yet "this is the book which young women are recommended to "ſtudy, which is put into the hands of children, able to com-"prehend little more than thoſe paſſages *of which they had better* "*remain ignorant*, and *which but too frequently inculcate the* "*firſt rudiments of vice, and give the firſt alarm to the ſtill* "*ſleeping paſſions.* Of this Elvira was ſo fully convinced, that "ſhe would have *preferred* putting into her daughter's hands "Amadis de Gaul, or the Valiant Champion Tirante the "White;

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

two or three days after the point had been ſolemly argued, and the judges had given their reſpective opinions, Sir J. Strange obſerves, "They gave it *as their unanimous opinion*, that *this was a temporal offence.*" And they declared alſo that if the famous caſe of the Queen againſt *Read* (6 Ann. in B. R.) was to be adjudged *(by them)* they ſhould rule it *otherwiſe*; i. e. contrary to Lord Ch. J. Holt's opinion.—The Judges were Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, Forteſcue, Reynolds, and Probyn.

*Cenſore opus eſt, an Haruſpice nobis?**" I conſider this as a new ſpecies of legiſlative or ſtate-parricide. What is it to the kingdom at large, or what is it to all thoſe whoſe office

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NOTE.

"White; and *would ſooner have authoriſed her ſtudying the lewd* "*exploits* of Don Galaor, *or the laſcivious jokes* of the Damzel "Plazer de mi vida," (p. 247, 248.) &c. I ſtate only what is printed. It is for others to read it and to judge. The falſhood of this paſſage is not more groſs than its impiety. In the caſe of Thomas Woolſton, in the 2d. of George II. for blaſphemous diſcourſes againſt our Saviour's miracles, when arreſt of judgment was moved; Lord Raymond and the whole Court declared they would not ſuffer it to be debated, *whether* to write againſt Chriſtianity *in general* (not concerning controverted points between the learned, but *in general*) was not an offence puniſhable in the temporal Courts of Common Law. Woolſton was impriſoned one year, and entered into a large recognizance *for his good behaviour during life.* Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, was Attorney General at the time. The caſe of the King againſt Annet, when the Hon. Charles Yorke was Attorney General, (3d of Geo. III.) for a blaſphemous book entitled "The Free Inquirer," *tending*, among other points, to ridicule, *traduce and diſcredit the* HOLY SCRIPTURES, is well known to the profeſſion. The puniſhment was *uncommonly* ſevere. Whether the paſſage I have quoted in a *popular* novel, has not *a tendency* to corrupt the minds of the people, and of the younger unſuſpecting part of the female ſex, by *traducing and diſcrediting* THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, is a matter of publick conſideration. —"*This book goes all over the kingdom*;" are the words of Judge Reynolds, in the caſe of E. Curl. What Mr. LEWIS has printed *publickly with his name*, that I ſtate publickly to the nation. Few will diſſent from the opinion of Lord Raymond and the Court, in the caſe of Curl above ſtated, as reported by Strange and Barnardiſton to this effect; "Religion is *part of the common law*, "and therefore *whatever is an offence* againſt that, is an "offence *againſt* THE COMMON LAW." With this *opinion*, I conclude the note.

* Juv. Sat. 2.

office it is to maintain truth, and to inſtruct the riſing abilities and hope of England, that the author of it is *a very young man?* That forſooth he is a man of genius and fancy? So much the worſe. That there are very poetical deſcriptions of caſtles and abbies in this novel? So much the worſe again, the novel is *more alluring* on that account. Is this a time to poiſon the waters of our land in their ſprings and fountains? Are we to add incitement to incitement, and corruption to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be, a return to virtuous action and to regulated life? Who knows *the age* of this author? I preſume, very few. *Who does not know*, that he is a Member of Parliament? He has told us all ſo himſelf. I pretend not to know, (Sir John Scott does know, and practiſes too, whatever is honourable, and virtuous, and dignified in learning and profeſſional ability) I pretend not, I ſay, to know, whether this be an object of parliamentary animadverſion. Prudence may poſſibly forbid it. But we can feel that it is an object of moral and of national reprehenſion, when a Senator openly and daringly violates his firſt duty to his (*d*) country. There are wounds, and obſtructions, and diſeaſes in the political, as well as in the natural body, for which the removal of the part affected is alone efficacious. At an hour like this, are we to ſtand in conſultation on the remedy, when not only the diſeaſe is aſcertained,

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NOTE.

(*d*) All members of the legiſlature, Peers, or Commoners, ſhould join in ſentiment and in character with the Athenian orator, and be conſidered as ſpeaking to their country in theſe words:—"Ημεις, ὁις ἱερα και ταφοι προγονων ὑπαρχουσιν εν τη Πατριδι, και διατριβαι, και συνηθειαι μεθ᾽ ὑμων ελευθεροι, και γαμοι κατα τους νομους, και κηδεσται, και τεκνα, αξιοι της ὑμετερας πιστεως. κτλ. Æſchin: περι Παραπρεσβειος." Sect. 11.

certained, but the very ſtage of the diſeaſe, and its ſpecifick ſymptoms? Are we to ſpare the ſharpeſt inſtruments of authority and of cenſure, when public eſtabliſhments are gangrened in the life organs?

I fear, if our legiſlators are wholly regardleſs of ſuch writings, and of ſuch principles, *among their own members*, it may be ſaid to them, as the Roman Satiriſt ſaid to the patricians of the empire, for offences ſlight indeed, when compared to theſe:

> " *At vos* Trojugenæ *vobis ignoſcitis, et quæ*
> *Turpia cerdoni* Voleſos Brutoſque *docebunt.*" (*e*)

There is ſurely ſomething peculiar in theſe days; ſomething wholly unknown to our anceſtors. But men, however dignified in their political ſtation, or gifted with genius and fortune, and accompliſhments, may at leaſt be made aſhamed, or alarmed, or convicted before the tribunal of public opinion. Before that tribunal, and to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful ſanction by which that law is enforced, is Mr. Lewis this day called to anſwer.

I would alſo, in this place, ſelect a work by a Roman Catholick Divine, for that animadverſion it ſo ſolemnly demands. I mean the Preface to the *Second* volume of Dr. Geddes's *Tranſlation of the Bible.* I really would not *truſt* myſelf to *criticize* the Tranſlation itſelf, after I had read the fifth Chapter of Judges, v. 30. where for the words, " To every man a damſel or two," Dr. Geddes

tranſlates,

(*e*) Juv. Sat. 8. v. 181.

tranſlates, by way of a *ſpirited* and *inviting* improvement, "*A Girl*, A COUPLE OF GIRLS *to each* brave *man!*" I will have nothing to do with THE DOCTOR'S *Bravery*; but I intend to make a few obſervations on the *Preface* alone, which is very extraordinary indeed, and by no means in the ſpirit which the ſacred writings ſeem to recommend. I am always pleaſed with every ſerious attempt to elucidate the Scriptures, and am as ready as any man to acknowledge the merit and learning of an induſtrious and ingenious ſcholar. But though I differ eſſentially from Dr. Geddes, I am ſure I ſhall never call him "apoſtate, infidel, or heretick" in general terms, as *he knows* ſome perſons will do; (Pref. p. 4.) but I may oppoſe an opinion to an opinion. The cauſe in which he is engaged is not a trifling cauſe, nor is it, as we are ſometimes told, an object of *mere claſſical* criticiſm. I think there is an unbecoming levity in the Doctor's manner more frequently than I could wiſh, and he expreſſes his ſentiments in language not eaſily underſtood at all times, nor according to the genius and common grammar of the Engliſh tongue. But his meaning and opinion is, that "the "*Hiſtorical* Books of the Old Teſtament were *not divinely* "*inſpired.*" He tells us (p. 12.) of "a partial and *putative* "inſpiration," and that the writers had not "a perpetual "and *unerring ſufflation.*" I do not quite underſtand the terms, as they are too ſublime for a plain Engliſhman, but I *ſuppoſe* they are very fine, and I *ſuppoſe* their meaning from other ſentences in the preface. He ſays, (p. 3.) that "The Hebrew Hiſtorians wrote them from *ſuch human* "*documents* as they could find, *popular traditions, old* "*ſongs, and publick regiſters.*" Singular materials truly for divine inſpiration! But he ſays alſo, "I venture (and "it

" it is indeed venturing a great deal) I *venture* to lay it " down *as a certain truth*, that there is *no intrinſick evi-" dence* of the Jewiſh Hiſtorians *being divinely inſpired*; " *that there is nothing* in the ſtyle, or arrangement, in the " whole colour or complexion of their compoſitions, that " ſpeaks the guidance of an unerring ſpirit, but that *on the " contrary*, every thing *proclaims* the fallible and failing " writer." (p. 5.) Dr. G. declares alſo, " After reading " the Hebrew writings, and finding *to his full conviction* " ſo many intrinſick marks of fallibility, error and in-" conſiſtency, not to ſay *downright abſurdity*," (p. 11.) he could not believe their inſpiration, even if he were taught it by an angel. I have thus introduced the reader to the Doctor's moſt explicit opinion; but I will alſo preſent him with his ſolemn affirmation, and he will eaſily decide on the propriety, the reaſoning, and the conſiſtency of it. " *I " value them not the leſs*, (ſays Dr. Geddes) " *becauſe* I " deem them *not divinely inſpired*." (p. 12.) If a man can ſeriouſly aſſert, that *the Scriptures inſpired by* God (upon that ſuppoſition being granted) are *not more valuable* than the productions of a mere fallible wretched *creature like man*, in his beſt eſtate, I really could not loſe my time in argument with that man however learned, or however gifted. He has degraded himſelf from that rank of literature and of ſound underſtanding, which gives him a title to be anſwered. Dr. Geddes, as a ſcholar, ſhould *re*-conſider his character, and as a profeſſed Chriſtian, he ſhould *re*-examine his principles. I cannot diſcuſs the doctrine of inſpiration in this place; it cannot be expected that I ſhould. But the tendency of *all* the proceedings of our ſcholars and guides in literature, and in the ſtate, and in religion, ſhould be carefully watched. The open blaſ-

phemy

phemy and low ſcurrility of Thomas Paine has been ſet aſide by juſt argument, and the law of the land has armed itſelf againſt its effect in ſociety.* Mr. LEWIS, *Member of Parliament*, has attacked *the Bible*, as I have juſt ſhewn, in another and in a ſhorter manner †, *blaſphemous as far as it goes*, and tending to diſcredit and traduce its authority. And laſt Dr. GEDDES, a Tranſlator of the Bible, verſed in the original language and in Hebrew criticiſm, has *now begun* his attack alſo on the *hiſtorical* parts, which, if they are not part of the *inſpired* writings, are not intitled to the name of ſacred Scriptures. It is difficult to ſay, where theſe attacks will end. The times are ſo precarious, and revolt from all authority human and divine ſo frequent, that the magiſtrate, the ſatiriſt, and the critick have an united office. *If* the *hiſtorical* parts of the Bible are given up, another man will ariſe and object to the *poetical* parts. Theſe will be allowed to have ſublimity, and dignity; but it will be aſked, *why* ſhould they be conſidered as *inſpired?* All poetry, we ſhall be told, is in ſome ſenſe inſpired; Homer and Æſchylus and Shakeſpeare, and *why not* the Hebrew bards. The *moral* portion of the Scriptures is evidently full of wiſdom and of the ſoundeſt ſenſe, and I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſoon hear it may be *the work of a philoſopher*, and that morality is not matter of inſpiration. A fourth writer may

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NOTE.

* I am glad to bear teſtimony to the excellence of Mr. Erſkine's eloquent *declamation* in the court of K. B. in the cauſe, on Newton, Boyle, Locke, and other great men, the defenders of Chriſtianity.—But my *general* opinion of Mr. Erſkine's talent for writing and publick ſpeaking is very different. Out of Weſtminſter Hall he abſolutely ſinks into nothing. *Tanquam in piſtrinum aliquod detrudi et compingi videtur.* (See a future note on this Poem, Dial. 4.)

† In "The Monk, a Romance." See above. Pref. p. 195. of Dialogue 4.

may firſt inſinuate *with great reſpect*, and then prove that all *prophecy* is ambiguous; and that the prophecies in the Bible may be conjectural, and therefore no reliance can be had on *their* inſpiration. Laſtly we may be looſely and indiſcriminately told, that the *doctrinal* parts are ſo much above as well as contrary ‡ to *human* reaſon, that they could not come *from God*. Thus might the whole fabrick vaniſh into air, *into thin air*: or to reverſe Mr. Gibbon's phraſe, thus might "the triumphant banner of "the heathen Capitol be *again* erected on the ruins of the "Church of Chriſt." Still we are to ſit ſilent, ſtill we are to hear with patience the outrageous preſumption of man before his merciful Creator! while "The world and its adora-"ble AUTHOR, *his* attributes and eſſence, *his* power, and "rights, and *duty* (I tremble to pronounce the word) be all "*brought together to be judged*—BEFORE US."§ We are to aſſemble *in the Temple* with all our princes, and lords, and potentates,

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NOTE.

‡ As the ſubject is ſo important, and words are ſo frequently miſapplied or miſapprehended, it is always of uſe to remember the words *Faith and Reaſon*, as contradiſtinguiſhed to each other. Mr. Locke has defined them with a clearneſs and a preciſion which never can be exceeded, and which never ſhould be forgotten, in thought or in converſation. "REASON, as "contradiſtinguiſhed to *Faith*, I take to be the diſcovery of "the certainty or probability of ſuch propoſitions or truths, "which the mind arrives at by deductions made from ſuch ideas "which it has got by the uſe of its natural faculties, namely, "by ſenſation or reflection.—FAITH, on the other ſide, is the "aſſent to any propoſition not thus made out *by the deductions* "*of reaſon*, but upon the credit of the propoſer, as coming from "GOD, in ſome extraordinary way of communication. This "way of diſcovering truths to men, we call *Revelation*." Locke's Eſſay on the H. U. B. 4. C. 18. An attention to this accurate definition would prevent all confuſion, and oftentimes, very idle or profane jargon in converſation. Mr. Locke's *whole* chapter on this ſubject ſhould be ſtudied.

potentates, and venerable orders, and our high officers, in all the gradations and dignities of our ſtate and hierarchy, till ſome Champion of anarchy and infidelity be brought forth, as in ſport, and placed *between the pillars.* He may "bow himſelf with all his might," but his ſtrength, I truſt, will not be from above; he will "*feel* the nature of *the pillars whereupon the houſe ſtandeth!*" I ſpeak this *in general.* I do not apply it to Dr. Geddes, or any ſuch ſcholar. It is not now for the firſt time that *the Canon, and the inſpiration, and the authenticity of the Scriptures* have been examined; and their internal evidence has often taught a different leſſon. I cannot help offering one ſuggeſtion, as it is new to me. If there is a ſubject in the Bible which has been particularly *ſingled out for profane ridicule*, it is that of Jonah being ſwallowed up in the whale's belly three days and three nights. Yet, as if to confound human wiſdom, or ſagacity, or vanity, and as an eternal leſſon to human preſumption on the fitneſs and unfitneſs of *the*

NOTE.

§ Ogden's Sermons, Hallifax's edit. vol. 1. p. 2.—There was ſomething peculiarly amiable in the kind and diſintereſted office which the late Biſhop of St. Aſaph, Dr. Hallifax, undertook in the vindication of the memory and writings of two great men, *(quales et quantos viros!)* Biſhop Butler and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and moſt judicious prelate. Cicero ſhall ſpeak for this prelate. No man once better underſtood the ſtrength and application of his language, when he filled the profeſſorial chair of Civil Law, the ULPIAN of his day, in the Univerſity of Cambridge. "Idoneus meâ quidem ſententiâ, præſertim quum et Ipse *Eum audiverit* et "*ſcribat de mortuo*; ex quo nulla ſuſpicio eſt amicitiæ cauſâ eum eſſe mentitum." Cic. de Clar. Orat. Sect. 15. What ſuch a writer as Dr. Hallifax has told, who would tell again? I only ſpeak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whoſe name, and high attainments in ſcience, ſhould be *recorded.* Το γαρ γερας εστι θανοντων.

the ſubjects of inſpiration, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD HIMSELF thought proper to chooſe and to appropriate this event TO HIMSELF.§ “ *As* Jonah was three “ days and three nights in the whale's belly, so *ſhall* THE “ SON OF MAN *be three days and three nights in the heart* “ *of the earth!*” St. Matt. c. 12. v. 40.—I ſolemnly proteſt, I have no other object in view in whatever I have written, but the good of man in all his beſt intereſts, *complicated* as they are, at *this* awful and *preſſing* hour. More is *yet* in our power than we may even imagine; but *all* the orders of the ſtate muſt unite vigorouſly and powerfully in their *ſpecifick* functions to preſerve it. The prieſts and miniſters of the Lord muſt alſo ſtand between the porch and the altar, and exert themſelves “ before their eyes begin “ to wax dim that they may not ſee, and *ere the lamp of* “ God *goeth out in the temple of the Lord*, WHERE THE “ ARK OF GOD WAS!”†—I am deſirous that all perſons of literature and good ſenſe, and lovers of their country, ſhould be convinced to what end we may at laſt be conducted, if we are not aware of our danger.

But to return. The objects of publick regret and offence are *now* ſo numerous and ſo complicated, that all the milder offices of the Muſe have loſt their influence and attraction. It is indeed unfortunate that ſcarce a ſubject in literature can be intereſting without the ſcience and matter of politicks. They give a colour to our

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NOTE.

§ Σημειον Ιωνα τȣ Προφητȣ! are the very words of Chriſt. Can words be more explicit? Yet a German profeſſor, J. G. Ecchhorn, the ſucceſſor of the great Michaelis, *thinks it juſtifiable* to expel the prophetick book of Jonah from the preſent canon of the Scripture.—See his German Introduction to the Old Teſtament.

† Sam. b. 1. ch. 3. v. 3.

very thoughts. (*f*) We are borne down with a force not to be reſiſted,

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NOTE.

(*f*) "Quibus *occupatus et obſeſſus* animus quantulum loci bonis artibus relinquit!" Dialog. de Oratoribus C. 29.—I cannot reſiſt giving an opinion at *this* time. (July 1797.) My prime objection to any propoſed Miniſtry of Mr. Fox and his adherents is this. I believe their principles are *too popular* for the good, the ſafety, or perhaps for the exiſtence, of this country under its preſent conſtitution. I believe, that their deſign is to throw ſuch a weight of power into the Houſe of Commons, *by means of a Reform,* as *would* ultimately mould *the two* Houſes of Parliament not merely into a reſemblance, but into the actual form and relative power of the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Ancients. I am alſo of opinion, that the authority and influence of the Crown of Great Britain, would be reduced far below that which is lodged in the Executive Directory of France. I think the propoſed Reforms *lead,* beyond a controverſy, *to this iſſue.* I conceive, that a great Perſonage, in the caſe of a change of Mr. Pitt's Miniſtry, muſt be apprehenſive, *to whom* he is to be delivered, and *to what* he may be reduced. *The pride* of a ſtateſman's underſtanding, like Mr. Fox's, in the plenitude of dignity, will overbear all ideas of a balance of power in the orders of the ſtate, and of the ſafety of the country, upon its ancient principles. He has declared his opinion; he muſt not recede. All will be ſacrificed *to that pride* in a moment of phrenzy. The example of every ſtate, nation, and city, ſubdued by French arms, French principles, and French treachery, is to be weighed well, as an aweful warning *in this* kingdom, which may *yet* be preſerved. The *encroachments* of *ſuch* a ſtateſman, as Mr. Fox, (paramount as he is in ability and in *political* eloquence beyond any man) are to be watched and reſiſted by all who think ſoberly, and are independent of party. Yet Mr. Fox neither could, nor would, ſatisfy the raving and tyrannical ideas of Horne Tooke and the French crew. They would make uſe of him to a certain point. They would *then* declare him an enemy to his country, and conduct him to the ſcaffold. "Corpora lentè augeſcunt, CITO *extinguuntur.*"§ The ſecurity of property, publick and private, is ſhaken by the propoſed ſyſtem, and a Revolution (which we never *yet* have known but in mere name) might then be at hand. A govern-

§ Tacit. Agric. ap. init.

reſiſted, when our very exiſtence, as a nation under its ancient laws, and conſtitution, and eſtabliſhments, has been rendered dubious. I would particularly recommend the ſerious peruſal of the account given by *Thucydides* of the *democratick ſedition* in Corcyra. The reader would be convinced, that the ſame peculiarities mark all popular ſeditions and inſurrections, the ſame pretexts, the ſame motives. The inſurgents declare the friends of the lawful and eſtabliſhed government enemies to the popular repreſentation and intereſt. Some of theſe inſurgents have private enmities to revenge, and others have debts to cancel. Death is the univerſal ſolvent. *(ff)* The hiſtorian obſerves, they held forth either the ſpecious offer of greater *equality of power among the citizens*; or a more temperate form of *ariſtocracy*,

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NOTE.

ment which once relaxes, is not eaſily *recalled* to the vigour of its ancient principles. We have among us ſtateſmen of determined and of true patriotiſm, and this final miſery may yet be prevented. We have a King, who has courage, virtue, and firmneſs. Of his Miniſter, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, I have given my opinion often *in another place*; I have not altered my ſentiments.

I certainly cannot ſay with the great Satiriſt under Louis the 14th,

"Que ma vüe à COLBERT inſpiroit l'allégreſſe." §

I ſpeak, and I have ſpoken, moſt impartially of MR. PITT. I am neither for a proſcription of any political talents, nor for an hereditary claim to the publick office of Prime Miniſter. But if the principles of any ſtateſman are ſuch, as to induce a *real and effectual change* in the government, that ſtateſman ſhould not be admitted to rule. If the ancient and eſtabliſhed principles of

(*ff*) Hear the great Hiſtorian: " Την μεν αιτιαν επιφεροντες τοις τον Δημον καταλυουσιν. Απεθανον τινες ιδιας εχθρας ἑνεκα, και αλλοι χρηματων σφισιν οφειλομενων ὑπο των λαβοντων. L. 3. Sect. 81.

§ Boileau Ep. 10.

tocracy, or ſome ſtate expedient varying with the hour; but each leader in reality had his own private views of ambition, or power, or riches, but accommodated his ſpeeches to the prevailing humour of the day. *(g)* This

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NOTE.

of the Engliſh conſtitution are maintained, a Prime Miniſter may conduct publick affairs, even with a mediocrity of talent. It is neither Mr. Pitt, nor Lord Lanſdown, nor Mr. Fox, nor Mr. Grey, who are neceſſary to the function. But, by the diſaſtrous conſent of the whole nation and its Parliament, thinking rightly, propoſing ſoundly, and meaning honeſtly, are nothing *without* SPEAKING WELL.—Let me add a word or two on a ſubject not quite foreign to this note.—The example of a very learned and, in my opinion, of a very virtuous and honourable man, to whom the country is under much obligation, MR. REEVES, will deter any man from *volunteer effuſions* in favour of any Miniſter. It would not be amiſs, to be ſure, if Mr. R. or any other writer, would read Ariſtotle and Quintilian on tropes and metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richneſs of imagery, and exerts the command, which nature gives him, over *the figures* of ſpeech. *Trunco,* non frondibus, *efficit umbram.* For my own part, when his pamphlet, "Thoughts on the Engliſh Government," was publiſhed, I never felt more indignation than when I ſaw this gentleman ungeneroully and ſhamefully abandoned, and given up by Mr. Pitt in the H. of Commons to the malice of his avowed enemies, and to a criminal proſecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was ſolemnly acquitted of any libellous intentions; but his language was imprudent. He fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance † and ſtate-botany.—(See "Thoughts &c." as above, pag. 12 and 13 for Mr. Reeves's Simile of *the Conſtitutional Tree and its Branches.*)

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

† It was the deep and important obſervation of Ariſtotle; Ευ μεταφορειν εστιν ευ Θεωρειν.—See alſo the tenth chapter of Ariſtotle's Rhetorick, Book 3. which I recommend to all political writers and ſpeakers; De *Urbanis* Metaphoris, or περι των αστειων, και των ευδοκιμουντων. Thoſe great criticks, Meſſrs. Fox and Sheridan, differed however eſſentially from Ariſtotle in this point, in their Commentaries, read publickly in the H. of C. on this text: Των Μεταφορων ευδοκιμουσι μαλιστα ἁι κατα αναλογιαν. Rhet. L. 3. c. 10. s. 3.

as we have all known, has been tranſacted ſtep by ſtep upon a great and tremendous ſcale in France. The Italian and Belgian ſtates are following them with headſtrong and infuriate revolution. We have indeed MORE TO PRESERVE THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY under heaven; and we may, by wiſe regulations, hereafter reſtore even the finances of the ſtate. We muſt *never* forget that the ſtability of our preſent Conſtitution is the ſole ſtability of all property, publick and private. I ſpeak from awful and trembling conviction, OUR RUIN CAN BE EFFECTED BY POLITICAL REFORM ALONE, and our Enemies at home, and in France, know that I ſpeak the truth. We in Great Britain, who are *yet* in a condition to preſerve ourſelves, ſee and read and feel theſe things. The grant of *one demand* leads neceſſarily to another when any material alteration in a ſtate or government is conceded. If the ſecond is refuſed after the firſt has been granted, we are then told, that there is a want of conſiſtence in the plan, and that it were more adviſeable to have kept the ſtate as it was, than to admit only a partial reform. We ſurely cannot be ſaid to be *duped* and *fooled* by Reformers, without warning from hiſtory and from experience. The *conſtitutional* ſtateſmen of Great-Britain cannot *now* be ignorant of the nature of "*a Modern Reform in any ſtate of Europe.*" The greater the difficulty

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NOTE.

(g) Hear Thucydides again in his own language. "Οι εν ταις πολεσιν προσταντες μετ᾽ ονοματος ἑκαστοι ευπρεπους, πληθους Ισονομιας πολιτικης, και Αριστοκρατιας σωφρονος προτιμησει, τα μεν κοινα λογω θεραπευοντες αθλα εποιουντο, παντι δε τροπω αγωνιζομενοι αλληλων περιγιγνεσθαι·—και η μετα ψηφου αδικου καταγνωσεως, η χειρι κτωμενοι το κρατειν, ἑτοιμοι ησαν την αυτικα φιλονεικιαν εμπιμπλαναι." Ib. Sect. 82.

difficulty and danger, the greater the fury of the Revolutioniſts. Pindar was a poet and a ſtateſman; he ſaid: Απροσικτων Ερωτων οξυτεραι μανιαι·[*]. A man of a poetical mind either wanders into futurity, or recals the images of other times and of other empires. He can ſometimes even deſcend into the regions of terrifick fable, and give to his own country the ſentiments and paſſions of antiquity, and body forth contending parties which are no more, of the virtuous and the valiant, of the wicked, the deſperate, and the frantick. At ſuch an hour as the preſent, and with the objects which we ſee and hear and feel, with the exultation of the bad, and the dejection of the good, and the labours of great ſtateſmen *to preſerve us from final miſery*, can we forbear to contemplate the picture drawn by that poet, whoſe only Muſes were Cæſar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome.[†]

Triſtis FELICIBUS UMBRIS
Vultus erat; vidi Decios natumque patremque,
Luſtrales bellis animas, *flentemque* Camillum.
Abruptis Catilina minax fractiſque catenis
Exultat, Mariique truces nudique Cethegi:
Vidi ego lætantes, popularia nomina, Druſos
Legibus immodicos, auſoſque ingentia Gracchos.
Æternis chalybum nodis, et *carcere Ditis*
Conſtrictæ plauſere manus, CAMPOSQUE PIORUM . . .
POSCIT TURBA NOCENS! *(gg)*

The

NOTE.

[*] Nem. Od. 11. [†] Lucan. Pharſal. L. 6. v. 784.

(gg) In the great queſtion of a Reform in Parliament (i. e. in the Houſe of Commons) I certainly do not mean to call figuratively

The preſent Poem was not compoſed for a trivial purpoſe, or without mature thought. It is the fruit and ſtudy of

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NOTE.

figuratively the Miniſterial ground, the *Campi Piorum*, but I call the Conſtitution of England and its defenders, in or out of Parliament, by that name. Nor would I by any means rank the gentlemen of oppoſition with the *Turba nocens*. That *turba nocens* are the levellers and the partiſans of democracy and revolution. But the licence of poetry we are told is conſiderable, if aſſumed with modeſty. The queſtion itſelf has nothing to do with invention, though, as I think, much *fiction* is employed in the ſupport of it. I am of opinion, that in the outſet there is a fiction or a deceit. We are told we muſt recur to the *original* principle of the H. of C. the principle, as I ſuppoſe, on which it was founded, and that principle is declared to be *popular* in the *modern* ſenſe of that word. In this argument hiſtorical truth is not aſſerted; I would maintain, that it is violated. It is contrary to matter of fact. The very origin of the Houſe itſelf (the beſt antiquaries will tell you ſo) is rather doubtful. The more remote your enquiry, the greater the demonſtration of its *original* weakneſs, nay (I ſay it with grief) of its political inſignificance. It was a Council, which grew out of a greater Council, and it was deſigned to repreſent *the property* of the kingdom. I will not inſult my reader with information on the ſubject. But it is matter of plain hiſtorical knowledge that its powers, its functions, its freedom, and its conſequence have been all *progreſſive* to a certain period. That period was the Revolution (as it is foolíſhly called) in 1688. At that æra the Houſe of Commons *under the Old Whigs*, *attained* to the conſummation of its glory and to the fulneſs of its dignity. As I here ſpeak of the *original* principle, I have nothing to do with the ſubſequent corruptions. I muſt own I do not wiſh for the famous Roman plate of braſs; I am for no unqualified Lex Regia. † Let it reſt in

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

† See a Diſſertation "de Ænea Tabula Capitolina Romæ "1757." Heineccius and Gravina alſo publiſhed this "Lex "Regia."

of an independent and diſintereſted life, paſſed without the incumbrance of a profeſſion or the embarraſſment of buſineſs.

NOTE.

in the Capitoline Muſeum, that ſplendid effort of Michael Angelo. I abhor abject ſervility and all its monuments. I never wiſhed, I am ſure I do not now wiſh, to ſee *any* Senate diveſt itſelf of all power. I would not ſee a Veſpaſian in any country make and repeal laws, or exerciſe unlimited authority, without the advice and conſent of a well-conſtituted Senate. I venerate the inſtitution of the Houſe of Commons, and would preſerve it with my life; but I ſhall raiſe up no tree, trunk or branches, for a fatal ſimile, like Mr. Reeves. I look for no paſture in the fields of Miniſters or of Bookſellers: nor would I be turned out by Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan to graze on the verdant lawns of the King's Bench, once intended for the Chief Juſtice of Newfoundland, or at beſt to grub and delve in Mr. Pitt's *Strawyard.* I neither recur to Monteſquieu nor to Machiavel. I want not to be told by the former, that "*our* ſyſtem was found in the woods," or to hear from Signor Machiavel and Mr. Fox, that "*States* may *grow out of ſhape.*§" For my

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

"Regia." It may be read at full length in Gruteri Inſcript: Antiq. By this Law the Roman Senate in the moſt abject ſtile *authoriſed* Veſpaſion *to make and repeal laws*, to *declare peace and war*, and to exerciſe *every act* of an *abſolute* ſovereign, without waiting for their conſent or even aſking their advice.—This authority however was not granted to all the Emperors indiſcriminately; they *ſelected* (before Veſpaſian) Auguſtus, Tiberius, and Claudius. I leave the reader to his own reflections.

§ The words of Machiavel quoted by Mr. Fox in the H. of C. on May 26, 1797, in his ſpeech on the reform of Parliament. The founders of the French Republick, and the *Re*-founders of it (for it has been *founded three time* already) ſeem *always* to have had Michiavel's Diſcourſes on Livy in their view.

buſineſs. It was not intended merely to raiſe a ſmile at folly or conceit; but it was written with indignation againſt

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NOTE.

my own part, I would rather find a ſyſtem in the woods, than in modern France; and I do not look for *a new political Dancing Maſter* every time there is a twiſt in the body. To hear Mr. Fox, as I *perpetually* do in the Houſe, one would really think he was a rival to Veſtris or Diderot. He has been long trying his art and giving leſſons to Mr. Pitt *gratis*. That Right Honourable Gentleman's gait ſtill continues as aukward and ſtiff as uſual. He will not BEND. *A graceful bow* is not his ambition, and Mr. Fox *dances* before him every day *without the leaſt effect*. Mr. Fox, I believe, is of the opinion and principle of Monſieur Marcel, the famous *dancing maſter* in Queen Anne's reign, who ſaid, when the Earl of Oxford was made Prime Miniſter, "He was ſurpriſed, and could not tell what the Queen could ſee in him, for his own part *he never could make any thing of him*." To be ſure Mr. PITT is every day placed *between* THE DANCING MASTER AND HIS MAN, but he has not yet learned *grace* from Mr. Fox, or *wit* from Mr. Sheridan. Indeed I have been informed that, the three celebrated *Dancers* and

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

view. He ſays, that if *any* power or powers, (princes, warriors, or demagogues) take or ſubdue any city, province, or realm, "*they ſhould make all things new in the ſtate.*" The words are moſt particular. "Fare ogni coſa *di nuovo* in quello ſtato, nelle "Città fare *nuovi governi con nuovi nomi*, con nuova autorità, con "nuovi nomini, *fare i poveri ricchi*, disfare delle vecchie città, "cambiare gli abitatori da un luogo ad un altro, e in ſomma, "non laſciare *coſa niuna*, e che non via ſia *nè grado*, *né* "*ordine*, *né ſtato*, *né richezza*, che chi la tiene non la RICONOSCA "DA TE!" Machiav. Diſcorſi Lib. I. Chap. 6. The French have *religiouſly* obſerved the advice. *We* are told in the H. of C. by Mr. Fox, that the authority of Machiavel is great. In my opinion, ALL TYRANNY *is uniform in its maxims.*

againſt wickedneſs, againſt the proſtitution of ſuperior talents, and the prophane violence of bad men. It was indeed

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N O T E.

and Ballet maſters, Meſſrs. Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, are preparing a *new Serious Divertiſement*, or Pas de Trois, with *new ſcenes*, *dreſſes* and *decorations*, called, "LE DIRECTOIRE EXECUTIF." If it can be *got up* time enough, it will be *brought forward this ſeaſon ;* but as there is a neceſſity for a re-inforcement of *the troop* FROM PARIS, it is feared *the old dances* muſt continue to the end of this ſeaſon, June 1797. It is propoſed that *light* ſhould be thrown *on the ſtage* in a *quite new* manner ; but the Ballet-maſters will ſuffer no perſons to be on the ſtage, or to view the machinery *behind the ſcenes*. Lord Galloway and Lady Mary Duncan have expreſſed their approbation of this rule, ſo much for the intereſt of THE GRAND OPERA : though the noble Earl is contented with *the preſent Grand Ballet-Maſter.*—On a kindred topick I would obſerve to the claſſical reader another *ſingular* circumſtance in ancient times. It is from the Roman ſtate. Since we have all been arming at home with alacrity and prudence, and (what is conſequent to that) with effect, againſt OUR enemy, and the militia laws have been extended, it is curious to call to mind *the emphatick clauſe* in the ancient Roman law concerning *the exemption* of particular perſons from military ſervice, called "DE VACATIONE," as learned Civilians well know. The Clauſe is this : "*Niſi* BEL- "LUM GALLICUM *exoriatur ;*" in which caſe not even the Prieſts were exempted. I will illuſtrate this law from Plutarch and Cicero, but I will not tranſlate the paſſages. Plutarch has this ſingular remark in the life of Marcellus : "Ου μην αλλα μεγαν ἡ τε χωρα παρειχε φοϐον, δια την γειτνιασιν, ὁμορω και προσοικω πολεμω συνοισομενοις, και το παλαιον αξιωμα των Γαλατων· (the Gauls or *French*) ὁυς μαλιστα Ρωμαιοι δεισαι δοκȣσιν, ἁτε δη και την Πολιν ὑπ᾽ αυτων αποϐαλοντες, εξ εκεινȣ δε θεμενοι Νομον, ατελεις ειναι στρατειας τȣς Ιερεας, πλην ει μη Γαλατικος παλιν επελθοι Πολεμος. Εδηλȣ δε και τον φοϐον αυτων ἡ τε Παρασκευη. Μυριαδες γαρ εν ὁπλοις ἁμα τοσαυται Ρωμαιων ȣτε προτερον ȣτε ὑστερον γενεσθαι λεγονται." Plut. Vit. Marcel. p. 244. Vol. 2. Edit. Bryan.—The other illuſtration is from Cicero in his oration for deed, (to uſe a poet's illuſion) poured forth as a libation from the cup of Achilles, conſecrated and appropriated :

Ουτε τεω σπενδεσκε θεων, ὁτε μη ΔΙΙ Πατρι. *(h)*

It is propoſed, in its degree and according to its ſubject, for the defence of truth, and with an honeſt wiſh to uphold ſociety and the beſt intereſts of mankind, but chiefly thoſe of our own country. In it there are no imaginary ſubjects. I have raiſed no phantoms of abſurdity merely to diſperſe them; but the words, the works, the ſentiments, and often the actions of the authors are before us. It might be known *hereafter* from this poem how we

wrote

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for Fonteius; (the object of which was to inculcate, " Gallis " fidem non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et in ipſos " Deos immortales impiis.") The words are theſe: " *Ut oportet,* " BELLO GALLICO, ut majorum jura moreſque præſcribunt, " NEMO EST, Civis Romanus, *qui ſibi ulla excuſatione utendum* " *putet.*" Orat. pro Fonteio. Sect. 16. ſub fin. Cic. Op. Ed. Barbou. Vol. 4. p. 393.—We have not, and I truſt we never ſhall have, *the ſame* cauſe for apprehenſion from the French as the Romans had from the Gauls. *They never have taken* OUR CITY, and while we are true to ourſelves, *as we now are*, they never will or can take it. But the danger is and ever will be great, *from their vicinity*, δια την γειτνιασιν. The words are from Plutarch: Mr. Burke has written the commentary.‡ " *Vocem adyti dignam templo!*" (July 1797.)

(h) Hom. Il. 16, v. 227.

NOTE ON THE NOTE.

‡ Two Letters on the Peace. (Ed. Rivington 1796.) pag. 113, &c.

wrote and thought in this age, and not unfrequently how we conducted ourſelves.

There is one ſubject which I have preſſed upon the attention of the nation, which in this reſpect ſeems to be in a ſtate between ſlumber and alarm; in the ſupineneſs which attends the former, and with that confuſion in ideas and meaſures, which too frequently accompanies terror. Compaſſion, mercy, ſelf preſervation, integrity of principle, Chriſtian charity, the uncertainty of the mortal condition, the convulſion of empires and of ſtates, have all and each variouſly conſpired to direct the meaſures of our government with reſpect to the French Roman Catholick Emigrants, and in particular, to the French Prieſts. I have ſtated in different places my opinion on this important ſubject. I continue to call aloud upon this country and its miniſters to regard, *with minute circumſpection*, THESE MEN AND THEIR CAUSE. The moſt reprehenſible part of Mr. Burke's publick conduct has been in this point. Great and venerable as I hold him, in this I praiſe him not. I maintain that the vigilance of the Roman Catholicks is erect and on the tiptoe of expectation; it is ſcarcely ſuſpended by ſlumber. I ſpeak alſo on another account. There is ſuch a connection between ſuperſtition and atheiſm, and their allies cruelty and tyranny, that the wiſeſt and moſt experienced ſtateſmen and moraliſts have declared it to be indiſſoluble. In *their* cauſe, they would unite with any, even with Jacobin, principles. Hear Dr. Huſſey the titular Biſhop of Waterford in Ireland in his late paſtoral Letter. *(i)* "THE CATHOLICK FAITH (i. e. the tenets, the doctrines, the ſuperſtitions, the abſurdities, the follies, the cruelty, and the tyranny

ranny, of the Church of Rome, and whatever makes it to differ from any other *external* eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity) *The*

(i) See "A Paſtoral Letter to the Catholick Clergy of Waterford and Liſmore in Ireland. by the R. R. Doctor Huſſey." London, reprinted by P. Coghlan, Duke Street, Groſvenor Square. 1797. His *titular* Lordſhip's idea of "a man of true liberality is this; "that he lives in charity, in concord, in amity, with *all others* of *every* religious perſuaſion; with whom a difference in religious opinions makes *no* difference in ſocial life, &c. &c." (p. 6.) Very liberal indeed; this is the text. But his Lordſhip, in the natural confuſion of ideas in *his* country has *prefixed* the comment. See *the preceding* page. The words are theſe: "Remonſtrate (ſays his Lordſhip) with "any parent, who will be *ſo criminal* as to *expoſe* his offspring "to *thoſe places of education* (the Charter Schools, &c. &c. as I "ſuppoſe) where *his religious faith and morals* are likely to be "perverted. *If he will not attend* to *your* remonſtrances, (he is "ſpeaking to the Roman Catholick Clergy) *refuſe him* the participation of Chriſt's body; *if* he ſhould *ſtill* continue *obſtinate*, DENOUNCE HIM TO THE CHURCH, in order that, according to Chriſt's commandment, *he be conſidered as a heathen* "*and a publican.*" p. 5. We know the ſenſe of Chriſt; and we know *the ſenſe which the* ROMAN CATHOLICK CHURCH annexes to *theſe words*. But this is LIBERALITY!!!—Hear his titular Lordſhip once more. Speaking of the *total* repeal of the Popery Laws in Ireland, he *warns* thoſe who *oppoſe* it in theſe terms, page 10. "THE VAST ROCK *is already detached* "*from the mountain's brow*, and *whoever* OPPOSES its deſcent and "removal, MUST BE CRUSHED by his own raſh endeavours." Is the common ſenſe of England and Ireland *drunk?* Or if it has ſlept, will it not now awake? Can any man ſay, that the *political* ſpirit of the Roman Catholick Religion is extinct, that it is dead, that it is dying? This titular biſhop warns us plain enough. He has rocks and mountains at command, and the powers of nature in their gigantick admeaſurements appear at his great bidding. In Ireland it might be of uſe to diſcuſs this paſtoral Letter *in toto*. If I were an Iriſhman, I would do ſo; but the buſineſs in England is *yet* very different. Let me add a word

The Catholick faith (ſays his *titular* Lordſhip) is ſuitable to *all* climes, and *all* forms of government, monarchies or *republicks*,

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NOTE.

a word or two. It may be worth while at *this* period when all eſtabliſhments are ſhaking, to conſider frequently, that "a Religious Eſtabliſhment, under any form, is not the religion itſelf, but the mode of preſerving, inculcating, and continuing the religion." There is a religion which may be and is political, and another which is real. I will give a paſſage from the admirable Preface to the tranſlation of Xenophon's Cyropædia, written with great compaſs of thought and preciſion of argument, by a gentleman of fortune, family, erudition and virtue, *the Hon.* MAURICE ASHLEY. I cannot refrain from obſerving with pleaſure, that LORD MALMESBURY *and myſelf* may have a *natural* partiality for the memory of that accompliſhed and well-inſtructed gentleman. "Real Chriſtianity (ſays he) is none of all theſe changeable eſtabliſhments and human inſtitutions, nor ever can be, *but ſtands upon its own foot.* Whether it be the religion of the multitude, and national or not national, or whatever be the forms of it in national eſtabliſhments, *it is one and the ſame in itſelf*, firm and unalterable, and will undoubtedly remain ſo *to the end of the world*, whether owned or not owned by any publick eſtabliſhment indifferently." Mr. A's Pref. pag. 8. I enter not into the expedience, inſtitution and relative excellence of religious eſtabliſhments in this place. It is not here the queſtion; if it were, I am not without my ſentiments or without words to enforce them. I hope indeed we may, and ſhall, *ſtill* juſtify the expreſſions of a great writer: "*We* are ſeparated from the errors, and freed from the chains of POPERY, *without breaking out into a ſtate of religious anarchy.*" But I give Mr. Aſhley's words as *a general* obſervation to *all* thoſe who eſteem the downfall of *ſuch* an eſtabliſhment as *Popery* to be the downfall of the Chriſtian religion, than which no opinion can be more unfounded. To the Roman Catholick *ſyſtem* of religion, whether in its vigour and plenitude of power, or in its decline, or *in its ſtruggle for revival*, the words of the poet may be applied figuratively and literally:

publicks, ariſtocracies, or DEMOCRACIES." (p. 9.) Right. Does his Lordſhip ſpeak intelligibly? That which is true of Chriſtianity *in itſelf and by itſelf alone*, independent of *any* eſtabliſhment whatſoever, that they aſſert of their own tyrannical ſuperſtition. They will ſhew the arm, and the ſword, of heaven intereſted and active *for them*. They will tell you, (whenever they have the power or even the probability of attaining that power) that their cauſe alone is from above. They ſeparate *their* ſpiritual rulers from the temporal governors of the ſtate, and aſſert the ſuperior dignity and paramount authority of the former; and this they thunder in the ears of an armed ſoldiery. They tell you, that the oppoſers of the Roman Catholick cauſe are ſacrilegious in the eye of heaven; and that upon them, in a maſs, THE GREAT STONE will fall and grind them to powder. I know the ſtate of Ireland,† and the declarations of the *titular* biſhops in

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NOTE.

In *ſua* templa *furit*, nullâque exire vetante
Materiâ, magnamque *cadens* magnamque *revertens*
Dat *ſtragem* latè, SPARSOSQUE RECOLLIGIT IGNES.
Lucan. L. 1.

† There is ſomething *peculiarly ungrateful* in the conduct of this *titular* Biſhop of Waterford. Particular attention has been paid to Dr. Huſſey by the adminiſtration of Ireland, as Lord Camden knows. But in *this* country I ſhould hardly be underſtood if I were to enumerate the particulars *which I know*. I have ſpoken in terms very moderate indeed of this Paſtoral Letter, *under the circumſtances* of its publication. My reprehenſion has been confined *to the ſpirit of it*. It will be perceived by *ſome* perſons that I write Συνετοῖσι.

Talibus *ex adyto* dictis CUMÆA SIBYLLA
Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit
Obſcuris vera involvens!

in that country. But that ſubject is not properly mine, though it is intimately connected with it. All I have to do is to ſhew, (and I think I have ſhewn it to all who will attend,) that, "*the Spirit of the Roman Catholick Syſtem is yet unaltered.*" In England the French Prieſts, in a body, have been chaſed from the King's Caſtle at Wincheſter: but our government has yet a ſacred fortreſs or two at Reading, and Shene, and in Yorkſhire; and it appears that a ſum of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS *(b)* has been iſſued for the uſe of the French Emigrants, *ſacred and profane*, in the courſe of the year 1796. This is ratified by the vote of Parliament. On this particular topick I ſhall ſay nothing further in this place.

The

NOTE.

(b) On the 21ſt of Dec. 1796, "The Houſe of Commons "in a Committee of Supply, among other ſums, voted a ſum "of 540,000 l. for the relief of the ſuffering clergy and laity of "France." Woodfall's Parliamentary Regiſter. 1796. Vol. 1. page 524. It is ſingular (and it will be remembered by thoſe who are verſed in the interior politicks of this country in the reign of Queen Anne) that in Swift's Examiner Nov. 1710, No. 16. the *exact ſum* of 540,000l. is ſtated humorouſly, as "*a "Bill of Britiſh ingratitude*," to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, viz. "Woodſtock 40,000l. Blenheim, 200,000. Poſt Office grant, 100,000l. Mildenheim, 30,000l. Pictures, jewels, &c. 60,000l. Pall Mall grant &c. 10,000l. Employments &c. 100,000l. The total *exactly* 540,000." Thus at the beginning of this century did the Britiſh nation remunerate THE CONQUEROR OF FRANCE! *And thus*, at the cloſe of it, are *the Services* of the French Emigrants, *ſacred and profane*, annually *requited* by the munificence of the Britiſh Parliament!!! We know where it is written in letters of marble;

EUROPÆ HÆC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO!

The ſubjects of this poem have been from neceſſity various and numerous, far beyond my original conception. But a mighty and majeſtick river in its courſe through a diverſity of countries not only winds and murmurs in the vallies, but contends and foams among rocks, and precipices, and the confluence of torrents. Still its tendency is to the ocean, to which it pays its laſt tribute, and is finally loſt in that immenſity. In literature the mind reſembles ſuch a courſe. All its exertions may be turned into one grand and general direction. The mind, if well regulated, remembers from whence it came, and feels that all its powers and faculties are but miniſterial. I think it is ſomewhere expreſſed in the conciſe ſublimity of Plato, Προς το αϊδιον εϐλεπεν. Under the influence and perſuaſion of this great and maſter principle the mind ſo prepared, whether ſerious, or gay, or thoughtful, or ſprightly, or even fantaſtick in its humour, is ſtill performing its proper office. Philoſophy and criticiſm cannot reach ſome ſubjects, which ſap the foundation and ſupport of well-being. Playfulneſs, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth, and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main ſtrength of the body.

There is one deſcription and ſect of men, to whom more than common reprehenſion is due, and who cannot be held up too frequently to the publick ſcorn and abhorrence. I mean the modern philoſophers of the French ſyſtem. Mr. Burke has thundered upon them, and his lightning ſhone through their darkeſt receſſes. "*The ſudden blaze far round illumined Hell.*" This monſtrous compound of the vanity and weakneſs of the

the intellect, and the fury of the paſſions in ſome of them, this "facinus majoris abollæ," ſhould be expoſed with the full ſtrength of argument and of reaſon, and with occaſional ridicule, to the Engliſh nation in every point of view. In other philoſophers of this ſyſtem, there is a calmneſs and compoſure in their mental operations, more ſavage than the violence of the former. Their ſubject is *the living man*. Before them he is delivered, bound hand and foot. On him their experiments are to be tried; and when his whole compoſition, moral and political, is either racked, or disjointed, or the minuter parts of it laid bare to the eye, and the very circulation of the fluids, as it were, ſhewn in the agonizing ſubject; this they ſavagely call, ſtudying and improving human nature by the new light. But I will not proceed on this ſubject. Great and venerable is the name and influence of the true philoſophy. The word may be diſgraced for a ſeaſon, but *the love of wiſdom* muſt always command reſpect. When we compare theſe modern philoſophers who *reject* all revelation, with the philoſophers of antiquity, and in particular thoſe of the Stoick ſect, who *were ignorant* of it, the difference, to ſay no more, is indeed ſtriking. What were Socrates, and Plato, and Epictetus, and Cicero, and Antoninus! Before ſuch lights, ſhining in the darkneſs and gloom of the heathen firmament,

Conditur omne
Stellarum vulgus, *fugiunt ſine nomine ſigna.* (d)

As I am ſpeaking of Philoſophy, I may be excuſed if I ſay a few words of that language, in which its power has been

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(d) Manil. Aſtron. L. 1. v. 470.

been moſt conſpicuous. I ſee no more pedantry in the knowledge and ſtudy of *the Greek* tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I conſider that every ſubject in philoſophy, in hiſtory, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embelliſh human ſociety in its moſt cultivated ſtate, has there found the higheſt authors; that the principles of compoſition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language; that the Greek writers are the univerſal legiſlators in taſte criticiſm, and juſt compoſition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with a peculiar emphaſis and earneſtneſs requeſt young men of fortune, ability, and poliſhed education, not to caſt off the ſtudy of the Greek writers, when they leave the univerſity. A few hours devoted to this ſtudy in every week will preſerve and improve their knowledge. It will animate the whole maſs of their learning, will give colour to their thoughts and preciſion to their expreſſions. There is no neceſſity either to quote or to ſpeak Greek; but the conſtant peruſal of the hiſtorians, philoſophers, orators, and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it would be moſt conſpicuous. *(a)* They who are wiſe

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NOTE.

(a) Plutarch deſcribes the firſt Marcellus, (the firſt of that diſtinguiſhed race) as a warrior of experience and intrepidity, humane and poliſhed in his manners, and a great lover of the Greek literature; the words are theſe: Τη μεν εμπειρια πολεμικος, τη φυσει φιλοπολεμος· τω δε αλλω τροπω σωφρων, φιλανθρωπος, Ελληνικης παιδειας και λογων, αχρι του τιμᾶν και θαυμαζειν τους κατορθουντας, εραστης." Plut. Vit. Marcell. p. 242. vol. 2. Ed. Bryan.—As we have now *ſo many gentlemen of fortune*

wiſe will ſecretly attend to this recommendation, which muſt be diſintereſted, and proceeds from long experience.

In regard to the manner and the plan of *this* Poem on the P. of L. I have ſomething to ſay, but my reſpect to the reader prevents me from ſaying much. It aſpires not to the manner or the praiſe of THE DUNCIAD, or to any thing whatſoever in common with that great performance. The *original motive* of it however, in my opinion, is as far ſuperior in importance and dignity, as the power and ability of the author fall ſhort of that poetical excellence, which none hereafter muſt hope to rival or perhaps to attain. Its general ſubject is LITERATURE however exerted, whether for the benefit, or for the injury of mankind. It has nothing of the mock epick. It is a dialogue; has ſomething of a dramatick caſt, and is an excurſus. The ſubjects follow each other; and if I am not miſtaken, they are neither confounded nor confuſed. If there be in the whole compoſition any paſſage, any ſentence, or any expreſſion, which, according to the ſpecifick nature of the ſubject, can juſtly offend even female delicacy: which, from the manner of it, a gentleman would refuſe to write, or a man of virtue to admit into his thoughts: which violates the high, and diſcriminating, and honourable, and directing

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NOTE.

fortune and family and education and ability among the officers of the army and the militia, I wiſh they may read this note, and be induced to employ ſome of their vacant hours in valuable ſtudies; and, like the great chiefs among the ancients, reſume and vindicate the honour of learned military leiſure.

directing principles of human conduct, it is to me matter of ſerious and of ſolemn regret. I am not conſcious of having admitted any ſuch paſſage, or ſentence, or expreſſion. I have never yet heard *ſuch* an objection to my work. If it can be pointed out, I will eraſe it with much concern and great indignation.

I ſhould alſo give a few words to *the manner* of the notes which I have annexed, and which are ſo frequent and ſo copious. I wiſhed not, as Boileau expreſſes it, *to prepare tortures for any future Salmaſius, (f)* and I too well know my own inſignificance to expect any comment on my writings, but from my own pen. I have made no alluſions which I did not mean to explain. But I had ſomething further in my intention. The notes are not always merely explanatory; they are, (if I have been able to execute my intention) of a ſtructure rather peculiar to themſelves. Many of them are of a nature between an eſſay and an explanatory comment. There is much matter in a little compaſs, ſuited *to the exigency* of the times. As they take no particular form of compoſition, they are not matter of criticiſm in that particular reſpect. I expatiated on the caſual ſubject which preſented itſelf; and when ancient or modern writers expreſſed the thoughts better than I could myſelf, I have given the original languages. No man has a greater contempt for *the parade* of quotation (as ſuch) than I have. My deſign is not to quote words, but to enforce rig t

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(f) "*Aux Saumaiſes futurs preparer des tortures.*"
Boil. Sat. 9. v. 64.

ſentiments in the manner which I think beſt adapted to the purpoſe, after much reflection. To moſt of my readers thoſe languages are familiar; and if any perſon, not particularly converſant in them, ſhould honour the notes with a peruſal, I think the force of the obſervations may be felt without attending to the Greek or Latin. In all regular compoſitions I particularly diſlike *a mixture of languages*. It is uncouth or inelegant, and ſometimes marks a want of power in the writer. In works of any dignity or conſequence, it is adviſeable, if a paſſage from any ancient author is quoted, to tranſlate that paſſage in the text, and put the original at the bottom of the page, if neceſſary. We have in this reſpect the authority and example of Cicero, Biſhop Hurd, and Sir William Jones.

In general, I could ſay all I wiſhed in the text and comment. Some ſubjects are indeed ſo important, that they ſhould be held forth to publick light, and viewed in every point. SATIRE, in this reſpect, has peculiar force. Vice is not unfrequently repreſſed, and folly and preſumptuous ignorance, and conceit ſometimes yield or vaniſh at the firſt attack, and like the fabled ſpirits before the ſpell of the enchanter.

Primâ vel voce Canentis
Concedunt, CARMENQUE TIMENT AUDIRE SECUNDUM. *(g)*

I again declare to the publick, that *neither my name, nor my ſituation in life will ever be revealed.* I pretend not

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(g) Lucan, L. 6. v. 527.

not to be " the ſole depoſitary of my own ſecret", but where it is confided, there it will be preſerved and locked up *for ever*. I have an honourable confidence in the human character, when properly educated and rightly inſtructed. My ſecret will for ever be preſerved, *I know*, under every change of fortune or of political tenets, while honour, and virtue, and religion, and friendly affection, and erudition, and the principles of a gentleman, have binding force and authority upon minds ſo cultivated and ſo dignified.

My Poem *and all and each of the notes to it* were written *without any co-operation* whatſoever. I expect *the fulleſt aſſent and credit* to this my ſolemn aſſertion. I expect it, *becauſe I ſpeak the truth*. I have *not* been aſſiſted by Doctors in any faculty. If indeed I had written to pleaſe a particular man, a miniſter, a chief in oppoſition, a party, any ſet, or any deſcription of men *excluſively*, literary or political, there is not a man of underſtanding in the country who does not perceive that I ſhould, or rather that I *muſt*, have written in another ſtyle, thought and argument. Of ſuch motives I profeſs myſelf not ſkilled nor ſtudious. My appeal is *direct* to my Country. I know and feel the ſituation in which at this moment SHE ſtands. There is now no balance *left* in Europe. All is preparing to ſink under ONE DESOLATING TYRANNY. My opinion however is, that by the mercy of Providence, and by the unremitted attention and labours of our *conſtitutional* ſtateſmen, and the *united* efforts of all that are loyal, brave, opulent, powerful, or dignified, WE may yet " be able to ſtand IN THIS EVIL DAY, *and* " *having done all* TO STAND." Let us ſtand therefore,

as

as the choſen nation of old, the inſulated memorial of true Religion, and the ONLY Aſylum of balanced Liberty. I profeſs myſelf convinced, and therefore have I written. I entered into the ſanctuary of the Hebrews and heard the voice of their prophet: "Credidi, propter quod locu- "tus ſum." This was the voice which I heard, and it was a voice, as Milton would expreſs it, "thundering "out of Sion." Under this perſuaſion and conviction, I will ſay of this work, there is in it but one hand, and one intention. It will be *idle* to conjecture concerning the author, and *more than fooliſh* to be *very* inquiſitive. To my adverſaries I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. I could with the moſt perfect charity ſing a requiem over their deceaſed criticiſms, if I were maſter of what Statius calls the "Exequiale ſacrum, carmenque *minoribus umbris* utile. (*h*)" Thoſe whom I wiſhed to pleaſe, I have pleaſed. If I have diffuſed any light, it is from *a ſingle orb*, whether temperate in the horizon, or blazing in the meridian. My aſpect is not in conjunction: if I culminate at all, it is from the Equator.

Thus much to ſilly curioſity and frivolous garrulity. But to perſons of higher minds, and of more exalted and more generous principles, who have the ſpirit to underſtand, and the patience to conſider, the nature and the labour of my work, I would addreſs myſelf in other language, and with other arguments. I would declare *to them*, that when I conſider the variety and importance and extent of the ſubjects, I might ſay that it was written, "though

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(*h*) Stat. Theb. L. 6. v. 123.

" though for no other cauſe, yet, for this, that poſterity may " know, that we have not looſely through ſilence per- " mitted things to paſs away as in a dream." I would declare alſo *to them*, that I deliver it as A LITERARY MANIFESTO *to this Kingdom* in a ſeaſon unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkneſs and of thick gloomineſs, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty. Such perſons will be ſatisfied, if the great cauſe of mankind, of regulated ſociety, of religion, of government, and of good manners, is *attempted* to be maintained with ſtrength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little, or rather of no moment at all by whom it is effected. They have ſcarce a tranſitory queſtion to make on the ſubject. To ſuch underſtandings I willingly ſubmit my compoſition, and to them I dedicate the work.

I ſhall only add, that *if* they ſhould read *all* the Parts of this Poem on the Purſuits of Literature with candour and with attention, whatever the connection between them, or whatever the method may be, they will moſt aſſuredly find " *that uniformity of thought and deſign*, which " will *always* be found in the writings of *the ſame* perſon, " WHEN HE WRITES WITH SIMPLICITY AND IN EARNEST."

THE

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH AND LAST.

> Ουκ ἡσυχος
> Δαφνηφαγων φοιβαζεν εκ λαιμων οπα.
>
> Lycophron. Caſſand. v. 3.

AUTHOR.

OH, for that ſabbath's dawn ere Britain wept,
And France before THE CROSS believ'd and ſlept!
(Reſt to the ſtate, and ſlumber to the ſoul!)
Ere yet the brooding ſtorm was heard to roll
In fancy's ear o'er many an Alpine rock,
Or Europe trembled at the fated ſhock;
Ere by his lake GENEVA'S ANGEL ſtood,
And wav'd his ſcroll prophetick (a) o'er the flood,

With

(a) It is remarkable that *in Switzerland* appeared THE THREE PERSONS, whoſe principles, doctrines, and practice, *(as it ſeems*

to

With names (as yet unheard) and ſymbols drear,
Calvin in front, and Neckar in the rear;

But

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to me) have primarily and ultimately effected the great change and downfal of regal and of lawful power in Europe. Calvin, in religion; Rouſſeau, in politicks; and Neckar by his adminiſtration. Calvin and his diſciples were never friends to monarchy and epiſcopacy. I ſhall not *here* contend politically or theologically with Biſhop Horſley concerning Calvin. Indeed I never yet ſtood gaping on that *copper* oracle. A poet's words are better for a poet. I have looked into hiſtory and, as I think, have found them true. Dryden ſpeaks of Calvin thus, and remarkably enough;

The *laſt* of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
"*And from Geneva firſt infeſted* FRANCE."
(Hind and Panther. B. 1. v. 172.)

ROUSSEAU, (I ſpeak of him *only* as a political writer) by the unjuſtifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings againſt him, his writings and his perſon, in France, (where he was a ſtranger, and to whoſe tribunals he was not amenable) was ſtimulated to purſue his reſearches into the origin and expedience of *ſuch* government, and of *ſuch* oppreſſion, which, otherwiſe, he probably never would have diſcuſſed; till he reaſoned himſelf into the deſperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal preſent, "*The Social Contract.*" Of *this* work the French, ſince the Revolution, have never once loſt ſight. With them it is firſt and laſt, and midſt, and without end in all their thoughts and publick actions. Rouſſeau, is, I believe, the only man to whom they have paid an implicit and *undeviating* reverence; and, without a figure, have worſhipped in the Pantheon of their new idolatry,

But chief Equality's vain prieſt, Rouſſeau,
A ſage in ſorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,

By

latry, like another Chemos, " the *obſcene* dread of Gallia's ſons." —Different from theſe, came NECKAR. With intentions, as I am *ſtill inclined* to think, upright, pure and juſt, but with a mind impotent and unequal to the great work, and with principles foreign to the nature of the government he was called to regulate, reform and conduct, a fatal ſtranger for France. He *oppreſſed* every ſubject ſacred and civil with too much *verbiage*. He was ſanctioned by popular prejudice, and marked by ariſtocratical hatred; a ſort of " *Arpinas Volſcorum a monte*." He came to lay open and diſcloſe (and he did lay them open to the very bottom) the myſtery and iniquity of French finance and of French treaſuries. But he brought with him to the concerns of a great and tottering empire, (which perhaps might have been maintained and *conſolidated)* the little mind of a provincial banker, and the vanity inſeparable from human nature, when elevated beyond hope or expectation. What was the conſequence? for a while indeed,

> Hic Cimbros et ſumma pericula rerum
> *Excipit*, et SOLUS trepidantem *protegit* Urbem.†

But the original leaven in *his* political compoſition was *popular*; and that leavened the whole lump. We know the reſt. His advice, firſt in the calling together (at all) of *the States General*, and afterwards in the formation and diſtribution of them, gave the devoted King to the ſcaffold, and the monarchy of France to irreverſible diſſolution. I ſpeak this independently of the grand

conſpiracy

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† Juv. Sat. 8. v. 249.

By perſecution train'd and popiſh zeal,
Ripe with his wrongs, to frame the dire *(b)* appeal,
What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began,
And gave to France the ſocial ſavage, Man.

Was it for this, in Leo's foſt'ring reign
Learning uproſe with tempeſts in her train;

Was

conſpiracy againſt Chriſtianity, regal power, and ſocial order, which has been ſo awfully and ſo convincingly diſcloſed by the eloquent Abbè Barruel‡, and Profeſſor Robiſon; ſince I *firſt* wrote the preceding reflections.—For my own part when I contemplate the convulſions of Europe, and the fatal deſolation which attends republican principles, *wherever they are introduced*, I cannot but reſt with a momentary pleaſure on the picture, which Plato in his *imaginary* republick (the *only* one I ever could bear) has drawn of a man fatigued with the view of publick affairs and retiring from them in the hope of tranquillity: the ſentiments are ſuch as the French formerly would have called, "*Les Delaſſemens de l'homme ſenſible.*" The words are theſe:

" Ταυτα παντα λογισμῳ λαϐων, ἡσυχιαν εχων και τὰ αυτȣ πραττων, ὁιον εν χειμωνι κονιορτȣ και ζαλης ὑπο πνευματος φερομενȣ υπο τειχιον υποστας, ὁρων τȣς αλλȣς καταπιμπλαμενȣς ανομιας, αγαπᾷ ει πη αυτος καθαρος αδικιας τε και ανοσιων εργων, τον τε ενθαδε ϐιον ζιωσεται, και την απαλλαγην αυτȣ μετα καλης ελπιδος ἱλεως τε και ευμενης απαλλαξεται.

Plato de Repub. L. 6. p. 496, Op. vol. 2. Ed. Serrani.

(b) " Le Contrat Social, par J. J. Rouſſeau, CITOYEN de Geneve.

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‡ The Reader will find more on this ſubject in a future note.

Was every gleam deceitful, every ray
But idle ſplendor from the orb of day?
Say, were the victims mark'd from earlieſt time,
The Flamens conſcious of a nation's crime?
Why ſmoak'd the altars with the new perfume,
If heav'n's own fire deſcends but to conſume?
Alas, proud Gallia's fabrick to the ground
What arm ſhall level, or what might confound!

Oh for that hand, which o'er the walls of Troy (*c*)
His lightning brandiſh'd with a furious joy,
Her

(*c*) It certainly would be *convenient*, (if we can for a moment trifle with ſuch a ſubject as the preſent French war) to march to *Paris*, "*and like another* (Bryant) *fire another Troy.*" We have little hope, but from ſuch aſſiſtance.—See "a Diſſertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as deſcribed by Homer; ſhewing, that no ſuch expedition was undertaken, and that no ſuch city of Phrygia exiſted." Publiſhed in 1796, but there is no date to the title page. I find it difficult to give an opinion on this ingenious treatiſe. Whatever comes from the author of "The Analyſis of ancient Mythology" ſhould be treated with very great reſpect. His character is † venerable, and his erudition, as I think, without an

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† See Mr. Bryant's character delineated in the Purſuits of Literature, Dialogue II. v. 189, &c.

Her ſtate, her arms, her fleets, her very name
Gave, as in mock'ry, to poetick fame,

And

an equal. Of all ſubjects, I ſhould have thought this ſubject was one, on which an enquiry might have been inſtituted without offence. Yet this has not been the caſe. The offence has been conſidered as deep and wide, and the influence of the principle, in ſome reſpects, dangerous and alarming. The faith of hiſtory has been repreſented as attacked in its ſtrongeſt fortreſs, and even the ſacred writings, as matter of hiſtorical faith, implicated in the diſcuſſion. Some perſons have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the ſubject. That nothing can be more contrary to reaſon than to ſuppoſe that the exiſtence of a city, and a war, of which we have read with delight, from our boyiſh days, ſhould be called in queſtion. That their pleaſure is ſnatched from them: and ſuch a poem, without an hiſtorical fact for a baſis, cannot be intereſting. They allow the amplification of poetry, and its embelliſhments, and even the anachroniſms of Homer. But Troy did exiſt, and the Grecians did once beſiege it, and Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, and Diomede were as real heroes, as the Archduke Charles, Buonaparte, Lord Cornwallis, or Tippoo Saib in modern wars. I really ſhould ſmile at many of theſe objections, if they did not frequently come from perſons of conſequence and of learning. Moſt certainly however I will quarrel with no man "about Sir Archy's great Grandmother." They who are acquainted with the ſcience and ſubject of *probabilities* will beſt decide the queſtion for themſelves, and I will not intrude my judgment. It is a queſtion of probability, and not of proof. I am equally pleaſed with a poem founded on the

metamor-

And with the fire of Philip's ſon, unfurl'd
His claſſick ſtandard o'er a wond'ring world,

Till

metamorphoſis of Apuleius or on any modern fiction, if all the eſſential and integral parts of a poem are preſerved : if the characters, manners and actions are human, and conſiſtent with the ſuppoſed ſituations of the perſonages. This to me is ſufficient ; and perhaps poetry, as ſuch, may be a gainer by Mr. Bryant's interpretation. I rather hail the omen in theſe times of poetical ſterility. But nothing can be further from the dignity of Mr. B's character, than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient, or of any, *hiſtory*. It is ſcarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy ? with what part of hiſtory is it connected ? Is not the Trojan war an inſulated ſolitary fact ? If it were done away, is any hiſtorical event whatever made to fall with it ? When it is ſtated that *four hundred and thirty* ſhips (no matter of what ſize) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only *eighty-nine* in the Peloponneſian war in the fifth century before Chriſt, is this matter of *ſerious* hiſtory ? Is not the whole allowed to paſs even the bounds of any probability, but the poet's ? I remember hearing a gentleman ſtate ſimilar queſtions to theſe with much earneſtneſs and apparent conviction, but without warmth. He ſeemed to underſtand ſomething of the ſubject ; and though I thought ſome points were preſſed indiſcreetly and unneceſſarily by Mr. Bryant, I replied that I thought *nearly* as he did, and I ſaid with the moſt good-natured Ἐποχῃ of the Academicks, "*Almoſt* thou perſuadeſt me to be a *Bryantian*."—I think they who are the ſtrongeſt in oppoſition

to

Till "*Homer's ſprite did tremble all for grief,*
"*And curs'd th' acceſs of that celeſtial thief.*" (*d*)
Oh, for a Bryant's hand !—

OCTAVIUS.

to Mr. Bryant, if they were even Inquiſitors§, and could force him to hold a lighted torch in his hand, and make a retraction of his errors, and the *amende honorable* in the *Egliſe de notre Dame* de Cybele *Mere de tous les Dieux Païens,* would be contented with the Catholick form of words: Queſti erano gli ſcherzi d'una penna poetica, non gli ſentimenti d'un animo catolico!" Yet conſidering all that I have heard, and *the quarter* from which it came, *Curius* quid ſentit, et ambo *Scipiadæ,* and the inſignificance of the queſtion itſelf, but as a matter of amuſement; though in common with many others, I ſhould have loſt much individual gratification and inſtruction, yet I wiſh this Diſſertation on the war of Troy *had never been written at all.*

(*d*) Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's Sonnet, prefixed to Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

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§ I am ſure *Gilbert Wakefield* is even *more than an Inquiſitor* in all his principles literary, civil, and religious. See his indecent letter to Mr. Bryant on the war of Troy. But above all, ſee his Letter to Mr. Wilberforce. The Secretary to the Duke of Alva under Philip II. or the Publick Accuſer of the Revolutionary Tribunal, under Roberſpierre, never exhibited ſuch a paper. *There is no deceit in Gilbert Wakefield: He is, juſt what he ſeems.* It is plain to ſee *what* he expects, and *why* he writes.

OCTAVIUS.

Methinks you ſmile,
And fain would land me on the wand'ring iſle,
Where the learn'd drain *Acraſia's* foaming bowl,
Till *round the Sun* their heads with Gebelin's (*e*) roll;
Nor

(*e*) *Gebelin.*—If many of the learned world have thought Mr. Bryant unadviſed in the diſcuſſion of the war of Troy in the twelfth century A. C. what muſt we ſay to Mr. Court de Gebelin, who has actually endeavoured *to reaſon us into a belief*, that, *the Founders of the Roman State*, ROMULUS *and* REMUS, were only allegorical perſonages, and were in reality repreſentatives of *the Sun* and worſhipped as ſuch. Mr. Gebelin is a man of the moſt various erudition, and if he were as well known as Mr. Bryant, his attempt would have been noticed. But few people perhaps have had the curioſity to look into nine volumes in 4to of the "Monde Primitif analyſé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne par M. Court de Gebelin." It may be entertaining to ſome perſons, if I give a *few* particulars of this ſingular queſtion. The *Fourth* Volume of Mr. Gebelin's work conſiſts of the "Hiſtoire Religieux du *Calendrier*, ou des Fêtes Anciennes." The *fifth* Chapter of the *ſecond* Book (Vol. 4.) is the "Hiſtoire des *Gemeaux* Romains Romulus et Remus." Mr. G. ſays, "Les *Romains*, curent auſſi leurs *Allegories* ſur le *double Soleil* ſucceſſif de l'année; ils *l'appliquerent à* leur *Remus et Romulus.* Les noms ſont *allegoriques*, et tous *relatifs à l'année.*" p. 264. Remus, it ſeems, ſignified THE SUN *in the winter*, and Romulus,

in

Nor heed the pauſe of (*f*) Douglas, Wakefield's rage,
Nor Hallam (*g*) trembling for the ſacred page,
Nor

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in the ſummer ! By an *eaſy* proof, he ſays, " Ils en firent la fête des *Le*mures pour *Re*mures, &c. p. 263. In the ſixth chapter of the ſame book, we read : Nous avons *vu* dans le chapitre précédent, *que* ROMULUS *etoit* LE SOLEIL ; que tout le *prouvoit :* —And what is the proof ? Truly this ; " Le nom de ſa mere, celui de ſon pere, ſon frere, la mort de ſon frere *(Remus)*, ſon propre nom, &c. &c." Q. E. D.— Mr. Gebelin has not yet done, nor is Mr. Gebelin yet ſatisfied. He next converts, by means of his *ſolar* microſcope, Romulus into *Hercules !* Hear his words. " Ce qu'exprimoient à cet ègard les Grecs par l'Apothéoſe d' *Hercule*, les Romains l'exprimerent par l'Apothéoſe de Romulus." But when he ſpeaks of *Quirinus*, another name of Romulus, the force of art and of *proof* can go no further. La voici. " *Quirinus* (nom de Romulus) la traduction *litérale* de *Melcarthe*, on *Melicerte*, que portoit *Hercule* chez lez *Tyriens*, EST UNE AUTRE PREUVE, *qu'on regardoit* ROMULUS *comme* LE SOLEIL." p. 269 ! ! ! ! ! !—I cannot help obſerving that in this ſame 4th Vol. p. 422. Mr. Gebelin informs us that, " Sur le 18 Fevrier on célébroit *la Fête de Romulus*, (and at the ſame time, rather inauſpiciouſly to be ſure) on célébroit LA FETE DES FOUX." I ſuppoſe on the celebration of LA FETE DES FOUX, cards of invitation were ſent round by the Pontifex Maximus to the *Antiquaries* of thoſe days, and I really think, if Mr. Gebelin had been *produced* at that time he would not have been *without his card*, with a few others, to be diſtributed *among his friends.*—Indeed theſe *deliramenta doctrinæ* are ſometimes amuſing, but in reality they are rather a ſubject of ſerious regret from their conſe-

quences

Nor Gillies (*h*) *crying*, what ſhall we peruſe?
What is *my* work? mere records of the Muſe;
And truſt to Buonaparte's iron pen, (*i*)
The tale of Rome ſhall be Troy's tale again.

quences on the public mind. There is no end of the abſurdities from this ſource, when we reſolve all ancient perſons and events into allegories and Egyptian myſteries; till, as we have juſt ſeen, ROMULUS AND REMUS, *the Founders of the Roman Empire*, become (according to Monſieur Gebelin's *Order of Firing* after a grand *Eſcopetterie*, or volley, *of ſerpents and ſtars)* tranſformed into ROMAN SUNS; Remus *in the Winter*, and Romulus *in the Summer!*—See the *proofs* above.

(*f*) The Rt. Rev. Dr. JOHN DOUGLAS, the preſent Biſhop of Saliſbury, (1797.) Author of the Criterion, and of other acute pieces of reaſoning, which will be long remembered and admired.

(*g*) Dr. Hallam, the preſent Dean of Briſtol. (1797.)

(*h*) Author of *a* Hiſtory of *Greece*; but I ſhall ſay no more than that Dr. Gillies's ſolicitude is groundleſs, when he fears that it will be miſtaken for the work of *the Muſes*.

(*i*) The tremendous conqueſts of Buonaparte in Italy and in Germany remind us too much of the words of the Roman Hiſtorian. "*Si* CAPTIVOS *aſpiceres*, Moloſſi, Theſſali, Macedones, Bruttius, Apulius; *ſi* POMPAS, aurum, purpuræ, ſigna, tabulæ, Tarentinæque deliciæ." Flor. Lib. I. C. 18. (1797.)

AUTHOR.

No; other thoughts my lab'ring ſoul employ,
That ſprings anew to long-forgotten joy;
I range in Fancy's conſecrated round,
And meet the poet on a poet's ground,
Nor ſeek hiſtorick truth of time and place,
But truth of manners, character, and grace.

The Bards, who once the wreaths of glory wore,
Cloath'd in tranſlucent veil their wondrous lore;
The tales they ſung a willing age believ'd,
Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd:
Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Muſe
Wav'd high their mirror of a thouſand hues;
They gaz'd; and as in varying guiſe pourtray'd,
Aërеal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,
Gave to each fleeting form, that ſhot along,
Exiſtence everlaſting as their ſong;
And as by Nature's ſtrength the tablet grew,
Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, now you ſoar indeed; another flight,
And the wing'd courſer bears you from my ſight:
You're ſtrangely mov'd.

AUTHOR.

The matter is my own;
I never ſhar'd the profits of the gown,
Nor yet, with Horace and myſelf at war,
For rhyme and *victuals* (*b*) left the ſtarving Bar;

I never

(*b*) This was lately done by an ingenious Gentleman, educated at Eton ſchool, William Boſcawen, Eſquire, a Commiſſioner of the *Victualling* office, and (by an eaſy tranſition) Tranſlator of Horace. He reſigned his gown, as a Counſellor at law, to ſuperintend *the publick victuals,* and to *give himſelf up to the charms of poetry*, and at laſt to preſent the hungry publick with Horace's works *done into Engliſh verſe.* The tranſlation has had the uſual fate of *mediocrity*, and therefore I ſay no more. I can have no objection to any Gentleman's amuſing himſelf with making verſes *in his morning rides.* I think ſuch a cuſtom is recommended, *as very wholeſome,* by Pliny in one of his letters. It may be tried, when other medicines fail. "Vitæque et membris, ſi *non* opus *utile famæ.*" Mr. Boſcawen, *as an Etonian,* may conjecture, *but he never can know,* from *whom* theſe obſervations come.

I never lov'd *Dean* DEWLAP's vacant looks,
Or purchas'd empty praiſe from empty books;
I leave at ſales the undiſputed reign
To *milk-white* (*i*) GOSSET, and Lord (*k*) Spencer's
train.

(*i*) Not a bookſeller of reputation in London, Payne, Edwards, White, Robſon, Egerton, Faulder, &c. &c. is unacquainted with Dr. Goſſet's "*milk-white* vellum books," when he wiſhes to make an exchange. The Reverend little Bibliopoliſh Dr. Goſſet is Preſident at all Bookſales in the metropolis. He certainly is a ſcholar; and I believe the *auctioneer* always waits for *his* entrance, as the *Speaker* of the H. of C. waits for Mr. Pitt before publick buſineſs begins. He is Inquiſitor General of all editions, from the Editio Princeps of the Florence Homer, down to the laſt edition of *Ignoramus*. Doctor Goſſet's *priced* catalogues in *his own* hand are ſaid to be in an *uninterrupted* ſeries, except *one*. They are alſo ſaid to be equal in uſe and value to "The curious collection, in regular and *undoubted* ſucceſſion, "of *all the Tickets of the Iſlington Turnpike* from its *firſt* inſtitu-"tion to the 20th of May incluſive," recorded among *the preſents* made to the Antiquarian Society, when Sir Matthew Mite was admitted Fellow. (Foote's Nabob, Act 2.) I believe, (but ſee the Society's Archælogia *for the record)* that it took place before the Reverend Mr. Brand was † *the reading* Secretary, or

† Mr. Brand often puts the Antiquarian Society in mind of the famous Epitaph:

"Oh READER! if that *thou canſt read*, &c. &c.

No German nonſenſe ſways my Engliſh heart,
Unus'd at ghoſts and rattling bones to ſtart;
I never choſe, in various nature ſtrong,
Logick for verſe, or hiſtory for ſong;
But at the magick of Torquato's ſtrain,
Diſarm'd and captive in Armida's chain,
To Godfrey's pomp Rinaldo ſtill prefer,
Nor care, if ranting Wakefield thinks I err.
To HURD, not (*l*) Parr, my Muſe ſubmits her lays,
Pleas'd with advice, without a luſt for praiſe,

---

or the Earl of Leiceſter *the eloquent* PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES. N. B. No perſon is *now* obliged to make an inauguration ſpeech, when he is admitted Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. The *Preſident* obſerved in *one of his ſpeeches*, that the cuſtom ceaſed and determined at Sir Matthew Mite's election, *as appeared by the record*, copied by Mr. Foote and inſerted in his Nabob.

(*k*) The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, the munificent, and I may add, the learned, ſenſible, and intelligent collector of every valuable work in literature. I record with pleaſure his "*Palatine Apollo*," that *munus Apolline dignum!*

(*l*) See my account of Dr. Parr's ſtyle and writings. P. of L. Dialogue III. &c. with the notes. When the reader has conſidered

Fond to correct, but never to defend,
And him, who marks her errors, deems her friend;
With patriot aim and no irreverent rage,
Without one ſtain of party on the page,
From Grecian ſprings her ſtrength, her art ſhe draws,
Firm in her truſt, ennobled in her cauſe,
Her moral none, the verſe (*m*) ſome few diſdain;
Yet not a note ſhe ſounds ſhall ſound in vain,
While

ſidered the whole, perhaps he may be inclined to ſay with the comick poet of Athens,

> Πτιλον το μεγα ΚΟΜΠΟΛΑΚΥΘΟΥ ϖεσεν!
>
> Ariſtoph. Acharn. Sub fin.

(*m*) George Steevens, Eſq. Editor of Shakſpeare and ſome other ingenious Gentlemen, whom at preſent I ſhall not name, have affected to ſay, with equal diſcretion and wit, that *my* verſes are *only a peg* to hang my notes upon. They are not quite original in the expreſſion. Pindar ſaid long before Mr. Steevens, Απι ΠΑΣΣΑΛΟΥ φορμιγγα λαμϐανε. (Ol. Γ.) But Mr. Steevens and Co. rather put me in mind of a ſtory told of a ſailor in the late mutiny (April 1797.) aboard the fleet, who after he had undergone a rather ſevere diſcipline, and was ſtanding *dripping* upon the deck, looked up ſignificantly to the yard arm and ſaid, " Well, my friends, I think I am now *wet* enough to *be hung up to dry*."—So much for George Steevens, Eſq. and his Brethren, " *Gentlemen of the Peg*."

While Bryant in applauſe with Baker (*n*) joins,
Gifford (*o*) approves, and Storer (*p*) loves the lines;—
Though ſtill, a ſtranger in the ſacred clime,
Some ſay, I love not poetry, but rhyme.

Offspring of other times! ye viſions old,
Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd,
Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth
Finds ſhort repoſe from formidable truth!
Oh witneſs, if e'er ſilent in your praiſe,
I've paſſed, in vice or ſloth, inglorious days,

(*n*) Sir George Baker, Bart. Phyſician to the King, a Gentleman of deep and extenſive claſſical knowledge. His compoſitions are written in the pureſt Latinity, worthy of an Etonian. His ſituation in life ſufficiently declares his profeſſional talents.

(*o*) William Gifford, Eſq. Author of the Baviad and the Mæviad.

(*p*) Anthony Storer, Eſq. a Gentleman of fortune and faſhion, talents and accompliſhments. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. His attainments in literature are various and conſiderable; and few men have a nicer ſkill in the principles of juſt and legitimate compoſition than Mr. Storer. *He has read* Quintilian *with effect*, (Mr. Storer will underſtand me perfectly) and he has drawn his knowledge and judgment from the beſt writers and criticks, of antiquity and of modern times.

But rais'd for you my firm unalter'd voice,
Fancy my guide, and ſolitude my choice.

Though now no Syren voice be heard, no ſtrain
Aſcend from Pindus (*q*) or Arcadia's plain;
Nor Graces round th' Olympian throne of Jove
Bid the nine Virgins raiſe the chant of love:
The harp of Talieſſin (*r*) lies unſtrung,
Cloſe by the loom, where Death's dread ſiſters ſung;
Unfelt each charm of Odin's magick tree,
With many an uncouth Runick (*s*) phantaſy:
Though

(*q*) I mean by theſe and ſeveral following lines to obſerve, that the *Pagan Fable* is now exhauſted, and the ſpecious miracles of *Gothick Romance* have never of late years produced a poet. Perhaps the latter were more adapted to true poetry than the pagan inventions. Witneſs the ſublimer productions of modern Italy.

(*r*) A year or two ago propoſals were offered by Mr. Owen to publiſh the works of the Bard *Talieſſin*, but no encouragement could be obtained. Such is the time.

(*s*) Mr. Mathias, (the Author of the Eſſay on the Evidence, &c. on the long-diſputed ſubject of the poems aſcribed to Rowley

Though now no temper'd lance, no magick brand,
Nor Durindana (*t*) waves o'er fabled land;
No nightly-rounding Ariel floats unſeen,
Or *flames amazement* o'er the deſert green;
No wizards hold, ſome blaſted pine beneath,
Their horrid ſabbath on the darken'd heath;
Say, are the days of bleſt deluſion fled?
Muſt Fiction rear no more her languid head?
No more the Muſe her long-loſt tranſports know,
Nor trace the fount whence living waters flow?
Awake, ye ſlumb'ring Rulers of the ſong!
Each in your ſolemn orders paſs along;
In ſacred radiance o'er your mountain old
Yet once again your dignities unfold,
And fill the ſpace; your ſcepter'd glories claim,
And vindicate the great Pierian name.

OCTAVIUS.

Rowley in the 15th century, and which I mentioned in a note to the Firſt Dialogue of the P. of L.) ſeveral years ago attempted to excite the curioſity of the publick to the remains of northern antiquity, by a lyrical imitation of ſome Runic fragments. I wiſh the example had been followed.

(*t*) The name of the ſword of Orlando in Arioſto.

OCTAVIUS.

Are theſe a poet's only themes? I fear,
No verſe like this will find a patient ear.

AUTHOR.

Hear yet awhile:—the dread reſiſtleſs pow'r,
That works deep-felt at inſpiration's hour,
He claims alone—

OCTAVIUS.

Who claims?

AUTHOR.

The favour'd Bard, (*u*)
Who nobly conſcious of his juſt reward,

With

(*u*) I mean here to give a character of the Poet, *as ſuch*, and of the ſources whence the art itſelf is drawn. I would wiſh to expreſs *generally*, what Proclus (in one of his diſſertations on the Πολιτεια of Plato, Ed. fol. Baſil. 1534. p. 430.) would call with a ſublime dignity, the "Πασαν Ποιητικης ἕξιν διαλαμπȣσαν," when

With loftier ſoul, and undecaying might,
Paints what he feels in characters of light,

Hears

when the poet exerts his higheſt faculties, or (in the language of Proclus in the ſame place) ‘ Οταν ενθȣσιαζων, και ταις Μȣσαις κατοχος ων, κατα ΤΗΝ ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ενεργει ΚΑΙ ΕΝΘΕΟΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΝ.”—A ſelection of various chapters from this work of Proclus on the Πολιτεια of Plato, which relate to poetry, might be made, and publiſhed by ſome ingenious ſcholar. They would be perfectly new and original to moſt perſons. I know not (better Greek ſcholars than I am may know) whether at preſent there is any edition at all, but that printed at Baſil, in Greek, without any Latin tranſlation. They exhibit what this philoſopher of genius terms, the “ Την των ποιητων μανιαν κινȣμενην τε και κινȣσαν, και πληρȣμενην ανωθεν, και εις αλλα διαπορθμευȣσαν την εκειθεν ελλαμψιν.” (page 401 in the chapter on the Τρεις ιδεαι της Ποιητικης.) Philoſophers like theſe, Apollo and all his choir were once ſuppoſed to addreſs in ſtrains, which few ſcholars will hear without delight. They are to be found in the life of Plotinus, the Platonick, which was written with ſome eloquence (at leaſt Politian thought ſo) by his diſciple Porphyrius : *

Κληϊζω Μȣσας ξυνην οπα γηρυσασθαι,
Παμφωνοις ιαχαισι παναρμονιαισι τ’ ερωαις,
Οιον επ’ Αιακιδη στησαι χορον εκληϊξαν
Αθανατων μανιαισιν, ὁμηρειαισι τ’ αοιδαις.
Αλλα γε Μȣσαων ἱερος χορος απυτωμεν,
Εις ἑν επιπνειοντες αοιδης τερματα πασης,
Υμμι και εν μεσσαισιν Εγω Φοιβος βαθυχαιτης !

---

* Plotini Vita. In limine edit. Oper. Plotin. Ficini. Baſileæ MDXXC.

Hears in each blaſt ſome conſecrated rhyme,
Trac'd by the ſpirit of the troublous clime.
He turns: and inſtantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices ſound,
Portentous forms in heav'n's aërial hall
Appear, as at ſome great ſupernal call.
Thence oft in thought his ſteps ideal (*x*) haſte
To rocks and groves, the wilderneſs or waſte;

(*x*) I ſpeak of the effect of *local* ſituation on the mind of the poet. But if he is deprived of the power of viſiting theſe great and awful ſcenes of nature, (ſometimes aſſiſted and improved by art,) an imagination, bold and fervid, may *in ſome degree* ſupply that want by recourſe to the moſt finiſhed repreſentations of them by the more ſublime painters and artiſts. Stuart, Wood, and Piraneſi may raiſe ideas worthy of the Poet, and pour upon his fancy all the ancient dignity of Athens, of Palmyra, or of Rome.—I cannot but preſent my reader with the form of *an Oath* on ſuch a ſubject, from *the laſt claſſical Poet* under the expiring monarchy of France, the famous Deliſle. I am as ready on this ſubject, as himſelf, to ſwear at *the high altar of the Muſes*:

"Helas! *je n'ai point vû* ce ſéjour enchanté,
Ces beaux lieux où Virgile a tant de fois chanté;
Mais j'en JURE et Virgile et ſes accords ſublimes,
J'irai: de l'Apennin je franchirai les cimes,
J'irai, plein de ſon nom, plein de ces vers ſacrés,
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inſpirés.

Les Jardins L. 1.

To where old Tadmor's (*y*) regal ruins lie
In deſolation's ſullen majeſty;
Or where Carthuſian (*z*) tow'rs the pilgrim draw,
And bow the ſoul with unreſiſted awe,
Where Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
Proſtrate great Nature's preſent God ador'd,
And bade, in ſolitude's extremeſt bourn,
Religion hallow the ſevere ſojourn.

To HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful and no blaze too bright,
What time to mortal ken he dares unveil
THE inexpreſſive FORM (*a*) in ſemblance frail,

To

(*y*) He built *Tadmor* in the Wilderneſs." Chron. B. 2. ch. 8. v. 4. It is remarkable that Mr. Wood obſerves, that the natives, at this day, call *Palmyra* by the original appellation of *Tadmor.*

(*z*) The famous monaſtery, called "The Grande Chartreuſe." The retirement of Saint Bruno.

(*a*) The Pictures of the Supreme Being by Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is one picture of THE SUPREME BEING ſeparating

To the ſtrain'd view preſents the yawning tomb,
Subſtantial horrors and eternal doom.

To Him the pow'rs of harmony (*b*) reſort,
And as with random glance and fiercer port
He ſcans th' ethereal wilderneſs around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling ſtream of ſound,
Strains, that from full-ſtrung chords at diſtance ſwell,
Notes, breathing ſoft from muſick's inmoſt cell,
While to their numerous pauſe, or accent deep,
His choral paſſions dread accordance keep.

Thence muſing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all its ſad realities;
Marks how the proſpect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with ſhade, and fear ſucceeds to fear,

Mid

ſeparating the light from the darkneſs, in the Vault of the Capella Seſtina in Rome, by Michael Angelo which, I believe, has never been engraved. *Mr. Fuſeli, I think, ſaid ſo when I enquired about it.* I allude alſo to the picture of the Laſt Judgment, by the ſame Maſter.

(*b*) The powers of Muſick on the mind of the Poet.

Mid forms that flit through the malignant gloom,
'Till Death unbar the cold ſepulchral room.

Such is the Poet: bold, without confine,
Imagination's "*charter'd libertine,*" (*c*)
He ſcorns in apathy to float or dream
On liſtleſs Satisfaction's torpid ſtream,
But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempeſtuous tide;
While thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict fierce
Tumultuous ruſh, and labour into verſe,
Then, as the ſwelling numbers round him roll,
Stamps on th' immortal page the viſions of his ſoul.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you feed on this celeſtial ſtrain,
You may with Gods hold converſe, not with men;

(*c*) "The air, *a chartered libertine,* is ſtill."
Shakſpere. H. V.

Sooner the people's right ſhall Horſley (*d*) teach,
In judgment delicate, with prudence preach,
And o'er his boſom broad forget to ſpread
Bath's dangling pride, and Ribband roſy-red; (*e*)
Friend of the Church the *pious* Grafton (*f*) prove;
Or Sutton (*g*) ceaſe to claim the publick love,

And

(*d*) I allude to Biſhop Horſley's intemperate and unadviſed ſpeeches in Parliament. An injudicious friend is worſe than an enemy. I believe Mr. Pitt thinks ſo.—Inconſiderate ſentences uttered publickly by members of either houſe are very dangerous. The dogma is remembered, and the comment is forgotten. Biſhop Horſley and Mr. Wyndham (both men of great natural and acquired ability) ſhould be more attentive in this particular.

(*e*) Biſhop Horſley is Dean of the Order of the Bath, and is a bold rival to the late learned knight, Sir William Draper, in making "*that bluſhing ribband, the perpetual ornament of his perſon.*" See Junius, in his third Letter, and Biſhop Horſley *every where.*

(*f*) See the Duke's *Hints.*—Rather broad.

(*g*) Dr. CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, Biſhop of Norwich. A Prelate whoſe amiable demeanour, uſeful learning, and conciliating habits of life, particularly recommend his epiſcopal character. No man appears to me ſo peculiarly marked out for THE HIGHEST DIGNITY of the church, *ſede vacante, as* Dr. SUTTON.

And e'er forego, from dignity of place,
His poliſh'd mind and reconciling grace;
Or Yorke, (h) regardleſs of his ſacred truſt,
To unobtruſive merit be unjuſt;
Moore to his ſynod call of *unction* (i) full;
Or Barrington be meek; or Watſon dull.
Sooner Stentorian (k) Davies *ceaſe* to talk,
And for *his* Eton quit his Bond-ſtreet walk;

(h) The Right Rev. James Yorke, D. D. Biſhop of Ely. The *voluntary unſolicited* offer of the Maſterſhip of Jeſus College in Cambridge, to the Rev. Dr. Paley, ſo well known in the literary and eccleſiaſtical world, deſerves to be publickly mentioned as an inſtance, almoſt ſolitary, of generous liberal diſcernment, in the important collation of academical dignity. The Univerſity regrets the abſence of Dr. Paley, one of the ableſt inſtructors ſhe ever could boaſt; and Biſhop Yorke muſt be recorded as one of "the friends of learning." It is no mean honour to aſſociate the name of Paley with that of Yorke. "*Et meæ*, ſi quid loquar audiendum, *vocis accedet bona pars.*"

(i) *Unction.*—"That which *melts* to devotion." Johnſon's Dictionary.

(k) The Rev. Jonathan Davies, D. D. Provoſt of Eton College; a learned, pleaſant, generous, open-hearted, good-tempered man, but rather too much of a Stentor in converſation:

Sumner *(l)* drink deep of the Caſtalian ſpring ;

Or

Στεντορι εισαμενος μεγαλητορι χαλκεοφωνω,
Ος τοσον αυδησασκ' ΟΣΟΝ ΑΛΛΟΙ ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΝΤΑ.
Hom. Il. 5.

Mr. PROVOST has an invincible *partiality* for *the charms* of London, whenever *his duty* does not oblige him to be at his Lodge. The reaſon is ſimple. The air at Eton now and then bites ſhrewdly, &c. &c. &c.

Extract from a M.S. found in *Long Chamber* at Eton, the hand writing conjectured to be by Dr. HEATH the Head Maſter, and *one* of the Aſſiſtants. It was found on one of Mrs. HEATH's *Ball Nights during Lent*, given to the *Lautorum Pueri* for the advantage and credit of the School.

ETON SCHOOL, like many other great and uſeful publick ſchools, ſtands in need of many *new* and *ſtrong* regulations, which the intereſts of this kingdom, in common with the demands of the time, call for with a voice not to be diſregarded by the maſters and governors. It is not to be diſſembled, (it is MY office to ſpeak openly and boldly) that *Boys* now actually divide themſelves *into political parties*. There is indeed a general licentiouſneſs of ſpirit among modern boys, which the publick good requires to be *effectually and powerfully* repreſſed. It is not by falſe and ſpecious *liberality* that this evil is to be ſubdued. If maſters and governors are firm and inflexible in their regulations, what can *the children* do? I laugh at the idle apprehenſion of rebellion in a School. If I were the Head Maſter of Eton, I would begin by THE ABOLITION OF THE MONTEM *immediately*. It is very improper, and very fooliſh. There is *a meanneſs*, and ſometimes *an audacity*, *in this authoriſed mode of collecting money on*

the

Or Langford leave off preaching to the King ; *(m)*

the highway, which I wonder *young Gentlemen* of birth and family are not *aſhamed of*, and can *even wiſh* to continue. IT IS SOMETHING BETWEEN ALMS AND PLUNDER. Harrow ſchool has no longer its ancient and dangerous cuſtom of "ſhooting for the ſilver arrow." I mention *the abolition of* THE MONTEM (though it occurs but once in three years) only as an introduction to *many other* ſalutary and neceſſary reſtrictions in ALL publick ſchools. I have ſeen the nature of a rebellion (as it is called) in a college and a ſchool, and nothing can be more fooliſh and impotent. If the Parents, Friends, and Guardians co-operate with Maſters of Schools and Colleges, what can *children* and young men *ultimately effect*, when it is conſidered, by what laws and hopes their future intereſt and advancement in life are bound-in, cabined, and confined ? The majority of ſuch petty Revolutioniſts and embryo Democrats are always reſtrained *in a ſhort time*, and their ſucceſſors never feel the abſence of what they never expected. Let every Maſter of a College and a publick School boldly, and vigorouſly, and inſtantly adopt the words and ſpirit of Cicero to his friend Atticus. " *In qua* Ego *nactus*, ut mihi videbar, LOCUM RESECANDÆ LIBIDINIS ET COERCENDÆ JUVENTUTIS, vehemens fui, et omnes profudi vires animi atque ingenii mei, non odio adductus alicujus, *ſed ſpe reipublicæ corrigenda et ſanandæ civitatis*. AFFLICTA EST RESPUBLICA !"—Cic. Ep. ad Attic. L. I. E. 18. I hope this note will be regarded *with the attention it calls for from the publick.*—At all events, now and ever ; " *Salve, magna parens doctrinæ*, ETONIA TELLUS, *Magna* VIRUM !"

(l) The Rev. Humphry Sumner, D. D. lately elected (Nov. 1797) Maſter of King's College in the Univerſity of Cambridge. So it is: *Muſſat tacito* DOCTRINA *timore*. I can have no perſonal

Or Warren *(o)* in his well-curv'd palm confound

An

ſonal objection to a very good-natured man, but publick conſiderations make me reflect deeply on ſuch a ſubject. *We* lament the loſs of a Provoſt venerable in advanced age, dignified in his deportment, and of claſſical erudition deep, uſeful, and extenſive. In the extremeſt boundary of human life, without the throbs of agony, or the cold gradations of diſſolution and decay, and ſupported and ſuſtained by *female* filial piety, (that bleſſed bounden duty) he came as a ſhock of corn to the ground in his ſeaſon. Such was William Cooke, D. D.

But when I think on all the *eligible* doctors and learned men, worthy of ſucceeding to the office, who belong to *our* paramount and royal College, I muſt own *the choice ſurpriſes me* at ſuch a time as this. I comfort myſelf that I have no vote. At the very moment when defence is more than ever called for, it ſeems as if we had recourſe to the ſyſtem of *inefficiency* for publick ſupport. I know not into what form our Univerſity may at laſt be changed. It may be turned, for aught I can tell, into an Academia degli Arcadi e degli Buffi caricati. It may be *ſupported* by the violation of every principle of Academick dignity, and by an unworthy familiarity of learned gowns-men with mechanicks and ſhop-folks. It may become an appendage to the Corporation of the Town of Cambridge. Are *we* not elbowed on the floor of our own Senate Houſe by an impudent, unqualified intruſion of Borough-mongering Mercers and ruſtling Men-milliners? Oxford might teach us better leſſons She knows her dignity, and preſerves it. I have nothing left but to deplore the change among ourſelves. Would to heaven, I could avert it. "Uni quippe vacat, ſtudiiſque odiiſque carenti, NEWTONI lugere genus!" Let the Univerſity of Cambridge however be converted into any thing, but a ſeminary for *French* principles and *tutorial* democracy. Let us conſider a little to whom we give our confidence. Should the revenues of any College be entruſted

to

An ancient guinea with a modern *(p)* pound ;

Sooner

to the ſuſpicious adminiſtration of ſpruce, antiquated democrats? Should the inſigne of a Chancellor's authority be borne by a mongrel *robuſtious* ſatellite of a French Directory? I think not. The robe of Cæſar was folded gracefully, when he fell in the Senate. Let us at leaſt remember that. I confeſs it boldly; my principles are ſtrong unto ſalvation; and if I had authority, I would thoroughly purge the floor. It may be done *now;* but how long the power may be continued to us, I fear to conjecture. The Monaſteries were diſſolved, when they became uſeleſs. His Grace of Grafton, our Chancellor, has indeed given *Hints;* but they are for diſſenters and Socinians: the orthodoxy of the High Steward, Mr. Pitt, might yet ſupport the eſtabliſhment. Some Colleges have watched over the principles of the men propoſed for the tutors; but all have not ſo watched.

I would not ſuffer the muſe of Satire to deſcend among Schools and Colleges, but upon the moſt mature and the moſt weighty deliberation. Perhaps this is the laſt public remonſtrance which will ever be made. I would not ſcatter my words lightly in every ear, but I would graft them where they might grow and bear. At this hour the State is ſhaking through *all* her departments. Nothing is indifferent, which can either ſupply aliment for health, or remedies for a mortal diſtemperature. The grand and chief ſupporters of our Country in the Parliament, the Law, and the Church *muſt proceed* from the Univerſities. Upon them, primarily and ultimately, as to our governors and legiſlators, *Domus inclinata recumbit.* Nothing ſhould be ſuffered to diminiſh or to ſully the character of *our* Athens, and pollute *the fountains* of Ilyſſus. In theſe retirements, every ſcience, and every art, and every accompliſhment which is good and eſſential to man in civilized ſociety, may be purſued with effect; and a ſolemn account rendered to the kingdom. In

them,

Sooner *one* Prelate hate th' unequal glaſs,

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them, the Youth of this Kingdom may beſt learn the foundation of all knowledge; the principles of evidence in ſacred and human affairs; the nature of legitimate argument; the eternal power of truth oppoſed to the ſubtleties of ſophiſtry; the proofs of revelation, and the beſt introduction to it, the higher philoſophy of Greece and Rome; the ſources of hiſtory; the finiſhed models of claſſical literature, and thoſe alone; the life ſprings of taſte and of good conduct; the principles and laws of ancient compoſition; and the abhorrence of conceit and forced thought. Whatever can bring forth, ſtrengthen, amplify, cultivate, enlighten, purify, and direct the powers of the human mind, within thoſe limits which are preſcribed by its great Creator, and not beyond them; all theſe, and if there be any other praiſe, or any other virtue, which preſerves and continues to man the bleſsings of lawful government, and of ſubjection to God, the Author of all Order; it ſhould be there proſecuted, recommended, taught, enforced, and inculcated. I call upon the ſervants of the Crown, upon the ſolemn Council of the Nation, upon every one who bears legal rule and legiſlative authority in the kingdom, to hear me, and to anſwer me. Has the State nothing to do with the Governors and Tutors of ſuch hallowed and important retreats of arts, and eloquence, and wiſdom, and religion? By their very nature they are conſecrated to a high and holy miniſtry, to a ſtrict fealty, and bounden ſervice to their country. *Their dignity and neceſſity can be laid proſtrate by themſelves alone.* If they are true to their own cauſe, if they will rouſe themſelves into a vindication of the great, original, maſter principles on which they were founded, they may continue to be the lights of the kingdom. They will again be, what they

And *round (q)* his table let the Claret paſs ;

O'er

always ſhould be, a Γενος εκλεκτον, a Λαος εις περιποιησιν, a Βασιλειον Ιερατευμα. The beſt and the ſtrongeſt literary bulwark and fortreſs againſt deception, error, ſophiſtry, anarchy, and the wildneſs of political and religious confuſion. I am not ſpeaking out of ſeaſon, or without neceſſity ; I am ſpeaking in ſoberneſs and in truth. While the words are paſſing from me, JAM THEBÆ JUXTA ET TENEBROSA VORAGO !†

I will extend an obſervation or two, on the method of Academical ſtudy. I own, I never had a very great fear or apprehenſion, that the ſevere and *moſt indiſpenſable* ſtudies of Mathematicks and Natural Philoſophy ſhould be *generally* carried too far. Into the inmoſt receſſes of any ſtudy few are permitted to enter. In Academical education, the great aim and end ſhould be, to recommend the ſtudy of original works principally, I think almoſt excluſively. If theſe are not attended to at the Univerſity, they are ſeldom, if ever read, (I am ſure with little effect) at any other period of life. I am rigid in this opinion. I have ſeen its good effects in men of eminence who adhered to it. " *Say, wouldſt thou hear it from our mouths* " *or from our Maſters ?*" were the words of the weird Siſters ; " *Call them, let me ſee them ;*" was the reply of Macbeth. In this ſpirit would I conſider the books propoſed for the ſubjects of publick lectures. By way of inſtance, Locke, Grotius, Puffendorf, Cumberland, and Woollaſton, ſhould be preferred to the writers who have ariſen ſince their day. I would object to Dr. Paley's moral and political Philoſophy, *as a Lecture book,* ſolely upon this principle ; for it is a book of great merit, and of general utility. New morality, new metaphyſicks, and new politicks, are introduced *unawares,*

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† Stat. Theb. L. 6.

O'er *his* true church the crafty St. Pol (r) ſleep,

Or

unawares, from the contagion of the time. I would call the riſing youth of this country, to the intenſe, and fervent, and unremitting ſtudy of the ancient claſſical writers, (whom I need not name) as their primary choice. I call upon them to have the courage, to be ignorant of many ſubjects, and of many authors, at their ineſtimable age. Never to pretend to ſtudy, in their firſt academical years, what they deſign as the ultimate end of their labours, I mean, their profeſſion. Their whole buſineſs is to lay the foundation of knowledge original, ſound, and ſtrong. In particular, the ſtudy of the Law, *as ſuch*, ſhould never be entered upon, even in limine, before the firſt degree in arts is obtained. The firſt volume indeed of Blackſtone's Commentaries may be read, in the ſame manner as Robertſon's Introduction to his hiſtory of Charles the Fifth. They are chef-d'œuvres in their kind, and form a part of general knowledge. The ſpecifick ſtudy of the Law in the Univerſity, at that early age, confines and cripples the faculties. Such a Student may arrive at mere knowledge, as a ſpecial pleader, but he will never be illuſtrious, or ornamental to his profeſſion. When a man has once entered upon any profeſſion whatever, his education has in fact ceaſed. They, who by a patient continuance, and undiverted attention to academical ſtudies alone, have ſought for the original materials of ſcience and of ſolid fame, have ſeldom failed in their great purſuit. I am zealous for the honour and utility of both our Univerſities. I am earneſt in my words and thoughts. I ſee and hear them too frequently, and moſt unworthily, traduced in writing and in converſation. I ſee the inſtitution ridiculed and ſneered at by the thoughtleſs, by the ignorant, and by the deſigning. But it is a common cauſe. They

Or bounds with Hereticks John Milner *(s)* keep ;

Or

They ſhould always be termed, in literary dignity and with a prophetick ſpirit, the " Æneadas magnos et nobile Pallenteum !" I am for no balance of merit between them. Let them adopt any juſt improvement. I wiſh to ſee no ſparkles from their colliſion ; but I would have them grow brighter and more illuſtrious from mutual reflection. But if they are doomed to fall, and the mortal hour of democracy, confuſion, and tyranny is approaching, this book, till it is prohibited by a Directory, will ſhew they had a friend, bold enough to *contend to the laſt* for their original and inherent dignity. A friend who believed, or rather who knew, them to be capable, in their high functions, to maintain and adorn the principles of happineſs, and ſafety, and learning, and comfort, and hope, and good conſcience ; againſt foppery, and falſe ſcience, and the degradation of the intellect, and frippery, and pompous nonſenſe, and the inſolence of ſcioliſts, and the neglect of good writing, and of good manners. A friend who, with no falſe enthuſiaſm, would ſecure the permanency of THESE ILLUSTRIOUS INSTITUTIONS, with every monument of ancient arts, and eloquence, and ſcience, conſecrated by the miniſtry of religion to the ſtability of the State. (Nov. 1797.)

(*n*) The Rev. W. Langford, D.D. Canon of Windſor, and *Lower Maſter of Eton School.* An inſtructor of much induſtry and ability, and not without livelineſs. It is particular, that his Majeſty never leaves Windſor for Cheltenham, Weymouth, or any other place, but all the publick papers inſtantly inform us of Dr. Langford's loyal attention. " The King arrived at Weymouth on ſuch or ſuch a day ; the next week Dr. Langford ſet off *from Eton,* and preached before his Majeſty the following Sunday." The Doctor, on theſe

occaſions,

Or Wilberforce range lawleſs through the town ;

Or

occaſions, ſuddenly diſappears, and like the River Alpheus, having glided ſoftly under the Sicanian waves, (uncontaminated by the ſaltneſs of the ocean) riſes again *ſound and freſh* in the pulpit at Weymouth. This is very kind. The Doctor ſeems unwilling to truſt the royal theology to the country curates even for a few weeks, during his Majeſty's abſence from the heavenly conſiſtory at Windſor, *now his only Chaplains*, who, it is hoped, attend deeply to their theological ſtudies, mindful of the great charge ſo ſpecifically and honourably committed to them. This is very conſiderate in Dr. Langford, and a high mark of his loyal attachment.

"Mon cher *Delpini*, ſure you will agree,
"That for *(a Biſhop)* none ſo fit as *He*,
"*Who gives the King ſuch very good avis.*"

See the Probationary Odes, by Friar Lawrence and his (ci-devant) conventual brethren.

(o) Richard Warren, M. D. a learned and able Phyſician of the time. "*The well curved palm*" is the attitude of a modern phyſician, when he is about to leave his patient, and which he as naturally cloſes upon his fee, as a lobſter does his claw. As I have a high reſpect for the Medical art, I will gratify Dr. Warren, and many other ingenious gentlemen of the profeſſion, with an extract from one of the Elogia written by Sammarthanus; it relates to a phyſician whom he names *Mareſcottus*. "Recorderis Mareſcottum noſtrum *tria* ſe ſacræ arti noſtræ (Medicæ ſcilicet) debere profeſſum, quibus caruiſſet, ſi *propoſitum a parentibus ſacerdotium* ſuſcepiſſet ; ſcilicet, ſanitatem athleticam ætatis anno 82mo, *centum aureorum millia*, atque intimam

"innu-

Or Mingay be the glory of his gown;

Or

" innumerorum illuſtrium amicitiam." Sammarth. Elog. p. 83 and 84. N. B. Though the Doctor rejected the *propoſitum ſacerdotium* for himſelf, yet his Brother my Lord of Bangor was *made into a Biſhop* by *fraternal* ſkill in the reign of Lord North.—Since this note was *firſt* printed, (July 1797,) the publick have lamented the loſs of this acute and very learned phyſician. *Dum loquimur*, &c. &c.

(*p*) This alluſion was evidently made ſince the 26th of Feb. 1797, ſoon after which the Bank iſſued the *One pound* notes, to the great diſquiet of *the faculty*.

(*q*) " Siccat *inæquales* calices *Conviva Sacerdos*." It is well known *by the Clergy* of a powerful northern dioceſe, that on publick days when the *Claret or Burgundy* arrives at *a certain diſtance* from the top of the table, where *my Lord* is ſeated, the attracting power ſuddenly draws the bottles *acroſs* the table. This is *not* an anecdote *of other times*. It is true at this hour. (July, 1797.) When avarice, pride, and meanneſs act upon the mind at once, I leave it to the metaphyſicians to determine the curve in which it moves.—I ſay no more.

(*r*) The Biſhop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the chief care of the publick largeſs of this kingdom to the French Emigrants *ſacred and profane* is committed. See the portrait of his Catholick Lordſhip in the publick print ſhops of London. It is impoſſible to doubt the apparent propriety of the epithet I have given him, if we only glance on the portrait.—I refer the reader to *all* my notes on the Roman Catholick cauſe, in the Third Dialogue of

Or Erſkine ceaſe from impotent grimace,

And

the P. of L. It is indeed true that THE POPEDOM IS NOW FALLEN; but *the ſpirit of it*, I ſtill maintain, is neither extinct nor aſleep. By way of *Contraſt*, I cannot refrain from preſenting to the reader the picture of Pope PAUL THE FOURTH, as drawn by the maſter hand of Paolo Sarpi. I will not injure the ſublimity and force of the language by a tranſlation. He well knew the court and the policy of Papal Rome, and they knew him. "E ben coſa certa, que PAOLO, come quello che era d'animo grande e de' vaſti penſieri, teneva per ſicuro di poter remediare a tutti i diſordini *per la ſola ſua autorità pontificale*, ne riputava di *aver biſogna* in ciò *di Principe alcuno;* ſolito di non parlar mai con gli Ambaſciadori, *ſe non intonandogli nelle orecchie che* EGLI ERA SOPRA TUTTI GLI PRINCIPI; che non voleva che alcuno d'eſſi domeſticaſſe ſeco, *che poteva mutar regni*, che era SUCCESSOR *di* CHI hà depoſto Re et Imperadori." Iſt. del Concil. Trident. Lib. 5. This picture of a Pope, in the plenitude of pontifick power, ſhould be preſented to all Chriſtian Countries, "*in perpetuam* "*rei memoriam*," that they may contemplate what this ſpiritual tyranny and uſurpation once were, and what the principles of the Romiſh Church ſacred and political (which *never change* in eſſence, ſubſtance, or ſpirit under any calamity) will *at all times* naturally introduce, whenever they obtain their full operation. "*Ubi* PAPA, *ibi Roma!*" in ſæcula ſæculorum! Let *England* look to this.

(s) To the revival of the Roman Catholick Cauſe in Great Britain, "*Peſtis ero vivens.*" In our dread and natural horror of Atheiſm and of anarchy, why are *we* to revive ſuperſtition and tyranny? I have nothing to do with the emancipation

And his appeals to *(t)* God, his prime diſgrace;

Or

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tion of the Catholicks in Ireland, but to my apprehenſion it is a meaſure full of danger. It is at one ſtroke to alter the fundamental law and conſtitution of the country. I write in Great Britain, and direct my thoughts for this kingdom, wiſhing for *peace, tranquillity, and union* between the two iſlands.—I have given more time and ſtudy to *this Roman Catholick ſubject* than any man perhaps, *at this time*, will think it deſerves. I have peruſed many a dull and unintereſting tract, even of their own ſquabbles among one another, much to the loſs of my own quiet. In general I paſs them over, and conſign them to their own dulneſs. But there is one pamphlet, not for any, even the leaſt, excellence of the compoſition, but for the virulence of its ſpirit, which I call into publick notice, if the publick will or can feel upon the ſubject. It is entitled, " A Reply to the Report publiſhed by the Ciſalpine Club on the authenticity of the Proteſtation at the Britiſh Muſeum, &c. &c. by the Rev. John Milner." Printed for Coghlan, Duke Street, Groſvenor Square, 1795. It is written, as the title page informs me, by one John Milner, a Provincial Prieſt reſident *(as I am told)* at Wincheſter, not an emigrant, nor in the King's Houſe (while the Prieſts lived there *en maſſe*,) but the prieſt of a private chapel in that city. He ſeems by his writings, (I know no more of him) to be of the moſt intolerant principles *and deliberate* in the application of them. He exhibits at once the extremes of fierceneſs and of impotence. But he repreſents the opinions of *a very large* portion of their body by whom he is *accredited*. He is very cautious in his pamphlet, as he thinks, but his caution ſpeaks plainer language than the frankneſs of the

the

Or Grafton's *virtues*, to their lateſt day,

Expire

the moſt open declaration. "It is apprehended (he ſays) that "the publication of the facts in queſtion *might prove detrimental* "*to the Catholick Intereſt* (obſerve the words) *on any* FUTURE "*application to the Legiſlature.*" p. 36. We ſee this *wary* prieſt has not thought proper to conceal that *they have* FURTHER *intentions.* He tries the ground before him, but his ſteps are uneaſy. The indulgence, it ſeems, is not to *reſt here.* The lenity of our government naturally leads to other *demands.* With this clue in my hand, I have little difficulty to paſs through the intricacy of this Romiſh labyrinth. In another part of Mr. Milner's "REPLY," his indignation riſes againſt ſome expreſſions in the declaration of the Catholicks. We ſee the embers under which the fire is not yet extinguiſhed. He is afraid, that *we Proteſtants* ſhould think that the ſpirit of *his* church has ſuffered an abatement. "Thus to MY *judgment* (he cries out) am I and the whole Ca-"tholick Body, *without conſenting to it*, pledged in the face of "the Legiſlature to *condemn* the wars of Charlemagne, *and* "THE CRUSADE *againſt* THE INFAMOUS ALBIGENSES." p. 28. I hope we are all children of mercy, trained and educated in the benevolence and charity, which Chriſt has taught and enforced, and if we have read the hiſtory of that infernal and murderous perſecution of the devoted Albigenſes, (whoſe *chief* crime was their determined oppoſition and reſiſtance to the papal tyranny†) what opinion or what comment ſhall we form on

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† The Albigenſes were a ſect of the Waldenſes, who had their riſe in the twelfth century. I know what *the malice* of their

Expire in Junius and revive in Gray;

Or,

on this mercileſs prieſt, who *after the lapſe of centuries*, feels *the ſame* paſſions and *the ſame* thirſt of blood againſt theſe innocent victims of popiſh and arbitrary violence? *Crimine ab uno* DISCE OMNES!

(*t*) Nothing can be more offenſive, more injudicious, and in ſome inſtances more profane, than when *a Barriſter appeals to God* for the truth of every aſſertion made in a court of law, and in many caſes when the facts have been doubtful, and ſometimes have been afterwards proved to be falſe. I call this *a prime diſgrace;* and I hope no Barriſter of ability will follow this flippant raſh habit of Mr. Erſkine, in the Court of King's Bench, which *we* have all ſo repeatedly witneſſed. Mr. Erſkine's own better ſenſe and ſerious thought (for I believe he has ſome ſerious thoughts) will reſtrain him in future. But publick men muſt be told of their faults publickly.

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their enemies has ſuggeſted againſt them. This is not a place to *diſcuſs* hiſtory, but I refer the ſtateſman to Thuanus L. 1. S. 16. Vol. 1. p. 221. Ed. Buckley. N. B. For their confeſſion of faith, which was preſented to King Francis the Firſt, by the wretched remnant of theſe Albigenſes, I refer the theological and political reader to Sandius's Hiſt. Eccles. It is an honour to their religion. Sandius's words begin. " A.
" 1544. Merindoliani et Caprarienſes &c. exiſtenteſque *Reliquiæ*
" *Albigenſium* ſequentem fidei ſuæ confeſſionem obtulerunt
" Franciſco I. Regi Galliæ, quam a majoribus quaſi
" per manus acceperant, abhinc anno poſt Chriſti Jucarn:
" 1200," &c. Sand. Hiſt. E. p. 425.

Or, by the wayward juſtice of the land,
Great Mansfield fall by an Attorney's hand; (u)
Or one mean cauſe the virtuous (x) Scott maintain,
Turn law to trade, or deem religion vain;
Or (y) Roſe with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt grace,
Riſe to explain his ſinecures and place;
Or the Bank bow to Pitt's imperial creed;
Or Dramatiſts to publick truſt ſucceed;
Sooner to France Thames roll his current ſtrong,
Than men love verſe, high fancy, or the ſong.

(u) See a long law-life in 4to. of the great Earl Mansfield, Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench; by Mr. Holliday, in a very peculiar ſtyle indeed. For the greater part, it is a bundle of reports and law pleadings ſtrung together. It is aſtoniſhing to me, that Conveyancers and Attorneys, who really appear not to know how to conſtruct a ſingle ſentence without provoking a ſmile at ſome error in grammar, language, or metaphor, will think themſelves qualified to deliver down to poſterity the lives of great men. Luckily, Mr. Holliday's zeal does not offend us in rhyme. The friendſhip and the verſe of Pope, as well as the ſplendour of his own abilities, and the dignity of their high exertions, have ſecured an eternity of reputation to LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD which can never fall even by Mr. Holliday's attempt.

(x) Sir John Scott, Attorney General.

(y) George Roſe, Eſq. Secretary to the Treaſury, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Nor think, a Poet's name I lightly prize,
Taught by the muſe, and by her wiſdom wiſe:
But in the wane of Empires (mark the hour)
Vice and the ſword conſolidate all pow'r;
Laws paſs their *(z)* bounds; few ſtateſmen ſtand
erect;
All in their country's name, themſelves protect;
The Conſtitution ſounds in every ſpeech,
The words an inſult, and each act a breach;
The publick hopes with publick credit ſink—
At *ſuch* an hour, when men to madneſs think,
What is a Poet, what is fiction's ſtrain?
JUNIUS *(a)* might probe a Nation's wounds in vain.

(z) The violence, ſedition, and daring wickedneſs of *times like theſe* produce the neceſſity of *extending* laws and regulations, and acts which are declared *temporary*, and called for by that neceſſity alone. When the danger is paſt, the Conſtitution is again left to protect itſelf by its ancient laws, if that danger can *now, or ever*, paſs from us. This is what Octavius ſeems to mean, by "laws *paſſing* their bounds," &c. in this and the *following* lines; and in this ſenſe I hope he will be underſtood.

(a) O magnâ ſacer et ſuperbus umbrâ!

Stat. Sylv. L. 2. Carm. 7.

As from a diamond globe, with rays condenſe,
'Tis SATIRE gives the ſtrongeſt light to ſenſe,
To thought compreſſion, vigour to the ſoul,
To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
To truth the ſplendour of her awful face,
To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
To conſcience ſtings beneath the cap or crown,
To vice that terror ſhe will feel and own.

But if in love with fiction ſtill, at court
Preſent in verſe ſome new Finance Report,
How taxes, funds, and debts ſhall diſappear,
Or in the fiftieth or five-hundredth year.
Or tread the maze of *pictureſque* delight,
From Holwood paint with Pitt the proſpect bright;
Without

Junius told the nation that "a time might arrive, at which "*every inferior conſideration muſt yield* TO THE SECURITY OF THE "SOVEREIGN, *and to* THE GENERAL SAFETY *of the* State." Introduct. to Lett. 35. This is not the doctrine of Horne Tooke and the deſperate French factions and ſeditious ſocieties now in England.—JUNIUS had not *ſo learned* the Conſtitution of England; nor has the Author of the P. of L. ſo learned it.

Without one "line of boundary" to ſpeech,
The ſummit of *conceit* with Gilpin (*b*) reach
In *Deſolation's* dread *partitions* felt,
With *dip*, and *bole*, *grand maſſes*, *burſt*, and *belt*,

(*b*) I am under the neceſſity of making a ſtrong remonſtrance againſt *the language* of R. Gilpin's writings on Landſcape and the Picturesque. It is ſuch a *fartago* or jargon of ſpeech as is wholly unneceſſary, though we are taught to believe them appropriate terms. They abſolutely appear in troops. *Dips—Boles—Grand Maſſes—Belts—tremulous Shudders—Burſts—plaſhy Inundations—partitious of deſolation—continents of precipice*—and a hundred more, till the Engliſh language ſets all Engliſh meaning at defiance. Theſe terms are not the *parcé detorta* of Horace, but mere jargon and fooliſh affectation. Dilettanti and Connoiſſeurs almoſt bluſh to uſe them. A term or word may not be quite obvious or eaſy, yet it may not be affected. But the rage of *Conceito* admits no "line of boundary," as theſe gentlemen love to talk. To uſe the words of Shakſpeare in one of *his own* plays, as it now ſeems, (for Dr. Farmer and George Steevens, Eſq. take from him and give to him *juſt as they pleaſe*). "They abſolutely make a battery through our defenceleſs parts." Pericles Prince of Tyre, Act. 5. Sc. 1.—Simplicity in language is firſt to be ſought. Strength and dignity will follow. Government, the arts, morality, and religion, are all concerned in its preſervation. Mr. Gilpin's works on other ſubjects have and deſerve high approbation. In all but the picturesque he ſeems as ready as any man to ſay, "*State ſuper vias antiquas.*"

With *ſhudders tremulous* explore your way,
Through *plaſhy inundations (c)* led aſtray,
Till tir'd and jaded with the coxcomb ſtrains,
Howeward you ſteal "through Surry's *(d)* quiet lanes,"
Renounce all Gilpin's jargon, ſaid or ſung,
And talk of Nature's works in Nature's tongue,
But ſtill keep *Method.*

AUTHOR.

Method?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes: 'tis plain,
Connection, order, *method* you diſdain:

(*c*) *Anglicè,* "Fens."

(*d*) "Stealing through the quiet lanes of Surry," is an eaſy and happy expreſſion *(cur non omnia?)* of Mr. Gilpin's. Obſervat. in the Lakes of Weſtmoreland, &c. Vol. 2. p. 268.

You write when in the humour, ſcarce exact,
The thoughts disjointed, nor the ſenſe compact;
Be regular: from A to B proceed;
I hate your zig-zag verſe, and wanton heed.

AUTHOR.

Your counſel's good: I'll lock it in my breaſt,
Like Mansfield, I ne'er *enter (e)* my proteſt:
But ſay, a ſimple ſtory ſhall I tell?
A MAN OF METHOD is the theme.

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis well.

AUTHOR.

(*e*) The great Lord Mansfield Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench, and his nephew the late very learned *(ci-devant)* Lord Stormont, made a rule never to enter a proteſt on the Journals of the Houſe of Lords.

AUTHOR.

There liv'd a Scholar (*f*) late, of London fame,
A Doctor, (*g*) and Moroſophos (*h*) his name:
From all the pains of ſtudy freed long ſince,
Far from a Newton, and not quite a (*i*) Vince;

In

(f) When I am very particular in the deſcription of a character, I abſtain from giving the leaſt hint of a real name. " Quis rapiet ad ſe quod erit commune omnium?" or in Le Sage's inimitable language," *qui ſe fera connoitre mal à propos?*" I only give this as *A Character*, and ſay no more.

(g) The word and title of " DOCTOR" is miſerably abuſed. Eraſmus long ago in an Epiſtle from Louvain in 1520 to the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio, obſerved with ſome indignation, " *Unde* DOCTORIS titulo gloriantur, *niſi* UT DOCEANT? Eraſmi Epiſt. Ed. Lond. Fol. 652. I wiſh this were written in large characters over the door of the theatre at Oxford, and the Senate Houſe at Cambridge.

(h) Moroſophos. i. e. *Stultè ſapiens.*—But more preſently of Dr. MOROSOPHOS, *the Man of Method.*

(i) A learned and uſeful Profeſſor of Natural Experimental Philoſophy at Cambridge. See his works.

In metaphyſicks bold would ſpread his ſails,
And with Monboddo ſtill believ'd (*k*) in tails;
At anatomick lore would ſometimes peep,
And call Earle (*l*) uſeful, Abernethy (*m*) deep;
With Symonds and with Grafton's Duke (*n*) would vie,
A Dilettante in Divinity;

A ſpecial

(*k*) All the learned world knows *how* Lord Monboddo believed and ſtill believes, that men had once *tails* depending from the *gable end* of their bodies, ſuppoſing them to *go upon all fours.* N. B. Dr. Johnſon defines the *gable end* to be "the *ſloping roof* of a building," and he gives a pleaſant inſtance from Mortimer's Huſbandry. "Take care that all your brick work be covered &c. without *gable ends*, which are *very heavy*, &c."

(*l*) James Earle, Eſq. Senior Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, and Editor of the celebrated PERCIVAL POTT's Works. I have been informed that the notes which Mr. Earle has added are valuable; nor would I paſs in ſilence the treatiſes he has given to the world in his own name, the reſult of extenſive practice and accurate obſervation.

(*m*) A young Surgeon of an accurate and philoſophical ſpirit of inveſtigation, from whoſe genius and labours I am led to think, the medical art and natural ſcience will hereafter receive great acceſſions.

(*n*) The Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor, and John Symonds, L.L. D. Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory in the Univerſity

of

A ſpecial clerk for *method* and for plan,
Through ſcience by the alphabet he ran.

He

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of Cambridge, have both attracted the public attention by their various *Hints* and *obſervations* on ſubjects of Scripture.—As I never may have ſo convenient an opportunity, I will alſo offer a remark or two, which are *new* to me, on a paſſage in St. Paul's Epiſtles, if another Layman may be heard with indulgence. There is no particular conjecture as to the peculiar meaning or force of the following paſſage of St. Paul in the Second Epiſtle to Timothy. "*The Cloak* which I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, but eſpecially *the parchments.*" Ep. 2. C. 4. v. 13. I would hint, that this Epiſtle was written *from Rome* when Paul was brought before Nero the ſecond time. Εγραφη απο Ρωμης, ὁτε εκ δευτερȣ παρεστη Παυλος τω Καισαρι Νερωνι. In the 22d Chapter of the Acts, Paul was tenacious of the privilege of Roman Citizenſhip, and it proved of much advantage to him before the Centurion. It may be, and it is, a matter of mere *conjecture*, whether he might be *required* to prove himſelf a Citizen of Rome, when he was to make his defence. Theſe *parchments* (μεμβραναι) might contain ſome documents, or be a deed or diploma of ſome conſequence to the matter in queſtion. But as to *the Cloak*, there is ſomething more particular. The *Cloak* in the original, is Φελονης, or Φαιλόνης, which is undoubtedly a corruption for Φαινολης, and it is ſo read in the Codex M. S. Bibliothecæ Cæſareæ Viennenſis. Φαινολης was *greciſed* from the Roman word *Pænula*. This is no more than was done frequently in other languages and in other countries. Particularly when the ſeat of Empire was transferred from Rome to Byzantium, the lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to *greciſe* many terms of law; as Φιδεϊκομ-

μισσαριȣς

He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,
A wife for regularity, not love;
A little

μισσαριους for *fidei commiſſarios*, Ρεπουδιον for *repudium*, (as in this paſſage, " Ευλογως ἡ γυνη το Ρεπουδιον στειλει· κτλ." Juſtinian. Novell. 22.) Κηνσευειν, for *Cenſere*, Εξπεδιτον, for *Expeditum* or *Expeditio*, κομπρομισσον for *compromiſſum*, and other words, as may be ſeen in Du Freſne's and other Lexicons, but in particular in a moſt ſingular and ſcarce Gloſſary by Meurſius.† And in the Eaſt, *before* the acceſſion of the Houſe of Timour, the *Arabian* language was prevalent in *Hindoſtan*, when the Hindoo Rajas had Communication with the Mahommedan princes; and it is remarkable, that the *Arabian* language is uſed technically in the Code of Gentoo laws. Ch. 2. S. 3. " That is a woman's property, during the *Ayammi Shaddee*," which is the *Arabick* term for *the Days of Marriage*. The trial of Mahorajah Nundocomar for forgery before the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, will furniſh many ſingular inſtances.—But to return to the Φαινολης or *Pænula*. I would obſerve that when the Roman ſtate degenerated into an abſolute monarchy, many Citizens laid aſide the *Toga* and wore the *Pænula*, or the *Lacerna* in its ſtead. Auguſtus highly diſapproved of this change in their dreſs. He was, as Suetonius informs us, *indignabundus*, and gave orders to the Ædiles on the ſubject: " Negotium Ædilibus dedit, ne quem poſthac in foro paterentur, niſi poſitis *lacernis* togatum conſiſtere." Octav. C. 40. But the *Pænula* was ſtill worn.
As

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† " Joannis Meurſii Gloſſarium Græco—Barbarum, in quo præter vocabula quinque millia quadringenta, Officia atque Dignitates Imperii Conſtantinop. tam in Palatio, quam in Eccleſia aut Militia explicantur et illuſtrantur." Lugd. Bat. 1614.

A little architect in all his ſchemes,
Some ſay he had *a method* in his dreams.
Three ſeſſions in the Houſe he daily toil'd,
In every plan, in every *motion* foil'd,

Till

As the *Pænula* was ſo *ſpecifically* a Roman garment and worn only by Romans, St. Paul might wiſh, as a ſlight confirmation of his point, to ſhew what was his cuſtomary dreſs. It may be remarked, that the *Pænula* was a veſtment, which the Romans generally wore *upon a journey*. Juvenal obſerves in Sat. 5. “Multo ſtillaret *Pænula* nimbo,” and St. Paul ſays, that “he *left it behind him* at Troas.”—This is only written as a *mere literary* remark to hint, that in the minuteſt paſſages of the Scriptures there may be ſome meaning; and that nothing can be ſo contemptible as a fooliſh and a profane ridicule on any paſſage in the ſacred writings, *founded on ignorance.* The preſent remarks are intended as a matter of ſome little curioſity; I look upon them in no other view. But I think there is no paſſage in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures which will not at laſt admit of ſuch an illuſtration or explanation, I mean *philologically* or *critically*, as may put to ſilence the ignorance of fooliſh men. Much general information is to be obtained from Harmer's valuable and ſatisfactory Obſervations on the Scriptures, collected from Voyages and Travels in the Eaſt; (four volumes 8vo.) and from “Letters from ſome Jews to Mr. Voltaire.” A man of real erudition, who merits the eſteem of his fellow-creatures, conſtantly keeps his knowledge, his reaſon, *and his prudence* connected indiſſolubly, or as it is well expreſſed by a

philoſopher,

Till like grave Nicholls in a pet he ſwore,
"I'll *move myſelf*, the Houſe I can no more;"
Then penn'd to Pitt his monitory ſtrain (*o*)
As Murray, clear, and as fond Randolph, plain.
Reſolv'd on eaſe, his Travels were at home,
And Lumſden's (*p*) taught him to converſe of Rome;
The

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philoſopher, Εν συναρμογᾶ αδιαλυτω κατα λογον αριστον. (Plat. Timæ. Locr. de anim. mundi. Plat. Op. Edit. Serrani Tom. 3. page 95.)

(*o*) The three great, yet familiar, *Letter-writers of the age* are, John Nicholls, Eſq. M. P. for Tregony (1797), Sir James Murray (Pulteney) Secretary to the Duke of York in Germany, and the Rev. Dr. Randolph.—See "A Pair of Epiſtles in verſe, with notes: the firſt to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, &c." 2nd edition. 1796. I recommended them to the general entertainment of the public. *My mention* of them may poſſibly excite ſome curioſity.

(*p*) That ingenious, accompliſhed, and very learned gentleman, ANDREW LUMSDEN, Eſq. F. A. S. Edinb. has ſince that time *taught us all* in the moſt agreeable ſcholar-like manner. See "His remarks on the Antiquities of ROME and its Environs, being a claſſical and topographical Survey of the Ruins of that celebrated City." 4to. 1797. It is a pleaſing and moſt judicious performance of a Gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the united advantages of foreign travel, ſtudious leiſure, and polite company.

The arch Palladian, and the Parian ſtone,
He lov'd, the pride of Chambers and of Soane. (*q*)
But late, by Carter's (*r*) *holy* pencil won,
Wyatt and Gothick *hereſy* would ſhun,
And oft in thought, by antique pavements laid,
With Lyſons (*ſ*) guide the military ſpade;

(*q*) Two celebrated architects. The profeſſional knowledge of Sir W. Chambers, Knight, of moſt *heroick* memory, was profound and ſubſtantial. Mr. Soane has more fancy and airineſs of deſign, and is certainly a man of information and ingenuity. But he indulges himſelf a little too much in extravaganzas and *whims*. See the Bank.

(*r*) I am obliged for this information to a Fellow of the S. of Antiquaries.—Mr. Carter is a draftſman of the very firſt merit, but his *catholick* zeal betrayed him, aſſiſted by ſome *Moroſophiſts* of the Society, to attack the firſt genius in Architecture in this kingdom, Mr. Wyatt. *Longa eſt injuria: longæ ambages.* It is difficult to prove that the Society was inſtituted, ſolely to preſerve the purity of Gothick Architecture, or to liſten to the tireſome cabals of buſy Baronets and meddling Romiſh prieſts.—But to us, under the auſpices of Wyatt,

> O Fortunati, *quorum pia tecta reſurgunt!*
> Æneas ait, et faſtigia ſuſpicit urbis!

(*ſ*) Samuel Lyſons, Eſq. F. R. S. and A. S. The moſt judicious, beſt informed, and moſt learned amateur Antiquary in

And once, for purer air o'er *rural* ground,
With little Daniel (*t*) went his twelve miles round,
On Sundays at Sir Joſeph's (*u*) never fail'd,
So regular, you might have thought him bail'd;

this kingdom, in his department. *Do lubens manus Vitruvio.* His work on the remains of the Roman Villa and pavements at Woodcheſter, near Glouceſter, (which a friend has juſt ſhewn me) is ſuch a ſpecimen of ingenuity, unwearied zeal, and critical accuracy in dilineating and illuſtrating the fragments of antiquity, as rarely has been equalled, certainly never ſurpaſſed. His Majeſty was ſo pleaſed with ſome of Mr. Lyſons's attempts (near Dorcheſter I think,) that a party of *the militia* was detached to aſſiſt him in digging among the ruins. A friend of mine was much entertained with *the three tents* erected on the ſpot, and a detachment of ſoldiers ſtorming a fort under ground, under the orders of an Antiquary. Hence my alluſion to *the military ſpade* (Nov. 1797.)

(t) The Rev. Daniel Lyſons, M. A. the Brother of Samuel Lyſons Eſq. An ingenious and diligent Antiquary, but of an inferior claſs. He is Author of The Environs, twelve miles round London. But—My dear little Daniel, Four large Volumes in 4to. *wire-wove and hot preſſed*, and Six Guineas paid down on the table, and the books unbound, are rather too much for pariſh-regiſters, births, deaths, marriages, and even for *the delights* of Iſlington, Homerton, Hackney, Clapton, Acton, and all the rural retreats of City-innocence and pure air, in the neighbourhood of Town.

(u) Sir Joſeph Banks, Bart. Knight of the Bath, Preſident of the Royal Society, Privy Counſellor, &c. &c. has inſtitu-

With Jones a linguiſt, Sanſcrit, Greek, or Manks,
And could with Watſon play ſome chemick pranks;
Yet far too wiſe *to roaſt* a diamond (*x*) whole,
And for a treaſure find at laſt a coal.
Would ſometimes treat, his wines of choſen ſort;
Will. Pitt with *honeſt* Harry lov'd his (*y*) port;

The

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ted a meeting at his houſe in Soho Square, every Sunday evening at which the Literati and men of rank and conſequence, and men of no conſequence at all, find equally a polite and pleaſing reception from that diſtinguiſhed Gentleman. Sir Joseph Banks is fitted for his ſtation in the learned world not more for his attainments and the liberality of his mind, than by his particular and unremitted attention to the intereſt and advancement of natural knowledge, and his generous patronage of the Arts.

(*x*) The ingenious Mr. Tenant has ſhewn, in a paper read at the Royal Society, that he can reduce a *Diamond* by evaporation *to Charcoal.* I hear Mrs. Haſtings, and other great poſſeſſors of diamonds, have a kind of *Tenanto-phobia*, and are ſhy of this gentleman. *A poor Poet*, like myſelf, who has neither diamonds nor any thing precious belonging to him, can only remind Mr. Tenant and the Royal Society of the old proverb, "*Carbonem pro Theſauro.*"

(*y*) I can give no better character of his old Port—We all know on ſuch occaſions, "*Bacchum in remotis rupibus's* is the ſong of *honeſt* Harry in all the wildneſs of *highland* Dithyrambick; while Mr. Pitt, on the battlements of Walmer, in his own and Virgil's *ſober* majeſty, "OCEANO LIBEMUS, ait."

The Bengal Squad (z) he fed, ſo wondrous nice,
Baring his currie took, and Scott his rice.
In Scrip: not Hemings' (a) ſelf more vers'd than he,
The Solomons, or Nathan, or E. P.;

Loyal

(z) “Privatis majora focis.”—I can have nothing to ſay to them. Dr. Moroſophos was bolder than I can venture to be. I could write down a pleaſant collection. Several of them are *reformers*, Mr. Philip Francis, little Michael Angelo, &c. &c. &c. but none of them are diſpoſed to extend the queſtion of Reform in a more important department, and cry out with Boileau, “A t'on par quelqu' edit *réformé la Cuiſine?*” Sat. 3.

(a) Dr. Moroſophos now and then dabbled in the funds. *The Gentlemen of the Stock Exchange*, or *The College*, (as it is termed in City-wit) are indebted much to that eminent calculator of the *different payments*, Mr. HEMINGS. Boyd, Benfield, Solomon Solomon, Nathan Solomon, E. P. Solomon, Theluſſon, Old Daniel Giles, Mr. Battie, Lord Lanſdowne, Dr. Moore, Little Count Rupee, and all thoſe who *look an eighth better or worſe on the opening*, know that I am right, in pronouncing the panegyrick of this learned claſſick on the Stock Exchange.

> “Prens moi le bon parti; laiſſe là tous les livres.
> “Exerce-toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes ſciences;
> “Prens, au lieu d'un Platon, *ce guidon des finances.*”

Avis de Boileau. Sat. 8.

Loyal and open, liberal of (*b*) caſh,
(Not your damn'd dollars, or Bank-paper traſh)
Nor tax, nor loan he fear'd, at table free,
And drank the Miniſter *with three times three*; (*c*)

Till

(*b*) This verſe was evidently written after the 26th of Feb. 1797, after the order of Council was ſent to the Bank of England, when the whole nation was made to paſs *through the pillars of Hercules.*

(*c*) Certainly Dr. Moroſophos did this, before Mr. PITT *(fame rabidâ* TRIA *guttura pandens)* conceived the idea of *the triple aſſeſſment*, or, perhaps, three times three.— (Nov. 1797.) I underſtand, if Mr. Fox had not abandoned his duty in the H. of C., he had intended to oppoſe the tax and its author, with *an oath* from Horace: " *Ter* ſi reſurgat, *ter* pereat *meis* EXCISUS *Argivis!* I have heard alſo, that Mr. Sheridan meant to ſtate to the Committee, the great neceſſity of prohibiting or ſuſpending, for a limited period, the ſtudy of the claſſicks (which he was happy to ſay he had done for a conſiderable time) as it appeared by the *late* oath which his Rt. Hon. Friend had juſt made, that there was reaſon to ſuſpect, that wicked Poet originally ſuggeſted to Sir R. Walpole, the ſcheme of the EXCISE, particularly as Horace's father was a *Coactor*. Horace had alſo hinted, that a good man need not change his manner of living on account of heavy taxes. " *Integris* opibus novi *non latius uſum* quam nunc EXCISIS!" It had moreover been ſtated from Virgil, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that it was neceſſary " EXCISA

vitam

Till with a pun old Caleb *(d)* crown'd the whole,
" *Conſols*, and not philoſophy, *conſole*."
He talk'd, like Indian *(e)* Rennell, rather long,
And would at times regale you with a ſong,
But ſeldom that; in muſick though a prig,
The little Doctor ſwell'd and look'd ſo big;

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vitam producere TROJA;" and the Chancellor had announced from the ſame poet, the *quadruple* happineſs for ſome of his friends, "O *terque* QUATERQUE beati queis ante ora patrum, &c." which the Committee knew better than he did; and therefore he ſhould move a ſtring of reſolutions on a future day, &c. &c. &c. I ſhall not interfere with Mr. Fox's oath, or Mr. Sheridan's motion; but *ſtanding in my place*, I ſhall adopt the words of the claſſick father of the Exciſe ſcheme, "*Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt lyræ.*"—Sir Robert Herries, though no great poet, underſtands this ſubject better than I do. We read, aurea *prima* ſata eſt ætas, et vindice nullo, &c. See Ovid, and compare Sir Robert's *Autumnal* ſketch in 1797. The tints of Autumn are favourable to painters of ſketches.

(*d*) Caleb Whitefoord.—N. B. If you do but touch him, puns and quills alike ſtand ready on *this fretful porcupine.*

(*e*) Major James Rennell, the great Geographer of India, ὁ πανυ. A gentleman to whoſe accuracy and extent of knowledge this country is conſiderably indebted. But this has nothing to do *with his converſation.*

Nay to Greek *(f)* notes would trill a Grecian ode,
In diatonick kind and Lydian mode,
And then with Burney, as his fit grew warmer,
Convers'd of Stentor the great *(g)* *throat-performer*.
Banks *(h)* gave him morning leſſons how to dreſs,
And Morgan *(i)* whiſper'd courage and fineſſe.

A Poet

(*f*) Dr. Moroſophos, the man of method, was rather troubleſome to his friends on this ſubject of Greek Muſick. He wiſhed to paſs for another Meibomius. But there is ſtill reaſon to think that he never ſaw the three hymns to Calliope, Apollo, and Nemeſis, printed with the Greek muſical notes to which they were ſung, at the end of the Oxford edition of Aratus in 1672, by Dr. Fell, or the more accurate copy of theſe hymns in Mr. Burette's Memoire on this ſubject. Memoires de'l'Academie des Inſcriptions, Tom. 5.—Dr. Moroſophos knew but little of the ſyſtem of the Lydian Mode in the diatonick genus. There is alſo reaſon to think that he knew as little, as Biſhop Horſleley, of the Προσλαμβανομενος, the Υπατη ὑπατων, or the Παρυπατη μεσων, &c.

(*g*) " Stentor is celebrated by Homer as the moſt illuſtrious *throat-performer* of antiquity." Burney's Hiſt. of Muſick, 4to, vol. 1. p. 340.

(h) Sir Joſeph Banks, Bart. &c. I ſpeak only of " *Morning* " habiliments."

(i) Maurice Morgan, Eſq. an ingenious writer, author of the pleaſant *Extravaganza* on the *Courage* of Sir John Falſtaff.

Mr.

A Poet too he was, not very bright,
Something between a Jerningham and *(k)* Knight;
He dealt in tragick, epick, critick lore,
With half, whole plans, and epiſodes in ſtore,
Method was all; yet would he ſeldom write,
He fear'd the ground-plot wrong, or—out of ſight.
At laſt THE DOCTOR gave his friends a work!
(Not verſe, like Cowper, or high proſe, like Burke,)
CHAMBERS ABRIDG'D! in ſooth 'twas all he read,
From fruitful A to unproductive *Zed.*

OCTAVIUS.

What then? for ever ſhall we wildly ſtray,
And pluck each hare-bell in the flow'ry way,

Mr. M. is known to his friends by the name of *Sir John.* In his politicks, he is of the *Lanſdown School.*

(*k*) Knight and Jerningham.

"*Soyez plutôt maçon,* ſi c'eſt votre talent,
Ouvrier eſtimè dans un art neceſſaire,
Qu' écrivain du commun, & pöete vulgaire."
Avis de Boileau, A. P. ch. 4.

Or void of judgment, fire or critick force,
Stop to each golden apple in the courſe?
I never can with argument diſpenſe;
Pope gave the verſe, but Warburton *(l)* the ſenſe.

AUTHOR.

'Tis true; by plan and ſyllabus *(m)* confin'd,
Knight thus compoſes firſt the reader's mind;
To rouſe attention is the poet's art,
Knight calls to ſleep, and acts a civil part,
Save to his view when foul Priapus *(n)* roſe,
He wak'd to luſt, in ſtimulating proſe.

But

(*l*) Octavius is right in ſome degree. The commentary of Warburton on Pope's moral Poems is peculiarly valuable, and explains many ſeeming inconſiſtencies. Pope thought ſo himſelf.

(*m*) Par *claſſes* et par *titres*,
Dogmatizer en vers et rimer par chapitres.
Boileau Sat. 8. 115.

(*n*) Concerning Mr. Knight's Treatiſe on the Worſhip of Priapus, in addition to what I before ſaid (P. of L. Dial. 1. v. 134. Note

But though that *Garden-God* forſaken dies;
Another Cleland *(o)* ſee in Lewis *(p)* riſe.
Why ſleep the miniſters of truth and law?
Has the ſtate no controul, no decent awe,

While

134. Note (*g*) I ſhall offer the ſpirited words of Clemens Alexandrinus, from his Λογος Προτρεπτικος εις τους Ελληνας, or "*Admonitio ad Gentes*:" "Ταυτα ὑμων της ἡδυπαθειας τα αρχετυπα, ἁυται της ὑϐρεως ἁι θεολογιαι, ἁυται των συμπορνευοντων ὑμιν Θεων ἁι διδασκαλιαι·—Πανισκοι, και γυμναι κοραι, και ΜΟΡΙΩΝ ΕΝΤΑΣΕΙΣ ταις γραφαις απογυμνουμεναι:——Ηταιρηκεν ὑμιν τα ωτα, πεπορνευκασιν ὁι οφθαλμοι, ἁι οψεις μεμοιχευκασι. Ω βιασαμενοι τον ανθρωπον, και το ενθεον του πλασματος ελεγκει απαρξαντες! κτλ."—Clem. Alex. Edit. Commelin. 1616, p. 30, &c.—I now diſmiſs this odious Treatiſe on Priapus *for ever*.—N. B. The learned reader will recollect that Clemens Alexandrinus lived in the third century under Alexander Severus and Caracalla, was a native of Athens, and that the famous Origen ſtudied in his ſchool.

(*o*) John Cleland, author of "The Memoirs of a Woman "of Pleaſure."

(*p*) M. Lewis, Eſq. M. P. author of "The *Monk* a Ro- "mance, in 3 Vol." (Vol. 2. Ch. 6. and 7.) See my Obſervations at length in the preface to this Fourth Dial. of the P. L. pag. ii. and iii.—The publication of this novel *by a Member of Parliament* is in itſelf *ſo ſerious an offence to the public*, that I know not how the author can repair this breach of public

decency,

While each with each in madd'ning orgies vie,
Pandars to luſt and licens'd blaſphemy?

Can

decency, but by ſuppreſſing it himſelf. Or he might omit the indecent and blaſphemous paſſages in another edition; there is neither genius nor wit in them, and the work as a compoſition would receive great advantage. I wiſh he may at leaſt take this advice. I will give Mr. LEWIS an extract from the ninth Book of the Hiſtory of Procopius, called the *Hiſtoria Arcana* of the Emperor Juſtinian and the infamous Theodòra. The words are theſe.

"Αλλο τε μοι ενδειν ηθους περιμνημονευσαι τουδε του Ανθρωπου ουδ' ὁτιουν οιμαι. 'Απαντα γαρ αυτου τα της ψυχης παθη οὑτος αει αξιοχρεως σημηναι διαρκως ειη. Επει ὁστις. αλογησας την ὑπερ των πεπραγμενων την αισχυνην, ουκ απαξιοῖ τοις εντυγχανουσι βδελυρος φαινεσθαι, τουτω δη ουδεμια παρανομιας ατραπος αβατος. αλλα την αναιδειαν αει του μετωπου προβεβλημενος, ῥᾶστα τε και ουδενι πονω ες των πραξεων τας μιαρωτατας χωρει." Procop. Hiſtor. Arcan. Lib. 9. p. 46. Ed. Fol. Lugdun. 1623.—I wiſh Mr. Lewis may read and profit from this paſſage. (July 1797.)

Novels of this ſeductive and libidinous tendency excite diſguſt, fear and horror, in every man and woman, who reflect upon thoſe virtues which *alone* give ſupport, comfort and continuance, to human Society. The intereſts of Society and the eſſential welfare, and even the very exiſtence, of this kingdom authoriſe any man, though conſcious of manifold frailties, to ſpeak in the manner I have done. For we cannot long deceive ourſelves. Poetical men, of looſe and ungoverned morals, can offer to us or themſelves but feeble conſolations from wit and imagery, when we are left to ſolitary reflection and the agony of remorſe. I never found this ſubject ſo well repreſented, and ſo unanſwerably enforced to every underſtanding, capable

of

Can ſenates hear without a *kindred* rage?
Oh may a poet's light'ning blaſt the page,
Nor with the bolt of Nemeſis in vain
Supply the laws, that wake not to reſtrain!
  Is ignorance the plea? ſince Blackſtone drew
The lucid chart, each labyrinth has a clue,
Each law an index: ſtudents aptly turn
To Williams, Hale, judicious (*q*) Cox, and Burn;

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of *recalling itſelf* from vicious conduct and irregular inclinations, as in this ſhort ſentence: "*Whoever* WHOLLY *give themſelves up* "*to Luſt, will ſoon find it to be the leaſt fault they are guilty of.*"

Whatever I have ſaid on the ſubject of this novel, called THE MONK, I ſhall leave as matter of record, whether the Novel is altered, or not. The tenor of the whole is reprehenſible. I leave it as a proteſt againſt ſuch a work, publiſhed in ſuch a manner, by a Gentleman in the high, honourable, and reſponſible ſtation of a Member of Parliament. It is hoped and expected that no ſimilar work will ever again be given to this country. (Added Nov. 1797.)

(*q*) Samuel Cox Eſq. of the Court of Chancery, the Editor (at his leiſure hours) of the Reports of Peere Williams. I am not very converſant with *profeſſional* law books, but a learned perſon ſhewed me Mr. Coxe's mode of illuſtration, and deſired me to conſider it. I really think, it ſeems as a model for all future Editors of Reports of former years. This plan is evidently the mode of a moſt judicious underſtanding and of a well-read Lawyer. Tranſeat in exemplum!

Obſcenity has now her code and prieſt,
While anarchy prepares the dire Digeſt.

Methinks as in a theatre I ſtand,
Where vice and folly ſaunter hand with hand,
With each ſtrange form in motley maſquerade,
Featur'd grimace and impudence pourtray'd,
While virtue, hov'ring o'er th' unhallow'd room,
Seems a dim ſpeck through ſin's ſurrounding gloom:
As through the ſmoak-ſoil'd glaſs (*r*) we ſpy from far
The circling radiance of the Sirian Star,
Faint wax the beams if ſtrong the fumy tint,
Till the ſtar fades, a mathematick point.

Sure from the womb I was untimely torn,
Or in ſome rude inclement ſeaſon born,

The

(*r*) "If the eye glaſs be tincted faintly with the ſmoke of "a lamp or torch to obſcure the light of the ſtar, the fainter "light in the circumference of the ſtar ceaſes to be viſible, "and the ſtar (if the glaſs be ſufficiently ſoiled with ſmoke) "appears ſomething more like a mathematick point."

Newton's Opticks. Prop. 7. Theor. 6.

The State turns harſh on fortune's grating hinge,
And I untaught to beg, or crouch, or cringe.
For me the fates no golden texture weave,
Though happier far to give than to receive:
Yet with unvaulting ſober wiſhes bleſt,
Ambition fled with envy from my breaſt;
For friendſhip form'd, in yon ſtarr'd fields above
My Saturn's temper'd by the beam of Jove.
I cannot, will not, ſtoop with boys to riſe,
And ſeize on Pitt, like Canning, (*s*) by ſurpriſe,
Be led through Treaſury vaults in airy dance,
And flatter'd into inſignificance. (*t*)
I cannot, will not, in a college gown,
Vent my *firſt* nonſenſe on a patient town,

(*s*) As poſterity may know little of this young Gentleman, I ſhall add, that Mr. Canning was firſt ſent *an Eton boy*, then wrote a little book of Eſſays, then went to college, was then *made* M. P. and after ſome tuition and inſtruction from the accompliſhed George Roſe, Eſq. &c. &c. &c. *made* one of the Under Secretaries of State. (1797.)

(*t*) "Peſſimum genus inimicorum *Laudantes*." Tacit. I know no man more qualified to be a Commentator on Tacitus than the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.

Quit the dull Cam, and ponder in the park,
A ſix-weeks Epick, (*u*) or a Joan of Arc.
I leave theſe early tranſports, and the calm
Complacence, and the ſoftly trickling balm
Self-conſolation ſheds! more ſweet than all
Burke felt in ſenates, or Impeachment's Hall;
Borne to that courſe, where thund'ring from afar
The great Auruncian (*x*) drove his primal car.

E'en now, when all I view afflicts my ſight,
All that Horne Tooke (*y*) can plot, or Godwin (*z*)
write;

Now

(*u*) Robert Southy, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry of great promiſe, if the young gentleman would recollect what old Chaucer ſays of poetry,

"'Tis every dele
A rock of ice and not of ſteel."

He gave the public a long quarto volume of epick verſes, JOAN OF ARC, written as he ſays, in the preface, in *ſix weeks*. Had he meant to write well, he ſhould have kept it at leaſt ſix years. —I mention this, for I have been much pleaſed with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verſes. I wiſh alſo that he would review *ſome of his principles*.

(*x*) Lucilius.

Now when Tranſlation to a peſt is grown,
And Holcroft *(a)* to French treaſon adds his own;

When

(*y*) Mr. Horne Tooke, in the concluſion of his "Diverſions of Purley," makes an apology for applying himſelf to ſubjects ſo trivial as grammatical diſcuſſions, in the year 1786. He uſes the words of an Italian poet, which are very remarkable, though they never have been much noticed.

"Perche *altrove* non have
Dove voltare il viſo
Che gli è ſtato interciſo
Moſtrar CON ALTRE IMPRESE *altra virtude*."

The hour was however approaching, when *his countenance* was to be *turned* to *other* thoughts, and he was to diſplay *other* talents which had almoſt ſlept ſince the time of Junius. At the blaſt of the French Revolution he awoke from grammatical ſlumber, and found that *other* enterpriſes awaited him. We have traced his proceedings till his trial at the Old Bailey for high treaſon, Nov. 4, 1794. His *plans* were UNFOLDED, and though he was acquitted, and "Execution was not done on Cawdor," yet it is not impoſſible that hereafter, (after his deceaſe,) ſome honeſt chronicler may be found,

"Who will report (in private)
That very frankly he confeſs'd *his treaſons*,
Implor'd *his country's* pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance." *(Macbeth.)*

Till that hour arrives, I ſhall wait for the continuation of his grammatical reſearches, which are promiſed to the world, with the celebrated wiſh of the Satiriſt,

Ut vellem *his potius nugis tota illa* dediſſet
TEMPORA SÆVITIÆ!

From

When Gallick Diderot in vain we ſhun,
His blaſted pencil, Fataliſt, *(b)* and Nun;
When St. Pol *(c)* ſounds the ſacring bell, that calls
His Prieſts *en maſſe* from Charles's ruin'd walls;

When

From the abilities and uncommon erudition of Mr. Horne Tooke I dread much, and from the calmneſs and mildneſs of his converſation I ſhould apprehend perhaps more. But as I think THE WHOLE KINGDOM is fully, and deeply, and ſolemnly, and *unalterably* impreſſed with the nature, the malignity, the extent, the influence, and the terror of the grand Revolutionary Principle, and the deſperate fury of Reforming ſocieties and embodied factions, I truſt Great Britain and her Miniſters will never ſuffer the arm of juſtice and vigilance to remit or to relax its energies.

(z) See my account of this weak and contemptible writer, William Godwin, and his *Political Juſtice*, in Dialogue III. of the P. of L.—See alſo a future note in this part of the Poem.

(*a*) *Thomas Holcroft.*—Late of *Newmarket;* now an Author and a *would-be* directing Stateſman, from that great ſeminary of politicks and government. He is alſo one of the Clair-voyans, and of the order of the *Chevaliers des Lunettes* in the meridian of Hyde Park. Horne Tooke cannot be much pleaſed with this compeer. *Scurra degrunnit prior.* See the fable.

(*b*) The names of his poſthumous novels, tranſlated for the benefit of Great Britain.

When Thelwall, (*d*) for the ſeaſon, quits the Strand
To organize revolt by ſea and land;
When Barriſters (*f*) turn authors; authors (*g*) prate;
Charles Fox allegiance dares to calculate,
And with his ſulph'rous torch relumes the pile
With unaverted (*h*) face, and ghaſtly ſmile;

When

(*c*) The Biſhop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the care of the French Emigrant prieſts is committed *en maſſe.* The reader may recollect they *were* maintained in the old manſion built by Charles the Second at Wincheſter.—The reader may be ſurpriſed, but he will find by the papers laid on the table of the Houſe of Commons, on the 21ſt of December, 1796, that *no leſs* a ſum than 540,000l. was iſſued in one year for French prieſts and Emigrants, *ſacred and profane.*—See the Preface to the P. of L. Dialogue IV.

(*d*) This indefatigable incendiary and miſſionary of the French Propaganda, *John Thelwall*, has now his *Schools of Reaſon* in country towns, &c. &c. Πεϱισσως εμμαινομενος.

(*f*) Mr. *Barriſter* Erſkine.—See more of him and his pamphlet on the French war in a future note.

(*g*) I refer to the Houſe of Commons.

(*h*) In ancient times among the Romans, when *the publick miniſters* of funeral obſequies *ſet fire* to the pile, *they turned aſide their faces.*

Triſte

When Tranſatlantick Emigrants can roam
But to return, and praiſe *our* (*i*) Engliſh home;

Now,

Triſte miniſterium, ſubjectam more parentum
Averſi tenuere facem. (Virg. Æn. 6.)

Not ſo the Right Honourable Charles James Fox!

As Mr. Fox *loves Greek*, I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's *tongue* and eloquence in Greek. I ſhall then ſay of it; Η Γλωσσα πυρ, ἡ φλογιζουσα τον τροχον της γενεσεως, και φλογιζομενη ὑπο της Γεεννης, ακατασχετον κακον, μεστη του θανατηφορου. If Mr. F. would attend to THIS *Greek author*, he might learn the καλη αναστροφη, and the πρα̈υτης σοφιας. Even Mr. Fox may poſſibly read *what I ſay*.—As Mr. Fox is *now* (June 1797) *ſtudying* Mr. Gibbon's Hiſtory, he will find many an inſtructive leſſon for his publick conduct. Mr. Fox, *I know* cannot always *conſtrue* Mr. G's *Engliſh*, and is in the habit of conſulting his friends on the *meaning* of many paſſages and ſentences; but without much ſucceſs. His friends can confirm what I ſay, if they think proper.† I always feel an intereſt in Mr. Fox's ſtudies, whether he is reading Gibbon, or *culling ſimples* on St. Ann's Hill with Aſpaſia, or poring on the Odyſſey, in lamentation over his *departed* friends in the H. of C. in the old Bard's language,

Αρνυμενος

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† Perhaps Mr. Fox may underſtand and *conſtrue* the following ſentence from the *luminous* Hiſtorian. "An aſpiring candidate may be tempted *to build his greatneſs on the publick confuſion*, but it is the intereſt as well as *the duty of* THE SOVEREIGN *to maintain the authority of the laws*." Gibbon, Vol. 7. p. 80. Ed. 8vo.

Now, when the French *defend* us (*k*) in diſgrace,
French ſwords, French fraud, French prieſts, and
French grimace;
When England changes arms—at ſuch a view
Muſt I find *method*, verſe, and patience too?

My

Αρνυμενος ἥν τε ψυχην και Νοστον Εταιρων,
Αλλ' ουδ' ὡς Εταρους ἐῤῥυσατο, ἱεμενος περ. Od. L. 1.

But his Εταιροι or Friends are ſaid to have left him *only on one account;* his good humour and ability having never forſaken him. The account is this, deep, ſhort, and full:

"Επει Τροιης ἱερον πτολιεθρον επερσε."
Od. l. 1. v. 2.

(*i*) See Mr. Cooper of Mancheſter's Account on his return from America, and the Letters of ſome wandering Journeyman Weaver or Carpenter, I forget which, &c. &c. "*Impudens liqui patrios Penates*, &c."

(*k*) I allude to the French Emigrant Regiments, enrolled in the *Britiſh* army. Surely this is a meaſure of government unwiſe, and unaccountable on any ſound principle, a project of deſperation, one would think. Is this a time for *Engliſhmen* to ſay,

Mutemus clypeos, *Danaûmque inſignia* NOBIS
Aptemus. (Virg. Æn. 2.)

My verſe, the thunder of a Patriot's voice,
Cries loud to ALL who ENGLAND make their choice,
" Throw wide that portal; let no *Roman* wait,
" But march with Prieſtley through the *dextral* gate.(*l*)

OCTAVIUS.

(*l*) " Through the *dextral* gate!"—My alluſion is this: In ancient times, the moſt frequented roads *to the City of Rome* had *double gates*. They who came *into the city* paſſed through the left-hand gate; and *they who went* OUT OF THE CITY took *the right-hand* gate. See Nardini Roma Antica, L. 10. c. 9. When Pliny, in his Natural Hiſtory, in the Chapter *de Roma*, Lib. 3. c. 5, ſpeaking of the gates of the city, ſays, " that " *twelve* of the *thirty-ſeven* gates ſhould only be *numbered once* " (*ſemel numerari*)." The expreſſion is odd, but it alludes to ſuch of thoſe gates as were *double* in this ſenſe. This was not unknown in other Italian cities. The *Porta de' Borſari* at Verona (in the opinion of the Marqueſe Scipio Maffei, Veron Illuſtrata, Part 3,) was in reality a twin or double gate, though it has been miſtaken by ſome antiquaries for an arch of triumph.—N. B. *In times like the preſent*, I would *never ſhut* thoſe *double* gates in *any* city, when the turbulent, diſcontented, and factious wiſh to retire into *foreign* parts. We all remember, that Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, *being ready to ſail for America*, were STOPPED *by order of Council!* Hume's words are very ſtrong and remarkable in this *lecturing* age. " They (i. e. Hampden, Hazelrig, and Cromwell) had *reſolved* for ever " *to abandon their native* " *country*, and fly to the other extremity of the globe, *where* " *they*

OCTAVIUS.

Talk thus, e'en Horſley ſhall applaud: proceed.

AUTHOR.

The tears that Britain ſheds, her wounds that bleed,
Call for a foſt'ring hand, the balm of PEACE,
Not ſtypticks, which the ſanguine tide increaſe,
Such as State-quacks, or Barriſters expoſe
For fame and ſale, and ſleeping might diſcloſe.
In ſtate affairs all Barriſters are dull,
And ERSKINE nods, the opium (*m*) in his ſkull.

" *they might enjoy lectures* and diſcourſes *of any length or form* that " pleaſed them." Mr. Hume adds, very ſignificantly, " The " King had afterwards full leiſure to repent this exerciſe of his " authority." Hume's Hiſt. Vol. 6. p. 311, Ed. 8vo. 1773.

(*m*) Erſkine.—Mr. *Barriſter* Erſkine is *famous* for taking opium in great quantities, (I have often heard him ſpeak in praiſe of it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that *his faculties will die* of too large a doſe, of which there are *many* ſymptoms already. Mr. Erſkine has informed the publick, that HE *has not the talents of a ſtateſman*, which, in common with

Saw'ſt thou, (or did my troubled fancy dream ?)
High o'er yon cliff, in majeſty ſupreme,

Vengeance

with the kingdom at large, I readily admit as part of my political creed ; though it is ſo very plain, as hardly to be an article of faith. In his late flimſy and puerile "View of the Cauſes and Conſequences of the preſent French War," he comes forth to the publick *μαλα σοφιστικως και σοβαρως*, to uſe an expreſſion from Themiſtius, but I cannot ſtyle him in the words of that orator, before the Emperor Conſtantius, as *Ατυφȣ μοιρας φυσει μετεχον, Ζωον ȣρανιον, εκειθεν δοθεν τοις τηδε εις επιμελειαν.* (Themiſt. Orat. p. 3. Ed. fol. Harduini, 1684.) I poſitively will not tranſlate this Greek, either for the Barriſter himſelf, or the country members, or the worthy electors of the town of Portſmouth ; but I ſhall leave it to be rendered faithfully by the Reverend Dr. Parr, or Mr. Erſkine's language maſter. Indeed in this age we require nothing but what we call, eloquence ; though the term is miſerably abuſed. But *ſuch as it is*, eloquence in the political world is like charity in the Chriſtian character, without it a man is counted dead. However, in ancient times, in one particular there was a great and eſſential difference from the preſent. Perhaps it may not be without uſe to hint or remind ſome perſons, that in Greece and Athens, "apud Greciam, in the opinion and triumphant language of Cicero, (De Orat. L. I.) quæ ſemper "ELOQUENTIÆ PRINCEPS ESSE VOLUIT, atque illas omnium "doctrinarum inventrices *Athenas*, in quibus SUMMA DICENDI "VIS et inventa eſt et PERFECTA ;" in Greece and Athens, I ſay, Orators and Barriſters were never permitted to make any *epilogus* or *peroration* whatſoever in the courts of the law, or in the ſenate. "Epilogos ILLI mos civitatis abſtulerat,"

ſays

Vengeance his attribute, (and, as he trod,
The conſcious waves roll'd back!) the paſſing God,

ſays Quintilian; (L. 10. c. 1.) and from WHOM? *From* DEMOSTHENES. On which paſſage the learned Turnebus obſerves, "*Non Licebat* ATHENIS *affectum movere, ac ne Epilogo quidem uti;*" and yet DEMOSTHENES appeared *under this reſtriction.* What does Mr. Erſkine think? Has he ever read the *pleadings for the Crown*, or againſt Midias, or Περι Παραπρεσϐειας?——Mr. ERSKINE always appears to me below his natural ſize, when he ſpeaks in the Houſe of Commons. I have too often diſliked the manner and the matter. In Weſtminſter Hall he is without an equal. He has ſcarce a rival in the eloquence adapted to the Bar and a Jury. But as he confeſſes himſelf no Stateſman, he ſhould have ſpoken with more modeſty and deference on political ſubjects to thoſe, who are confeſſedly great ſtateſmen, in the eſteem of the country. I will leave in Mr. Erſkine's ear the words which Demoſthenes thundered againſt *Androtion.* It cannot however be ſuppoſed for a moment, that I can mean to compare a Gentleman of diſtinction like Mr. Erſkine, with ſuch a being as Androtion. I only give the words, and Dr. Parr may tranſlate them if he pleaſes. "Ει ανδραποδων ἡ Πολις, αλλα μη των αρχειν ἑτερων αξιȣντων, ωμολογειτο ειναι, ȣκ αν, ω Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, τας ὑϐρεις ηνεχεσθε τας Τȣτȣ, ἁς κατα την αγοραν ὑϐριζεν, ϐοων εν ταις εκκλησιαις, επι τȣ ϐηματος, δȣλȣς και εκ δȣλων καλων ἑαυτȣ ϐελτιȣς και εκ ϐελτιονων †"

In concluſion, I recommend to all perſons who have an itch for writing or ſpeaking, in publick or private, *from* Mr. Bar-

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† Demoſth. Orat. Κατα Ανδροτιωνος, Gr. Ed. Benenati. 1570. pag. 398.

That ſhook old Ocean's empire? from beneath
Strange threat'ning notes in hollow murmurs breathe
Hoarſe through the deafen'd ſhrouds! But huſh'd the blaſt,
THE TRIDENT IS CONFIRM'D: the dream is paſt. (*n*)

Oh,

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riſter Erſkine *down to* Mr. Dent and his dogs, to ſtudy with care the following paſſage from Lord Shafteſbury, in his "Advice to an Author." The words are theſe: "Where "the harm would be of ſpending ſome diſcourſe, and beſtowing a little breath and clear voice purely upon ourſelves, I can"not ſee. We might peradventure be leſs noiſy and more profi"table in company, if at convenient times we diſcharged ſome "of our articulate ſound, and *ſpoke to ourſelves* viva voce, *when* "*alone.*" Advice to an Author, Sect. 1. This anticipating remedy of Soliloquy the noble adviſer preſcribes againſt the diſeaſe called "THE LEPROSY OF ELOQUENCE," which is now a Britiſh Epidemick. Mr. Erſkine, as I have been informed, has been under a regimen for a long time to no effect, and a Committee of Phyſicians and Surgeons (appointed by the Houſe) who have examined Mr. Erſkine's caſe, and the ſtate of his blood, have reported it as their opinion, that this Leproſy of Eloquence, with which he is infected, is like the Leproſy of Naaman, the Syrian, that it will *cleave to him for ever*, except he rigidly adheres to Lord Shafteſbury's anticipating remedy of Soliloquy, and abſtains from ſpeaking in *all* places but in the Court of King's Bench.—*Ille ſe jactet in aula* ÆOLUS! (July 1797.)

Oh, ſtrong againſt ourſelves, and raſhly bold!
No voice, as in the Hebrew fane of old,
From Britain's center to her utmoſt bounds,
From parting (*o*) angels in ſad accent ſounds:

Paine

(*n*) Theſe lines were written and inſerted here at the latter end of the month of May, 1797.

> Proh dolor! Imperium Pelagi SÆVIQUE *Tridentis*
> Cui nunc ſorte datum!

A patriotick poet may be, I hope, in this inſtance prophetical: "The Dream is paſt." Behold the confirmation: Admiral Viſcount Duncan, Earl St. Vincent, and Earl Howe, the great Nelſ
Naval Triumvirs. "*Queis belli inſigne ſuperbum, Tempora navali* 1799.
"*fulgent roſtrata corona!*" (Nov. 1797.)

(*o*) I truſt that Great Britain is *yet* firm, and that the guardians of her laws and conſtitution will ſtand bold, undaunted, and with deliberate valour. My alluſion in the verſe is this. After the profanation of THE TEMPLE at Jeruſalem, under the Roman Emperor Titus, we read (it is recorded by their own Hiſtorian) that the voices of guardian angels were heard at the dead of night, crying out through its inmoſt receſſes, Μεταϐαινωμεν Εντευθεν, "Let us depart hence!" See the ſeventh Book of the Jewiſh War, by Joſephus, pag. 1282. Edit. Hudſoni Oxon. I recommend the peruſal of the whole of that wonderful ſection (Cap. 5. L. 7). The Hiſtorian, in ſome parts of it, is ſcarcely inferior in ſpirit, language, and ſublimity, to Æſchylus himſelf. Surely at this moſt awful hour when, I am almoſt tempted to ſay, the moral and the natural

world

Paine may blaſpheme, and Tooke and Thelwall
 mourn,
Our Ark (*p*) is yet by hallow'd hands upborne!

I too

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world ſeems to be breaking up together, when the moſt powerful European ſtates and populous cities have been convulſed or overthrown, can we hear, without ſecret emotion and without a kindred horror, what the Hiſtorian calls the " Ρωμαϊκων ταγματων αλαλαγμος συμφερομενων, the των Στασιαστων πυρικαι σιδηρω κεκυκλωμενων κραυγη? Can we read unmoved, Ουτε ἡλικιας ην ελεος, ουτ᾽ εντροπη σεμνοτητος! Λιμω μαραινομενοι και μεμυκοτες εις οδυρμους και κραυγην ευτονησαν. Συνηχει ἡτε Πειραια και τα περιξ ορη, βαρυτεραν ποιουντα την ὁρμην. Τους θορυβους τα Παθη φοβερωτερα! κτλ.—I will make *no* apology for preſenting the learned reader with this paſſage, as Longinus would ſay; " Ουτω μεγαλοι ὁι λογοι, και εμβριθεις ἁι εννοιαι. ὁλον σωματιον δραματικον και εναγωνιον." (Sect. 9. de Sublim.) I expect his thanks and not his cenſure, if he is worthy to read it.

(*p*) The *Abbé* BARRUEL has done a publick ſervice to Europe, by his eloquent and perſpicuous delineation of *the Hiſtory of Jacobiniſm* in his work intitled " *Memoires pour ſervir à l' hiſtoire* " *du Jacobiniſme.*" I by no means ſubſcribe to all the Abbè's opinious and particular doctrines, or to his whims and fancies. But in the diſpoſition of the whole work, I perceive the hand of a maſter. He has diſcovered and traced from the very ſource the original Cabal, and its impious infamous leaders; and he has laid down their ſcheme, and diſpoſed the proofs from their own authentick writings and works, in a convincing, orderly, and logical arrangement. It is worthy to be read by all who are intereſted in the great cauſe of GOD and man,

and

I too will call, loud to the gathering ſtorm,
Godwin (*q*) and Volney, (*r*) ruin and reform;
The

and I hope it will be read and ſtudied. It is the beſt hiſtorical and critical commentary extant (except the events themſelves) on Mr. Burke's firſt work, called "Reflections on the Revolution in "France." 1790——It is for ſuch paramount reaſons, that the Legiſlature and all the Magiſtrates of Great Britain are loudly called upon *to controll* (while they yet can controll with effect) *by the law and by the law alone*, ſuch works as thoſe by Thomas Paine, and all the ſpawn of lewdneſs, infidelity, and democracy, in their vigour or in their dotage; to repreſs *by law* ſuch popular works or novels as THE MONK, by M. Lewis, Eſq. M. P. which I have ſtated † amply, as indecent and blaſphemous; and to watch over the proceedings of Dr. Geddes §, the new Tranſlator of the Bible. The plain queſtions are theſe: "ARE "WE TO BE PRESERVED? and, "CAN WE BE PRESERVED?" The French Revolution is *now* matter of hiſtory. I mean of hiſtory ſpeaking in every language of every nation of Europe. One eſtabliſhment upholds another; and the fall of any one draws after it *a long Ruin*. Read the Memoirs of the Abbé BARUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LITERATURE has power to kill and to make alive. Atheiſt Stateſmen always co-operate with Atheiſt Philoſophers, but are generally duped by them. "*Ils prennent leurs ordres ſans le ſavoir*," ſaid D'Alembert, in the plenitude of his impudence. The grand triple Conſpiracy and *cruſhing* Cabal, under all its horrid formularies, againſt religion, regal power, and ſocial order under moral reſtraint, has ſhewn what is the force and potency of LITERATURE, ſtimulated

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† Preface to Dial. IV. of the P. of L.

§ Ib. Pref. to Dial. IV.

The Sophiſts unabaſh'd yet rear their head,

Their

lated and conducted by an exterminating philoſophy. LET ENGLAND BEWARE AND LOOK TO HERSELF! †

(q) GODWIN.—" Ecce iterum Criſpinus!" and I wiſh I need not proceed with the line, " Et eſt mihi ſæpe vocandus " in partes, Monſtrūm nullâ virtute redemptum."—In my note in Dialogue III. of the P. of L. v. 177, I thought I had taken leave of WILLIAM GODWIN; but he has again obtruded himſelf upon the publick, and I, as one of the publick, ſhall give a few remarks on his late book, called " The Enquirer; or Reflections on Education, Manners, and Literature, in a ſeries of *Eſſays*." Of his Enquiry concerning Political Juſtice, the author differs in opinion from me. He declares, in his Preface to his *Enquirer*, that " An Enquiry *thus* purſued on Political Juſtice, (i. e. as he, William Godwin, has purſued it) *is undoubtedly* " IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MAN!!!" But as I have given my opinion, I ſhall ſay nothing here.—I ſhall take *but a few chapters* of his new book, for really I ſhould fatigue myſelf and my reader paſt all ſufferance, if I were to go through with it. The ſpirit and the manner is the ſame in *all* theſe Eſſays. " The preſent volume," (i. e. the Enquirer) he informs us, (Preface, p. 8.) " is preſented to the *contemplative* reader, not as *dicta*, " but AS THE MATERIALS OF THINKING, and that they are com" mitted to his mercy." He adds, " that with as ardent a paſ" ſion for *innovation* as ever, he, (i. e. William Godwin) feels " himſelf more *patient and tranquil*." This is pleaſant to himſelf

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† See alſo " the Proofs of a Conſpiracy againſt all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret Meetings of Free Maſons, Illuminati, &c. &c. by J. Robiſon, A. M." A book of great importance and ſolemn warning to this Country, which ſhould be peruſed with Abbè Baruel's work. They reflect a powerful light on each other.

Their colours gaudy, though but idly (*s*) ſpread.

Better

ſelf certainly, but whether his opinions and their conſequences will promote *patience* and tranquillity in *other* men, is all that we are concerned to know and expoſe. He profeſſes to write a moral work. It is miſcellaneous and unconnected, whatever he may think. I would premiſe there is a difference in conſidering a moral and a mere metaphyſical Enquiry. In the latter it is juſt and neceſſary to take in all the parts of a ſyſtem to know its efficacy and apparent truth; but in a *moral* work there is not the ſame neceſſity, and for this plain reaſon. Mankind are *guided in their actions*, not by ſyſtem, but *by ſingle impulſes;* by detached maxims, by aphoriſms, by ſentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes. Whatever impels to action *ſingly and by itſelf*, may be conſidered alſo apart, and held forth either to approbation or to cenſure. For this important reaſon I ſhall offer ſome paſſages from "The Enquirer, by William Godwin." The book perhaps has been read very little; but it is publiſhed and it may be read, and I am ſure it ought to be criticized, not from its excellence or the ability of the writer, but from the ſubject matter. His firſt Chapter or Eſſay is, "*Of awakening the Mind.*" He begins with *ſo very wiſe* a ſentence, that we are naturally prepared for *much inſtruction.* I have indeed been told, that Mr. Godwin's mother, like little Iſaac's in Sheridan's Duenna, uſed to call him "*Little Solomon.*" What is this ſentence? verbatim as follows: "*If* individuals were *univerſally* happy, the ſpecies *would be* happy!" Again: "When a child is born, one of the earlieſt purpoſes of his inſtitution ought to be, to *awaken his mind*, to breathe *a ſoul into the*, as yet unformed, *maſs*." Whether the *maſs* is the *mind*, or the *mind* the *maſs*, and at what time *the ſoul* is to be *breathed into the mind*, is not quite clear; but it is *very inſtructive.*

Mr. Godwin

Better be dull than wicked: from the heart

The

Mr. Godwin alſo thinks, that “ it is *not* the abſurdeſt of para- “ doxes to affirm, that *the true* object of juvenile education is “ *to teach no one thing in particular*, but (the reader will be rather ſurpriſed) to *provide*, againſt the age of *five-and-twenty*, a mind “ well regulated, active, and *prepared to learn*.” It is to be remembered, that the *general* education of mankind is conſidered. If the reader's mind is not *awakened* by ſuch an alarum of nonſenſe, I think he muſt be deeply intranced, as faſt as a modern watchman, or Mr. Godwin himſelf, when he wrote the chapter. Next comes Eſſay 2. “ On the utility of talents.” From this we learn, in Mr. Godwin's own words, that “ The “ only complete protection againſt the appellation of *fool*, is to “ be the poſſeſſor of *uncommon* capacity ;” and that “ a *ſelf-ſatisfied, half-witted fellow* is the *moſt ridiculous* of all things.” This is alſo *very inſtructive*, and lets us into the ſecret of Mr. Godwin's wits and his ſelf-ſatisfaction. But I cannot think Mr. G's inſtructions will “ produce in his pupil or child (if he has either) “ *one of the long-looked-for ſaviours of the human race*.” It might perhaps produce another Anacharſis Cloots, the *Orator* of the human race. Then come “ The Sources of Genius,” in Eſſay 3. The ſentiments are either ſo trite, or ſo abſurd, or ſo wicked, that it is difficult to chooſe. One of them I muſt ſelect.—Of the children of *peaſants*, Mr. G. obſerves, “ That “ at the age of fourteen the very traces of underſtanding are “ obliterated. They are enliſted at the *crimping houſe of oppreſ-* “ *ſion*. They are *brutified* by immoderate and unremitting la- “ bour. Their hearts are *hardened*, and their ſpirits *broken* by “ *all* that they *ſee*, all that they *feel*, and all that they *look forward* “ *to*. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING POINTS OF “ VIEW in which we conſider *the preſent order of Society* ! ! ! It

“ is

The life-ſprings iſſue, and their force impart;

Better

“ is the great *ſlaughter houſe* of genius, and of mind. It is *the* “ *unrelenting murderer* of hope and gaiety, of the love of reflec- “ tion, and *of the love of life.*” (p. 16.) This it is, I ſuppoſe, as this atrocious but fooliſh writer would call it, *to promote patience and tranquillity* among mankind! Mr. G. has not yet done. Eſſay the 4th is on the ſame Sources. Here he proves too much for himſelf. He ſays, “ There is an inſanity among “ Philoſophers, that has brought Philoſophy itſelf into diſcre- “ dit.” (p. 19.) At the cloſe of the eighteenth century, Mr. G. ſpeaking of the ſucceſſion of events, and the manner in which we acquire ideas, delivers this ſentence ſeriouſly and philoſophically, with a view to be *inſtructive,* as I ſuppoſe. “ *If* any man “ was to tell me that *if I pull the trigger* of my gun, a *ſwift and* “ *beautiful horſe* will immediately appear *ſtarting* from the mouth “ of the tube; I can ONLY anſwer, *that I do not expect it*, and “ that it is contrary to the tenor of my former experience. “ But *I can aſſign* NO *reaſon (!!!)* why this is an event *intrinſi-* “ *cally* more abſurd, *or leſs likely to happen than the event* I have “ been accuſtomed to witneſs. It may be *familiarly illuſtrated* “ to the *unlearned* reader, by remarking, that the *proceſs of gene-* “ *ration*, in conſequence of which men and horſes are born, “ has *obviouſly no more perceivable correſpondence* with that event, “ *than it would have* for me to *pull the trigger* of a gun!!!” I paſs by the groſs indecency of the illuſtration, that I may juſt hint, what it is to be a philoſopher, and *inſtruct the unlearned* in the *new* way. I am aſhamed to analyſe any other opinions in this Eſſay; but as Mr. G. is ſuppoſed by ſome to be “ A man of talents,” I ſuppoſe alſo that Mr. G. has the properties of “ A man of talents,” as he *himſelf* has declared them to be; and that “ HE (himſelf) can *recollect up to what period* he was *jejune,*

and

Better to write plain nonſenſe; better preach

With

" and *up to what* period he was *dull.* He can call to mind the " *innumerable* errors of ſpeculation he has committed, *that* " *would almoſt diſgrace an ideot.*" (p. 28.) For my own part, in the preſent inſtance, I have nothing to do with *recollection.* Mr. Godwin and his book are *before me.* So much for " *A man of talents.*" I cannot oppreſs the reader with all his deſolating, unfounded, and ſilly opinions on all trades, profeſſions, and occupations, wholly ſubverſive of the order of ſociety, and, as I believe, of any ſuppoſeable order whatſoever of any regulated human ſociety. But if the reader wiſhes to be amuſed with the acmé or height of abſurdity and wildneſs, I earneſtly recommend to him to read Mr. G.'s account of " The Walk of a man of talents, " (Mr. Godwin himſelf, for inſtance,) and of a man without " talents, (ſuch as myſelf) from Temple Bar to Hyde Park " Corner." (p. 31 and 32.) It is really *refreſhing* in the extreme. Nothing can be ſuperior to it, but his " Gun of generation," juſt deſcribed, and his " ſelf-tilling plough, without the intervention of man," in his other book on Political Juſtice, Vol. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo.—I will give Mr. Godwin's *own* account of this *famous* Walk, eſpecially as the publick are accuſtomed to obſerve all kinds of men and women too *between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.* " The *chief* point of difference " (ſays Mr. G.) between *the man of talents and the man without,* CONSISTS in *the different ways* in which their minds are employed " during *the ſame* interval!!!" (This is the propoſition, ludicrous and abſurd enough of itſelf, but now let us hear *the proof* or illuſtration.) " They, (i. e. *the man of talents and the man without)* " are *obliged,* let us ſuppoſe, to walk from Temple Bar to Hyde " Park Corner. THE DULL MAN goes *ſtrait forward:* he has " ſo many furlongs to *traverſe.* He *obſerves* if he meets *any of*

" *his*

With ſilky (*t*) voice, and ſacred flow'rs of ſpeech,

In

" *his acquaintance;* he *enquires* reſpecting their health and " their family. He *glances* perhaps at the ſhops as he paſſes; " he *admires* the faſhion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea " urn. *If* he *experience* any *flights of fancy* (i. e. between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner) they are of a *ſhort* extent; of " the ſame nature *as the flight of a foreſt bird* clipped of his " wings, and *condemned* to paſs the reſt of his life in a *farm-yard.* " On the other hand, THE MAN OF TALENTS gives *full ſcope* to " his imagination. *He laughs and cries.* Unindebted to *the* " *ſuggeſtions* of the ſurrounding objects *his whole ſoul* is employed!" (We are now to prepare *for the employment* of *the whole ſoul* of a man of talents from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner, and the reader will *obſerve* that he has enough to do. La voici.) " HE, (the man of talents) *enters* into *nice* calculations; he *digeſts ſagacious reaſonings.*" (All this is done between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.) " In imagination he " *declaims or deſcribes*, impreſſed with the *deepeſt* ſympathy, or " elevated to the *loftieſt* rapture. He paſſes through *a thouſand* imaginary ſcenes, *tries his courage, taſks his ingenuity*, and " thus becomes *gradually prepared* to meet *almoſt any* of the " *many-coloured* events of human life. He conſults *by the aid* " *of memory* the books he has read, (N. B. a man of talents never reads in the ſtreets), and he *projects* others for the *future* " *inſtruction* and *delight* of mankind." (I always ſaid Mr. G. himſelf *projected* his book on Juſtice and this on Education *in the ſtreets;* " Sic tu *triviis, indocte* ſolebas.") *If* he *obſerves* the " paſſengers, (the dull man only obſerves his *acquaintance*) he " reads their countenances, conjectures *their paſt* hiſtory, and " forms *a ſuperficial* notion of their *wiſdom and folly*, their vir-

" tue

In ſoft *probation* (*u*) for a Foundling's gown,

To

" tue or vice, ſatisfaction or miſery. *If* he obſerves the " ſcenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connoiſſeur or an " artiſt." (The *dull* man above minds only *buckles and tea urns.*) " Every object is *capable* of ſuggeſting to him *a Vo-" lume of Reflection.*" (Mr. G. muſt mean *his own volume* now before me, called *Reflections* on manners, education, and literature.) " The time of *theſe two perſons* in *one* reſpect re-" ſembles; it has *brought them both to Hyde Park Corner.* In " almoſt every other reſpect it is diſſimilar." Here is the denouement or the Ευρηκα of *Philoſopher* GODWIN, and I have no doubt he thinks it a diſcovery in Terra jam cognita, as he will allow the ground to be between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. I cannot ſay the Parallel is quite in the manner of Plutarch, but it is *very inſtructive.* No man can ever be again at a loſs to know a man of talents from a man without, *in the ſtreet.* I had often been puzzled, till I met with this inſtructive volume of Reflections.—When the Reader has conſidered this, and all the other parts I have produced, and thouſands I have omitted, he will remember that MR. GODWIN has *ſet himſelf up* for a Legiſlator, a Reformer, a Philoſopher, a deſtroyer of ancient prejudices, and a builder of new ſyſtems, a guide through the darkneſs of the world by this new light, and he expects the obeiſance of mankind. I am ſure, I cannot even conceive that any man or woman will worſhip BEFORE SUCH AN IMAGE of Democracy and Tyranny, whoever may ſound *the cornet, ſackbut, or dulcimer* at the dedication. It is not an image of gold: it is an image of *iron mixed with miry clay.* For my own part, I will not move from my place.

This

To pleaſe ſome guardian Midas of the town,

Who

This it is to inſtruct the world, to reform it, to make it happy. Mr. G. comes in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape, that I know not when to finiſh my queſtions. I might go on chapter by chapter in this manner. Let any man look at his opinions, and the nature of his knowledge and his pretenſions. I muſt copy two thirds (at the leaſt) if I wiſhed to expreſs, and to expoſe, all that is reprehenſible in this volume, or wicked, or ridiculous, or trite beyond belief. I would hold up Mr. G.'s own propoſitions, in his own words, to all perſons who have underſtanding, and let them judge. Let them fairly decide whether his impiety be not *even leſs* than his folly, and the weakneſs of his underſtanding more viſible than the plunging violence of his exertions. " Dat operam ut cum " ratione inſaniat." Mr. Godwin is at beſt but a mongrel and an exotick. He is grafted upon the ſtock of Condorcet and the French rabble; but he has not even the *racineſs* of that teeming ſoil. Engliſh minds will not long bear the groſſneſs of ſuch an impoſition. We are better and earlier taught than he wiſhes we ſhould be. Reaſon indeed diſclaims Mr. Godwin; in eloquence, and good writing, (in ſpite of all his dogmatiſm) he knows nothing; and of the Belles Lettres nearly as much as can be attained, or rather picked up, in a modern academy in ſome London Square, or at Iſlington. But for Mr. Godwin we are to lay down Plato and Xenophon; for him we are to relinquiſh Ariſtotle and Tully; to him Locke is to give way, and the ſimplicity and tempered humour of Mr. Addiſon is to be loſt in Mr. Godwin's effuſions.—I really am fatigued with this man. Nothing but the importance of the conſequences and effects of his wild, weak, wicked, and abſurd notions, (I cannot dignify them with the name of principles

ciples

Who gives his vote from *judgment* and from *taſte ;*

Better

ciples or αξιωματα) could have prevailed upon me to have waſted irretrievably ſo much of my time upon them. From the period when *Philoſopher* Hume firſt garbled his neglected "Treatiſe on Human Nature," and publiſhed it in the form of Eſſays, and ſet up, as it were, a kind of *ſlop-ſhop* of morality in the ſuburbs of Atheiſm, we have had nothing but Eſſays upon Eſſays, till—we all know the conſequence. And laſt of all comes *Philoſopher* Godwin, and ſets up his trumpery ſhop too in the ſame quarter ; though he is willing to wait upon ladies and gentlemen at their own houſes, with his "Gros paquet de toile *verte* † *&* *rouge*," upon the principles and practice of the celebrated *Fripier* in Gil Blas, and pretty much with the ſame kind of juſtice. He preſents you with his ſecond-hand ſuits, with his "*habits de drap tout uni*," and his "*habits de velours un peu paſſés*," demands his *ſoixante ducats*, and then addreſſes you with the ſame cool effrontery ; *Vous êtes bien heureux qu'on ſe ſoit addreſſé à* moi *plutot qu'à un autre. Graces au ciel, j'exerce* rondement *ma profeſſion :* Jesuis le seul Fripier *qui ait* de la morale.‡" So much for *Philoſopher* Godwin, or Le Philosophe Fripier, *malgrè ſa morale !*—To the learned world in particular (if they have ever drudged through the works of Mr. Godwin as I have done) I will addreſs a few words from the ſecond book of the Pyrrhonick Inſtitutions of Sextus Empiricus, as applicable to William Godwin, after all the obſervations I have made on his writings.

Εξομεν

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† *Green* is the ſymbol of the *Iriſh*, and *Red* of French democratick factions.

Gil Blas, Liv. 1. ch. 15.

Better with Warner move with *meaſur'd* haſte

X

To

" Εξομεν δὲ ϗ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΝ ΤΟΥΤΟΝ διακριναὶ τε απὸ των αλλων Ζωων, και ΕΙΛΙΚΡΙΝΩΣ ΝΟΗΣΑΙ δυνησομεθα." Sext. Empyric. Inſtit. Pyrrhon. L. 2. C. 5.

(*r*) Volney.—See Dial. 1. (note *e*) of the P. of L. for an account of Mr. Volney's book, entitled, " Ruins, or a Meditation on the Revolution of Empires."

(*s*) " Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread."
Shakſpeare's King John.

(*t*) All Doctors (and Biſhops too) ſhould remember it is one thing to preach, and another to print and publiſh their ſermons. It is alſo high time for Bishop Horsley (qui au travers de toute ſa pieté *n'eſt pas Auteur impunément*, et qui a la ſatisfaction d'arracher *les Voluptueuſes aux plaiſirs* †, et *d' affermir dans leur devoir des Epouſes ébranlées* par des amans ſeducteurs ; though I cannot ſay, " qu'on trouve *ſes homélies* et ſes ouvrages *egalement* forts et *delicats*) it is high time I ſay, for my Lord Biſhop Horſley to remember that it was ſaid of the Archbiſhop of Grenada, " Voila *un Sermon* qui ſent furieuſement " l'Apoplexie." (Gil Blas. Liv. 7. C. 4.) I do not think that the *Archevêque* de Grenade (I beg pardon) plain *Biſhop* Horſley *(for I think, he never will be an Archbiſhop)* will appoint *me* to be his Secretary, or in the inimitable words of Le Sage, G. B. l. 7. c. 2. be deſirous " avoir près de lui un homme " *(comme moi)* qui ait de la literature, et une *bonne* main *pour*

" *mettre*

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† See his *Magdalen Homily*, and his ſpeeches in the H. of L. in caſes of Adultery.

To lead *new pleaſure (x) to a pedant's* ear,

Appeal

"*mettre au net ſes homélies.*"—I may add, that *if* I ſhould take a walk through his *literary* grounds, I fear I ſhould be found *damage-feaſant;* and *if* I were to enter *the premiſes* at Rocheſter or Weſtminſter, and be proſecuted for it, I ſhould certainly direct my counſel to plead a ſpecial "*Nil habuit in tenementis.*" (See Lord Raymond's Rep. 1550.) For though his Lordſhip, as Plaintiff, is but an *Aſſignee*, he may take advantage of *the eſtoppel*, for *it runs with the land.* See Co. Lytt. 152. and Salk. 276.

Truth, erudition, and ability, always fail in their effect if their profeſſors enforce them with violence or aſperity in the manner, or imprudence in the choice of ſubjects and in the place of delivering them.

(*u*) I allude to any *popular* preacher. It is really humiliating and degrading to the clergy to preach *probationary* ſermons, on any vacancy of a chaplainſhip at any of the charitable foundations, before *ſuch a ſet* of judges. One is for voice and action, another for what he calls learning, others for the tender paſſions, ſome for appeals to reaſon, and others againſt love *logick* and cloſe argument. No Divine can ſatisfy ſuch judges, but ſuch a doctor as is deſcribed by John of Saliſbury, "Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui *melleo prædicationis imbre* totam *rigavit et inebriavit* "Eccleſiam!"—It is high time to put theſe affairs on a more reſpectable footing for the Clergy. I think indeed, that the buſineſs, elections, &c. belonging to all hoſpitals, and all charities, ſhould be tranſacted *by a Committee* of the Subſcribers, *elected annually*. The propriety of ſuch a meaſure being generally adopted in London, and near the metropolis, is evident; and I wiſh this hint may be attended to by men of ſenſe and judgment.

Appeal to Bryant, nor his judgment fear;
Better to ſtate-arithmetick be bred,
Tell Jacobins and Tories by the (*y*) head;

(*x*) See a Treatiſe lately publiſhed, entitled "ΜΕΤΡΟΝ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ, or a *New Pleaſure*, recommended in a Diſſertation on Greek and Latin Proſody, (1797.)" It is without any permiſſion, and I think with conſiderable effrontery, dedicated to Mr. Bryant in a ſtyle perfectly new. If almoſt every page of this treatiſe were not ſillier, wilder, and more extravagant than the preceding, I might be tempted to take ſome notice of its multifarious contents. For they are very numerous indeed; from the laws paſſed in King Priam's reign *(I beg Mr. Bryant's pardon)* under his marine Miniſter when Troy was attacked and *invaded* by the Grecians, down to the preſent French war and the incomprehenſible Cavalry Act, under George the Third of Great Britain. As it does not appear to me poſſible for this Author (I uſe *his own* words in *his own* treatiſe) to "*put off the* "*monkey and bring out the man,*" I ſhall ſay nothing further of this farrago of learned nonſenſe.

(*y*) Mr. Burke gave it as his opinion in his "Two Letters on the Propoſals for Peace," (1796) that there are "400,000 po- "litical citizens in Great Britain, of whom 80,000 are pure Ja- "cobins, the other four-fifths perfectly ſound," &c. In this particular inſtance I ſhall only ſay of this great and venerable man, what one of Dante's Commentators ſays on a paſſage in the *Purgatorio*: "Per verità, *è un gran capriccio;* ma in ciò *ſegue il* "*ſuo ſtile.*" Dante, Shakſpeare, Milton, and Burke, all abound in ſimilar *capriccios;* but I will add Dr. Johnſon's admirable words: "He that can put them in balance with their beauties "muſt

Prove that no dogs as through the ſtreets they range,
Give bone for bone in regular (z) exchange;
Or frame, with Marſh, ſtrange theorems to try

" muſt be conſidered not as nice but dull, as leſs to be cenſured " for want of candour, than pitied for want of ſenſibility." Life of Milton.

(z) Here is another little *capriccio* of a man of no common ſagacity, the late Adam Smith. He ſays ſeriouſly, by way of illuſtration; " No body *ever ſaw a dog* make *a fair and deliberate* " exchange of *one bone* for another with another dog." Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. 1. p. 20. Ed. 8vo. My dear Adam, this philoſophy of yours is nearly of the ſame date as your anceſtor's † in Eden, and I can only ſay in reply, " Who ever " *expected* to ſee a dog do ſo?"—We have all read and heard of that ſnarling ſect, the Cynicks, and if we could convert dogs into philoſophers, or what is harder ſtill, philoſophical propoſitions *into meat and bones*, (which I fear is more than moſt *Scotch* Profeſſors can do) I ſhould apply metaphorically the following lines from a celebrated Poet, a great obſerver of *human* nature:

> " So when *two dogs* are fighting || in the ſtreets,
> With *a third dog* one of *the two dogs* meets;
> With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
> And *this dog* ſmarts for what *that dog* has done."

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‡ In the *moſt extenſively learned* book I ever ſaw, (for the ſize of it) and the beſt arranged, I mean the " Philoſophia Generalis, &c. per Theophilum Gale," there is *actually* a Chapter " *De Philoſophia Adami.*" L. 1. C. 1. ſ. 3.—" A *Capriccio!*"

|| i. e. For *a bone*, or for any thing which is an object of *fair and deliberate* exchange.

Some manuſcript's divine identity; (*a*)

To

(*a*) A learned and ingenious Critick, the Rev. **Wm. Marsh**, (Tranſlator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Teſtament, to which he has added many valuable notes and illuſtrations) publiſhed in the year 1795, " Letters to Archdeacon Travis, on the ſubject of a Greek Manuſcript in the Publick Library at Cambridge, printed at Leipzig, but ſold in London by R. Marſh, Fleet-ſtreet." The following theorem is ſo new, and ſo unparalleled, that I cannot help preſerving it in this poem as a literary curioſity, and as moſt of my readers, I dare ſay never ſaw or even thought ſuch a theorem poſſible. I ſhall laugh hereafter at any man who tells me, that the chances *for* or *againſt* any thing are 100,000 to 1.

" *General Theorem*, by which *the identity* of Manuſcripts *is determined*, from a coincidence in their Readings." (Letters, p. 70.)

" If after a collation of Greek MSS. to the amount of any number which I will call p, the reading, A, B, C, D, &c. to the amount of m have all been found in any of theſe MSS. which I will call χ† but not one of them in any other Manuſcript: moreover if other readings, Α, Β, Γ, Δ, &c. to the amount of n have likewiſe been all found in the MS. χ, but each of them in only one other Manuſcript; further if a third ſet of readings to the amount of r is contained in the MS. χ,

but

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† In Mr. Marſh's problem, a Hebrew character (Aleph) is uſed, inſtead of the Greek χ which I have uſed, as the printer had not the Hebrew characters at hand.

To *the Peers' Houſe* approach with temper'd awe,
Loſe ſenſe and grammar in Charles Yorke and law,(*b*)

Turn

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but each of them in only two other MSS.; a fourth ſet to the amount of *s*. each of which has been diſcovered in only three other Manuſcripts, and *ſo on*: in that caſe, if all theſe readings ſhould afterwards be found in any one Manuſcript, *the probability* that the Manuſcript, in which they are thus found, *is the very identical Manuſcript* from which they had been taken, *is to the chance of its being a different MS.* as,

$$\frac{P^{m+n+r+s+\&c.}}{1^{m}.\ 2^{n}.\ 3^{r}.\ 4^{s}.\ \&c.\ \&c.\ \&c.\ \&c.} - 1 \text{ to } 1."$$

I ſhall ſay nothing, but leave the mathematical and divine calculating reader *con la bocca dolce*.

(*b*) See lately publiſhed, "The Juriſdiction of *the Lords' Houſe*, or Parliament, by Sir Matthew Hale," and an introductory preface by F. Hargrave, Eſq. the Editor. 1796. Mr. Hargrave is univerſally acknowledged as one of the ſoundeſt, and moſt learned lawyers in the kingdom. But when he will *ſtep out of his way*, and turn rhetorician, and fancy that he is writing like Cicero de Oratore, there is ſome difference between the Roman and the Engliſh advocate. Mr. H. in his preface, thus writes concerning the Rt. Hon. Charles Yorke, the ſhort-lived and lamented Chancellor. "He *was a modern conſtellation of Engliſh juriſprudence, whoſe digreſſions from the exuberance of the beſt juridical knowledge, were illuminations; whoſe energies were oracles; whoſe conſtancy of mind was won into the pinnacle of our Engliſh forum at an inauſpicious moment; whoſe exquiſiteneſs of ſenſibility, at almoſt the next moment from the impreſ-*

ſions

Turn *energies* to *oracles* of ſtate,
And *by digreſſing*, beſt *illuminate ;*
Better be White, though dubious *(c)* of my fame,
Or wiſely ſink my own in *(d)* Homer's name;

Better

ſions of imputed error, ſtormed the fort of even his highly-cultivated reaſon, and ſo made elevation and extinction contemporaneous ; and whoſe prematureneſs of fate—has cauſed an almoſt inſuppliable interſtice in the ſcience of Engliſh equity." Pref. p. 181. I really think Mr. Hargrave has dived through all the celebrated ten fountains of invention, from which "† *he has taken in water for an happy voyage over the procelloſe ocean of his funeral parentation"* of CHARLES YORKE. —I pretend not to comprehend this paſſage in all its ſublimity, but upon one principle, which, as it appears to me, is the grand, though ſecret deſign of Mr. Hargrave, to leave *upon record* to his brethren: It is this: "*THAT A LAWYER, WHO WRITES SO CLEARLY AS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, IS AN AVOWED ENEMY TO HIS PROFESSION.*"

(c) See the learned and very ingenious (but rather declamatory) Sermons by Profeſſor White of Oxford at the Bampton Lecture. But in this, as in many other caſes, it ſeems, "Garth "did not write *his own* Diſpenſary."—I always thought the charge ridiculous; yet learned men would "write about it and about it." Any thing will ſerve for a controverſy. Enquire of Meſſrs Ireland, Malone, and Chalmers, at the *Shakeſpeare Manufactory* in Norfolk-ſtreet, in the Strand.

(d) The Rev. Dr. Parr will beſt explain this verſe. See his *ſublime* Apoſtrophe, "*Spirit* of Henry *Homer !* &c. &c. &c."

Letter

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† Hiſt. of Friar Gerund. Vol. 2. p. 265.

Better to diſappoint the publick hope,
Like *Warton* driveling *(e)* on the page of Pope; *(f)*
While

Letter to Dr. Coombe, by an occaſional Writer in the Britiſh Critick.

(e) The Bookſellers may ſay in Sir Philip Sidney's words: "What fools were we, to mingle ſuch *driveling* ſpeeches among "(Warburton's) noble thoughts! (Sir P. S's Arcadia.")

Pan etiam *Arcadiâ* dicat ſe judice victum.

(f) See the new edition of Pope's Works by *the Rev. Dr.* Joseph Warton, late Head-maſter of Wincheſter School. The mildeſt words I can uſe are, "Tantamne rem *tam negligen*-"*ter?*" I praiſed (and liberally enough as ſome people thought) Dr. Joſeph Warton's Common Place Book on Pope, in the Firſt Dial. of the P. of L. and I ſtill think it very entertaining. But when a learned man appears as the profeſſed Editor of the moſt diſtinguiſhed and the moſt intereſting Poet of the nation, and when the publick have been taught to expect the work as of great promiſe, we require ſomething more *than mere copying his own old common place remarks* from one book, *to put them* in the form of notes at the bottom of the pages of another. It is mere book-making, beneath the character of ſuch a gentleman as Doctor Warton. It is to ſteal *from one's own ſelf.* Yet the town is patient: "Mar-"cus dixit, ita eſt." But I will not ſay ſo. When the illustrious friend of Pope, William Warburton, (ſublime even in his exorbitances, and dignified in ſagacity and erudition,) condeſcended to become an Editor, I ſhould have preferred reprinting his edition as it ſtood. The ingenious Wincheſter School-maſter might with propriety enough have corrected the

While o'er the ground that WARBURTON once trod,
The Winton Pedant ſhakes his little rod,
Content *his own* ſtale ſcraps to ſteal or glean,
Haſh'd up and ſeaſon'd with an old man's ſpleen;
Nor e'en the Bard's deformity can 'ſcape,
" His pictur'd perſon and his libell'd (*g*) ſhape;"
Ah,

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the preſs, and added ſome *little anecdotes* and excerpta from his claſſicks. What was beneath Warburton might ſuit Dr. Joſeph Warton. I am indeed aſhamed of this edition upon the whole. If Dr. W. had neither time, nor ſpirits, nor induſtry, nor leiſure, nor inclination, he ſhould not have undertaken a work ſo important to the world. But as there is no other new edition to be had of an elegant form, type and paper, (and this is *very pretty*) many perſons will deſire to have it, and I am ſure I will not refuſe it a place in my library. Perhaps, I have ſaid more than is neceſſary; but there will be perſons enough to praiſe the Doctor's gleanings *from himſelf*. But I ſhall ſay more, at the end of the next note.

(*g*) Poets are often prophets. POPE little thought that, fifty years after his death, an ingenious Schoolmaſter and formerly a writer of little Odes to Fancy, evening owls upon a tree, apoſtrophes to the twilight and ſuch nonſenſe, would actually revive ſome "*imputed traſh*," (perhaps) *not his own*, and actually give to the malignant curioſity of ſome folks, " His libelled perſon and his pictured ſhape." (Prol. to Pope's Satires, v. 353.) It is ſtrange that Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope ſhould have the ſame fate. *The figure* of Mr. G. has been

Ah, better to unlearn'd oblivion hurl'd,

Then

been preſented to the world and to poſterity by *his friend* Lord Sheffield (See Mr. G's Poſthumous Miſcellanies, 4to Vol. 1.) and Mr. Pope's contemptible appearance by the *kindneſs* of his editor.

I have many and great objections to this edition; but I ſhall only ſtate a few. An edition of Pope is a fair and a very proper ſubject of criticiſm. I think the title page contemptuous: "With notes and illuſtrations by J. WARTON, D. D. and *others*." To include WILLIAM WARBURTON, under the title of *others*, required an aſſurance equal at leaſt to the trifling *dilettante* ſpirit of ſuch a commentator as Dr. Warton. In this inſtance, as he ſays of the great Samuel Johnſon, "*temulentus* videtur." I have no perſonal partiality for Warburton; he was long before my time: nor have I the honour (ſuch I ſhould indeed eſteem it) of an acquaintance with Biſhop Hurd, his venerable friend and compeer. But I was born to admire erudition and genius, and to vindicate them when they are inſulted. Dr. W's life of Pope is not well written as to the matter or *the manner*. The ſtyle is defective and often vulgar. I ſhall inſtance a paſſage or two. The perpetual vulgariſm of the term "*our* author."—"Dennis purſued *our* author in bitter invectives, againſt every work he *gradually* publiſhed." p. 18. "After arriving at eminence *by ſo many capital* compoſitions, *our* author," &c. &c.—p. 24. "Which, as an uncommon curioſity, *one* would have been "glad *to have beheld*." p. 11. "Dr. Warburton's defence of the Eſſay on Man *ultimately got him a wife* and a biſhoprick." p. 45. "Into what a *maſs* has he *raiſed* and *expanded* ſo ſlight a *hint!*" p. 21. Dr. W. is fond of "*delicious* lines, and *delicious* paſſages, &c. I cannot ſpecify more of them in this note.

Then give to Perry (*h*) what I owe the world ;

And

He commends Voltaire too often and too much. He is alſo perpetually praiſing the German Profeſſor Heyne, who has *inſulted* our Engliſh univerſities and publick ſchools in his writings. Yet *we* have republiſhed *his* Virgil and all his ponderous diſſertations. Profeſſor Heyne was originally a mechanick : he was not born with taſte, and he never acquired elegance. His learning is without diſcernment. More embodied dulneſs or a heavier maſs of matter than *his* Virgil I never ſaw. The ſhrine of the Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it is illuminated with rays from *Gottingen.*—I muſt obſerve further.

It was very bold and *very indecent* in the *Reverend* Dr. Warton, to publiſh Pope's Imitation of the Second Satire of the firſt Book of Horace. Pope never † printed it in his works himſelf; Dr. Warburton refuſed to admit it : no common edition whatſoever of Pope has admitted it. It is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes. But if Mr. Pope had actually deſcribed every nymph in the ſeraglio of *the pious Needham,* muſt *the Rev. Dr. Warton* publiſh ſuch a poem, *merely becauſe Mr. Pope had written it ?*—This ſixth volume of Dr. Warton's Edition ſhould be reprinted and this ſcandalous poem, and ſome other parts of it, omitted. With the Commentators § on Shakſpeare, Pope, &c. of modern days, there is no ſuch thing as an invocation to " *Intermiſſa* VENUS ; for

the

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† Dr. W. indeed ſays, vol. 1. Life p. 56. " Pope *ſuffered* his " friend Dodſley to print it as *his* writing in one edition 12mo." I never ſaw it, but can believe the Doctor. Pope was undoubtedly aſhamed of it.

§ See The P. of L. Dial. 1.

And idly buſy, in my choice perplext,

Throw

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the Goddeſs has actually deſerted her beloved Cyprus, "*In hos* TOTA *ruens*. (See Horace for the reſt.)

"Te, Venus Regina, *pio* vocantum
"Thure WARTONI ET STEPHANI decoras
Transfer in ædes."

I have indeed no doubt the poem is by Pope. As to mere wit and point in the imitation, it is perhaps the beſt. But what then? Mr. Pope's works are diſtinguiſhed for peculiar *correctneſs* in taſte and *morals*; and are intended for *the moſt general and the moſt unqualified* peruſal. Dr. W. might as well have printed Mr. E's *Geranium* in his comments, or any other light and vigorous ſally of a *very* young man, forgiven as ſuch and forgotten, as the following lines, if the reader will believe they are printed IN POPE'S WORKS;

"Or when a tight neat girl will ſerve the turn,
"In errant pride continue * * * ?
"I'm a plain man, whoſe maxim is profeſt,
"The thing at hand is of all things the beſt."

Vol. 6. p. 51.—ſee alſo p. 49. worſe ſtill.

I, though an anonymous layman, refuſe to print the paſſage *in full*, which *the Reverend* Doctor Warton has printed and ſanctioned *with his name* as *Editor of Pope's Works*.

Nobis *non licet* eſſe *tam diſertis*,
Qui muſas colimus ſeveriores.

If Mr. Pope had often written *thus*, his works muſt have been conſigned to the library of a brothel. *This* edition of Pope's works will be ſent into every part of the civilized world. This will be ſo; and can it be ſaid, that I ſpeak without reaſon? Surely

Throw years of labour on a ſingle text,

(Alike

Surely I am not pleading for publick decency in vain. The Doctor at leaſt ſhould have dedicated this ſixth volume to the Ladies—*of the Commons.* To *what other ladies* could I preſent this volume? Yes ſo it is. “ Doctors ruſh in, where laymen *fear* to tread.” But becauſe Pope called this, “ *Sober advice* from Horace,” the Doctor thought there could be no harm in it. Dr. W. obſerves, “ that *the firſt ſtep* in the *literary*, as well as “ in the *political* world is of the *utmoſt conſequence*, &c.” Pope’s Life, p. 14. I would remind the Doctor of *the laſt ſtep* in *both* theſe worlds, which he ſeems to have forgotten. I was ſurpriſed to read theſe words in vol. 4. p. 333. on the compliment Virgil paid to Cato. “ A much *honeſter* paſſage (ſays Dr. Warton) is “ that in which Virgil had the courage to repreſent his hero “ aſſiſting the Etruſcans in *puniſhing* † their tyrannical king, in “ the 8th book of the Æneid v. 494.”

Ergo omnis *furiis* ſurrexit ETRURIA *juſtis*,
REGEM AD SUPPLICIUM præſenti marte REPOSCUNT.”

Dr. W. knows that Julius Cæſar was not Mezentius. I am ſure the Doctor cannot approve and recommend this paſſage, which has been in the mouth of every modern Regicide from the murderers of Charles I. to the murderers of Louis XVI. But why perpetually call out theſe paſſages to publick notice? why dwell upon the “ morgue et grandeur des *Souverains*,” “ the authoriſed type of a *Lion*,” &c. &c. (v. 1. p. 33.) in times like theſe? We all love liberty as well as Dr. W. but a wiſe and good man diſcerns the ſigns of the times. Theſe are

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† *Puniſhing* is the modern democratical word for *murdering.*

(Alike to me, encaſ'd in Grecian bronze,

Koran

are the *under-murmurings* of a ſpurious, baſtard, half republicaniſm. I like them not. I write with much indignation againſt *ſuch* an edition of ſuch a poet. Does any Huſband, or Father, think of cautioning his wife, his daughter, or his ſon, againſt *any* part whatſoever of Pope's works? If this edition becomes general, it will be neceſſary to do ſo. I have no perſonal diſlike to Dr. Warton: my buſineſs with him is ſolely, as Editor of Pope. Nothing can juſtify him. Am I to ſpare publick criticiſm, becauſe of Dr. Warton's age, (is it in the title page?) or the variety and extent of his learning? Surely not. They are both ſtrong againſt the deed. Pope was in his hands in double truſt. Firſt, as he is the moſt moral and correct poet of the nation, the conſiſtence of his fame and character ſhould have been preſerved, even by the partiality of an editor. Secondly, Dr. W. ſtood bound to his country, from his ſacred profeſſion, not to contaminate the riſing youth of either ſex, by ſuch filthineſs and rank obſcenity as would diſgrace the vileſt magazine. By this he has committed a great offence againſt the publick, which he cannot repair. I am ſure I have ſpoken nothing of Dr. W's private character. But his edition is open to me, and to the whole world. It challenges my notice: and executed as it is, it demands the very ſpirit of Satire. "*Enſe velut ſtricto Lucilius ardens infremuit.*" The very indecent chapter of "The Double Miſtreſs," *in this ſcandalous Sixth Volume*, ſhould have been omitted, in the Memoirs of Scriblerus. (Vol. 6. p. 150.) In the Second Volume there are a few trumpery, vulgar, copies of verſes, which diſgrace the pages. I am aſhamed of the low taſte which could ſuffer them to appear before the publick. I again and again,

diſclaim

Koran or Vulgate, Veda, Prieſt, or *Bonze)*

And

diſclaim any perſonal harſhneſs or ſeverity on the character of Doctor Warton, with whom I am not even acquainted. All I call for loudly, is that *this ſixth volume* ſhould ſuffer what every catalogue yearly informs me, poor Hollingſhead once ſuffered. I never before heard that *tenderneſs* was due to an edition of any work. But, in theſe days, if an idea or opinion is but abſurd, it will be conſidered as deep and ſagacious.

I ſhall not make any further remarks on Dr. W.'s criticiſms on Pope at preſent, they are often very juſt, curious, and gratifying, but chiefly taken from his old Eſſay. I cannot now proceed. *Nos* genera deguſtamus, non bibliothecas diſcutimus †. But as to the concluſion of *one* of Dr. Warton's notes on the Prologue to the Satires, I can well conceive it to be *his own* caſe, and I can believe it may be applied with feeling. Doctor Warton ſays, "*We* read (or *he* will read) with more ſatisfaction, the

> Αψ᾽ ὁ πα̈ις προς κολπον εϋζωνοιο τιθηνης
> Εκλινθη ιαχων

" than *we* do (or than the Doctor will hereafter do)
" Τρεις μεν ορεξατ᾽ ιων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἱκετο τεκμωρ
" Αιγας. κτλ." Vol. 4. pag. 55." Which laſt is the motto to this Fourth and laſt Dialogue of the P. of L. I can indeed eaſily conceive, that after Dr. Joſeph Warton has read *theſe remarks*, he will *ſhrink back like the child* in Homer, *from the grey-*

gooſe

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† Quint. Lib. 10. C. 1.

And lend to truth itſelf unhallow'd aid,
In all the raſhneſs of a ſcholar's trade,
And fall like (*i*) PORSON.

OCTAVIUS.

You may ſpare your pains,
He gives no ear to any modern ſtrains,
Save

gooſe plume nodding § *on the head* of the writer of this note, and prefer luxury and repoſe on the deep *boſoms* of his *well-zoned nurſes*, the London Bookſellers. To them and to *their conſolations* ‡ I leave him.

(*b*) *Perry*, put ſynonimouſly for the printer of any factious newſpaper.

(*i*) See Mr. Profeſſor Porſon's Letter to Archdeacon Travis, of which the world has now heard *quite enough*. Mr. Profeſſor Porſon, *you may begin again*, but pray don't write in Mr. Perry's *little democratick cloſet* fitted up for the wits, at the Morning Chronicle office. It is beneath you; I ſpeak ſeriouſly. I know your

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§ Δεινον απ' ακροτατης κορυθος νευοντα νοησας.
Il. 6. 470.

‡ *Anglicè* £500.

Save thoſe, by Oberĕa (*k*) fondly ſung,
What time Opano (*l*) trembled on her tongue.

AUTHOR.

Cenſure or praiſe let others ſeek or fear:
Look at *my* verſe, the ſuperſcription there,
The cauſe that I defend: 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
The ſtateſman's, and the peaſant's. In my line,
All find in me a patron and a friend,
Unſeen, unknown, unſhaken to the end.

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your abilities.—It may do well enough for Mr. Joſeph Richardſon, that fair *Fugitive* and Highland Bard, if a *certain political Dramatiſt's* compotations *will leave him any abilities at all*, which I begin to doubt. What is genius, without a *regulated* life! Young men *about town* (to uſe that deteſtable phraſe,) will *at laſt* allow it, if they look at all the tattered, ſinworn fragments of their ſpecies, whom they meet in their walks.

(*k*) See "An Epiſtle from *Oberea*, Queen of Otaheite, to "Joſeph Banks, Eſq." (now Sir Joſeph Banks) Mr. Porſon's favourite modern poem, which he can ſay, or rather *ſing* to his friends. It is very ingenious, but rather too free; the verſification is exquiſite. I believe it is the only piece of modern *Engliſh* verſe Mr. P. will read.

Yes, from the depths of Pindus ſhall my rhymes,
Through this miſ-order'd world, theſe lawleſs times,
Be heard in Albion and her inmoſt ſtate;
All that the good revere and bad men hate,
In ſpirit and in ſubſtance, as of old,
The Muſe in her *Aſbeſtos* (*m*) ſhall enfold.

This is my *Method*.—Though I ſometimes ſtray
From Euclid's rigid rules to fancy's way,

Yet

(*l*) *Opano* or *Tabano* was the manner in which the name of Banks was pronounced at Otaheite. But in this learned language, as Mr. Zachary Fungus ſays to his brother Iſaac in the Commiſſary, "Pſhaw! you blockhead, I tell you THE NAME "*does not ſignify nothing*."

(*m*) I know not whether I need mention it, but it was an ancient Roman cuſtom to wrap dead bodies, before they were placed on the funeral pile, in a cloth made from a ſtone called *Amiantus*, or *Linum vivum*, by ſome called the *Aſbeſtos*, on which fire had no power. (See D'Aubenton, Tableau Méthodique des Mineraux. p. 10. Edit. Par. 8vo. 1784.) N. B. Mr. D'Aubenton, a gentleman of amiable character and of great accuracy of mind, is *now* (1797) reſident in Paris, advanced in years, and by quietly yielding to every revolutionary torrent in the republick, has eſcaped the general exterminating maſſacre of the active Citizen Literati in the hall of *French Juſtice*. "*His armis illa quoque tutus in aulâ*."

Yet have I muſ'd on Granta's willowy ſtrand,
The ſage of Alexandria (*n*) in my hand,
And mark'd his ſymbols deep; while o'er my ear
Truth pour'd her ſtrain in harmony ſevere.
I ſought the Stagirite; and could divide
(No Scotchman near, no Gillies by my ſide)
His ſober ſenſe from pride of intellect,
What Locke confirm'd, or warn'd me to reject.
Thence ſoaring on the balanc'd wings of thought,
(As Kepler hinted, but as Newton taught)
My mind in calm aſcenſion to the height
Of the world's temple, through th' abyſs of light,
Mid wand'ring fires and every ſtarr'd abode,
Explor'd the works and wonders of the GOD,
Who fix'd the laws of order, time and place,
In his own great *ſenſorium*, (*o*) boundleſs ſpace.
The Chemiſt's magick flame, the curious ſport
Amber firſt gave, would oft my fancy court,

Led

(*n*) Euclid.

(*o*) "DEUS, *in ſpatio infinito*, tanquam *in ſenſorio ſuo*, res intimè cernit &c. &c." Newton Princip. Schol. General. ſub fin.

Led through creation's conſecrated range,
Each flower, and plant, and ſtem, with every change
Of vegetative life, *in order* brought,
I magnified Linnæus (*p*) as I thought;
But ſpurn'd unfeeling ſcience, cruel tales
Of Virgin (*q*) rabbets, and of headleſs (*r*) ſnails,
And

(*p*) But not in the ſpirit of that ſilly man, who inſcribed theſe words under the print of Linnæus: "Deus creavit, *Linnæus* "diſpoſuit."—There is more folly in the inſcription, than any intention of impiety; it is the mere rage of antitheſis without reflection. But in this botaniſing age, it ſhould not paſs without obſervation to *all* naturaliſts.

(*q*) *Virgin* Rabbets.—I allude in general to all needleſs, and cruel experiments upon animals. All that breathe, and feel, and enjoy the gift of life from their Creator are entitled to protection from man, under thoſe limits and degrees which an honeſt and upright mind knows without being told. But in this place I particularly allude to an anecdote *related to me by a friend*, of a Paper read at the Royal Society in the courſe of the laſt winter, (1797.) on the ſubject of generation. The animal, choſen for theſe ſavage experiments by the merciless Doctor, was the Rabbet. Decency and humanity alike forbid the expoſure of the proceſs, and the mutilation of the parts of generation, before and after the animal was impregnated, and I think, in one or two of them, before the coitus. Surely to ſit calmly and to watch with an impure, inhuman, and unhallowed curioſity the

And through the realms of Nature as I trod,

Bow'd

the progreſs of the deſires, and the extinction of the natural paſſions in devoted animals after ſuch mutilations and experiments, is a practice uſeleſs, wicked, fooliſh, degrading, and barbarous. There is no juſtification to be offered. The myſtery itſelf is not to be diſcloſed to man. But we will know every thing; I wiſh we would recollect that we muſt account for our knowledge. When an experiment, for any purpoſe uſeful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it ſhould be *finally* recorded by men of ſcience and veracity, as authentick and ſatisfactory, not to be repeated. Sometimes, *as I was told*, the idea of the cruelty exerciſed upon theſe animals was for a moment loſt in the ridiculous terms, which were perpetually repeated in theſe papers, which occupied three or four ſittings of the R. S. *My friend told me*, that he actually thought that Sir Charles Blagden, Knight and Secretary to the R. S. had been provided with ſpecimens, and that he expected to ſee *Virgin* Rabbets, *married* Rabbets, and *matron* Rabbets produced from a baſket on the table to lick, as in ſcorn and contempt, the very mace of a Society who night after night could ſit and hear ſuch a cruel farrago without indignation, but with half-ſmiles and ſimpers at the *virginity* of theſe unprotected, devoted, miſerable animals. When Papers are publickly offenſive, they ſhould be publickly reprobated, and *not ſuffered to be produced* before the Royal Society upon a pretence of promoting natural knowledge. Why has the Society a Council? The Council ſhould be a literary and philoſophical *Grand Jury*. If it is not ſo, it is of no uſe whatſoever, but to gratify the ſilly vanity of dilettanti noblemen and *buſy Romiſh Baronets*. I ſhould think Mr. Planta, the very learned, accurate, and

well

Bow'd at the throne, and ſaw *(s)* the pow'r, of God.
In morals, in religion, in the ſtate,
In ſcience, *without order*, ALL I hate.

OCTAVIUS.

Speak then, the hour demands: Is Learning fled?
Spent all her vigour, all her ſpirit dead?

Have

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well informed Secretary to the R. S. would be of my opinion. To make ſuch experiments as theſe, is to offer an inſult to the *Sacrarium* of the Moſt High. For my own part, I would extend the famous ſpeech of the Barons in the age of Henry the Third. I would thunder in the ears of the Preſident and of the whole Royal Society, as a body, "*Nolumus Leges* NATURÆ *mutari!*"

(r) Here is another ſavage inſtance to no end or purpoſe whatſoever, but mere cruel ſport of curioſity. The Abbé Spalanzani aſſerts that ſnails *re-produce their heads* after the amputation of the original capita. And he made experiments numerous beyond belief. But in the Academie des Sciences 1778, the reader will find Mr. Cotte differs from the humane Abbé, and ſays, " that *out of thouſands of ſnails* who have *ſuffered* the operation, there have not been above *five or ſix* of them, which have, as it is pretended, *reproduced their heads*."

(s) Νοȣμενα χαθορᾶται.
St. Paul.

Have Gallick arms and unrelenting war
Borne all her trophies from Britannia far?
Shall nought but ghoſts and trinkets be diſplay'd,
Since Walpole *(t)* ply'd the virtuoſo's trade,
Bade ſober truth revers'd for fiction paſs,
And mus'd o'er Gothick toys through Gothick glaſs?
Since ſtates, and words, and volumes, all are new,
Armies have *ſkeletons*, *(v)* and ſermons *(w)* too;
So teach our Doctors warlike or divine,
Simeon by Cam, or Wyndham on the Rhine.

(t) The late ingenious Earl of Orford, Horace Walpole. The ſpirit of enquiry which he introduced was rather frivolous, though pleaſing, and his Otranto Ghoſts have propagated their ſpecies with unequalled fecundity. The ſpawn is in every novel ſhop.

(v) The language of the Houſe of Commons. It ſhould have been in other terms. " Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt." Sorrow is ſacred, and ſhould have the language of conſolation even from the lips of a Stateſman.

(w) See Claude's Eſſay on a Sermon with an Appendix, containing one hundred *Skeletons* of Sermons, &c. By Charles Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 1796.— This is as ludicrous and abſurd in a Divine, as the term is offenſive and unfeeling in Parliament during the miſeries of war.

Or has *Invention* ſlept ? the modern ſtore
What Athens or Chaldæa knew before ;
All that the Gallick ſage, with ill-ſtarr'd wit,
Kens from his ancient *(x)* teleſcopick pit ?

AUTHOR.

All is not loſt : *(y)* the ſpirit ſhall revive :
Lowth yet inſtructs, and Blayney's *(z)* labours live ;
With

(x) See the "Origine des Decouvertes attribuées aux Modernes," 4to. Par Monſieur DUTENS. 1797. The work is rather entertaining, but by no means encouraging, if *the Frenchman* did not generally ſubſtitute *conjecture* for *proof*. He obſerves, page 130, in his tenth chapter, "that *the bottom of a pit*, from whence "we may ſee the ſtars at noon-day, may be *imagined* to be *the* "*primitive teleſcope*." Mr. Dutens may ſit in calm contemplation at *the bottom of his* ancient *pit*, and from that natural primitive teleſcope ſee whatever beſt pleaſes his fancy. For my own part I prefer the proſpect from a cliff with the aſſiſtance of modern ingenuity, whether *invented* by Democritus or Dollond.

(y) I have in various parts of this Poem ſpoken of thoſe writers, who have done honour to Great Britain. It is not indeed

With all who wander by the ſacred fount,
(A choſen band!) encirling Sion's mount,
Faſt by the fanes and oracles of God,
And mark, with King *(a)*, where waves his awful rod,

The

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indeed poſſible for me *to name all* thoſe who, even now, form that conſtellation of ability and talents, which has been or may yet be diſplayed; and which Plutarch might call, in language ſomewhat lofty, (I think in his Treatiſe de Placitis Philoſophorum) the Πολλων και συνεχων Αστερων συμφωτιζομενων αλληλοις ΣΥΝΑΥΓΑΣΜΟΝ.

(z) The deeply-learned Tranſlator and Commentator on Jeremiah, &c. &c. B. Blayney, D. D. Regius Profeſſor of Hebrew and Canon of Chriſt Church, Oxford.

(a) As *The French Revolution and its Conſequences* muſt occupy and alarm the thoughts of every man who reflects, and ſtands in awe of the miſery and deſolation which have been brought upon the earth, and of the judgments which may be *yet* impending over Europe, I think I may be excuſed by many perſons for the note which I am now writing. But firſt I recommend to all thoſe who either ignorantly, or inconſiderately, or impiouſly, or preſumptuouſly deny, reject, or vilify the *Scriptures*, to paſs it over entirely. To them it will be fooliſhneſs. They have neither part nor lot in ſuch a diſcuſſion. But under this reſtriction, and under this impreſſion, I am inclined to extend the ſubject a little, and would call the publick attention with much earneſtneſs to ſome few parts of a book printed in the beginning of the year 1788 in 4to, intitled

The truth of evidence, the moral ſtrain,
Nor Hurd has preach'd, nor Paley taught in vain;

Socinus

titled "Morſels of Criticiſm, tending to illuſtrate ſome few paſſages in the holy ſcriptures upon philoſophical principles and an enlarged view of things: by Edward King, Esq. F. R. A. S. printed for Robſon and Robinſon, in 1788." The title of it is objectionable on every account, open to ignorant ridicule, and unadviſed; but had a ſecond edition of the work been called for, it might eaſily have been altered. The author of it appears to me, (I ſpeak *from his book)* to be a gentleman of extenſive erudition and ingenuity, and of accurate biblical knowledge, perhaps a little too fond of theory, and ſometimes a little whimſical in his application of natural philoſophy; but never without a ſerious intention and a profound piety. He never forgets *the nature* of the ſubjects he is treating. He ſeems to approach the ſacred writings with that proſtration of mind, that diſtruſt of his own powers, and that ſelf-abaſement, which are *required* of thoſe who deſire to look into the hidden things of God. I ſpeak of the ſpirit by which he appears to me to be conducted, and (I repeat it) I ſpeak *from the work alone.* I ſhall contend for no interpretations given by Mr. King; but I propoſe them to publick conſideration. I never obſerved more caution and more warineſs than in this writer. We know, that it is declared, that "the book of Prophecy is ſealed *till the time* "*of completion.*" But the events of the world, of the Chriſtian world, are ſo awful and ſo alarming as to induce us to believe, that they happen not without the immediate providence and decree of the Supreme Being againſt the ſuperſtition and corruptions of man, and for the fulfilling of the preparation for thoſe times, when "the Kingdoms of this world muſt

(*in*

Socinus droops, and baffled Prieſtley flies,

And

(in defiance of all human policy) become the Kingdoms of God and of his Chriſt!" I will therefore offer to thinking perſons ſome paſſages from this work, *written ſeveral years before the preſent events* had taken place in Europe, or could be conceived to be poſſible. I am not ſpeaking in this note of *any other parts or interpretations in this work* of Mr. King. I am as little diſpoſed to ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm as any man living; and I do not give them as additions to the idle prophecies and random conjectures which have appeared in ſuch numbers. I have too much reverence for the reader and for myſelf on ſuch a ſubject. Mr. King offers them only as his interpretations of ſcripture, ſubmitted to a calm diſcuſſion. But the circumſtance which peculiarly ſtrikes me is this; that they were written *without any ſpecifick reference* to any nation in Europe, but ſimply and in general, that SUCH times and SUCH events might be expected *in ſome parts* of the Chriſtian world. The firſt paſſage I ſhall preſent, is a part of Mr. King's explanation of the 24th Chapter of St. Matthew's goſpel, principally of the 29th verſe.† In regard to which he ſays, "We may " remark, if the words are to be underſtood, as ſpoken merely " emblematically, then the images made uſe of are ſuch as are " well known *to predict* (conſiſtently with their conſtant uſe " in many other parts of prophecy) *a great deſtruction and almoſt* " *annihilation of many of thoſe lawful powers which rule on earth,* " however

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† Of courſe I refer the reader to the book itſelf for the tenor of *the whole* argument.

And at the ſtrength of Horsley (*b*) ſhrinks, and dies;

Nor

" however beneficial any of them may be to the earth; *and* A " DREADFUL LESSENING OF THE DIGNITY AND SPLENDOUR OF " ALL GREATNESS, AND A SUBVERSION OF ALL GOOD ORDER " AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT. Than which nothing can be " expected more formidable. Dreadful indeed muſt be A " TIME, *(if ſuch an one is to come)* WHEN *men are let looſe* " *upon each other, poſſeſſed of all their preſent improvements and* " *advantages, but unreſtrained either by law and civil govern-* " *ment, or by conſcience and good principle;* ſcorning the ad- " monition and authority of thoſe who ought to maintain " juſtice, *and aſſiſted by the more rude and barbarous parts of* " *the world*, whom they ſhall find *too ready to encreaſe* THE " UNIVERSAL UPROAR." Page 262—3.—At the concluſion of theſe Remarks on the Revelations, Ch. 16. v. 13 and 14. he ſays: " *Here*, while we maintain *due reverential fear*, our inter- " pretation muſt end. *Nothing but the events themſelves, when* " *they come to paſs*, can rightly explain the reſt. And they will " certainly *ſpeak* LOUDLY ENOUGH *for themſelves* as thoſe before " have done—Only I muſt juſt remark, that *it ſeems*, as if " *perſecution* and the horrid influence of *ſuperſtition*, and of *ig-* " *norance*, and of *barbariſm* were allowed to produce their dire " effects, during *the firſt* part of the period of the time deſcri- " bed *under the Vials;* and as if, IRRELIGION, VANITY, AND A " TOTAL WANT OF ALL SERIOUS PRINCIPLE, AND A MISAP- " PLICATION OF THE REFINEMENTS OF CIVILIZATION, *were* " *to be* ALLOWED *to produce* THEIR MISCHIEF *alſo*, at the *latter* " end of that period!" page 453. See alſo, p. 456 and 57. which I could wiſh to copy, the words are ſo important, and the ſtyle ſo dignified. In the concluſion of which Mr. King obſerves, Nor ſecond ſtand in theologick fame

Sagacious

obſerves, *on the finiſhing of the myſtery of God,* “ that as there “ ſhould be falſe Chriſts and falſe prophets, ſo there ſhould be “ alſo a dreadful ſubverſion of all good government and order, “ and that *men ſhould be let looſe upon each other, in defiance of all* “ *civil power and juſt rule,* and of legal reſtraint.” He ſubjoins ſome words too remarkable to be paſſed over. “ *It will be happy for thoſe who ſhall live ſome years hence,* if they can prove me “ guilty of a miſtake in *this* point. I ſpeak and write *with cautious reverence and fear;* acknowledging that I am liable to “ error, and *by no means pretending to prophecy:* but ſtill apprehending myſelf bound not to conceal *the truth,* where any “ matter *appears to be revealed* in Holy Scripture; and eſpecially “ when the bringing *an impending denunciation* to light, *(if it be a* “ *truth)* may be an awful *warning and caution* to many, AND “ PREVENT THEIR BECOMING ACCESSARY TO THE EVIL ‡.” Page 461. I muſt own, I am ſo ſtruck with theſe paſſages, that *without any knowledge of* THIS ILLUSTRIOUS LAYMAN *but from his work,*

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† The following paſſage from the great Hiſtorian Joſephus, on the inattention and ignorance of man in regard to the divine predictions, is remarkable. The words are theſe:

Ταυτα μεν, ἱκανως εμφανισαι δυναμενα την τȣ Θεȣ φυσιν τοις αγνοȣσιν, ειρηκαμεν, ὁτι ποικιλη τ᾽ ἐστι και πολυτροπος, και παντα καθ᾽ ὡραν απαντᾶ τεταγμενως, ἁ τε δει γενεσθαι προλεγει· την τε των ανθρωπων ΑΓΝΟΙΑΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΠΙΣΤΙΑΝ, *ὑφ᾽ ἧς ȣδεν προϊδειν εαθησαν των αποϐησομενων,* ΑΦΥΛΑΚΤΟΙ ΤΕ ΤΑΙΣ ΣΥΜΦΟΡΑΙΣ ΠΑΡΕΔΟΘΗΣΑΝ, *ὡς αμηχανον αυτοις ειναι την εξ αυτων πειραν διαφυγειν!*

Joſeph. Antiq. Jud. Lib. 10. S. 3. p. 449. Ed. Hudſon. Oxon.

Sagacious HEY, *(c)* and RENNELL's *(d)* learned
name,

And

work, I could *almoſt* addreſs him in the ſublime apoſtrophe of one of the moſt eloquent Fathers of the ancient Church; "Ανθρωπε τȣ Θεȣ, πιστε θεραπον και οικονομε των τȣ Θεȣ μυστηριων, Ανερ επιθυμιων των τȣ πνευματος, καλω Σε στυλον και ἑδραιωμα της Εκκλησιας, λογον ζωης επεχοντα, και πιστεως ερεισμα, και ϖνευματος καταγωγιον." †—Thus ‡ did this very learned and moſt pious man, in a ſtrain of ſerious, temperate, and impreſſive eloquence, deliver his opinion and his interpretation. They will ſtand before us and our poſterity, as the memorial of that lonely wiſdom, that reverential application of the divine word, and of that ſilent dignity, which can *only* be attained by a retirement (at intervals) from the world which GOD hath made to HIM alone, and by that worſhip in ſpirit and in truth, which when joined to human erudition and to the ſober cultivation of the underſtanding, will produce FRUIT UNTO LIFE. But I conclude: humbly acknowledging and deeply feeling myſelf wholly unequal, and altogether unworthy, to ſpeak of the awful ſublimity of ſuch ſubjects. My office can be but miniſterial; it is mine only to lead the aſpirant to the door of the temple, and to retire.

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† Gregor. Naz. Orat. 19. (Op. Edit. Prunæi. p. 286. Paris 1609.) It was pronounced before the great Baſil, when ſeated upon the archiepiſcopal throne of Cæſarea. (A. D. circ. 374.)

‡ In the beginning of the year 1788. Mr. K's book was probably written ſome years before it was offered to the publick.

And Douglas, *(e)* hail'd afar from earlieſt youth

Great

(*b*) The Right Rev. Samuel Horſley, Biſhop of Rocheſter. In my opinion, the controverſy ſo ably maintained by this Prelate, againſt the Hereſiarch Prieſtley, is his peculiar praiſe. Biſhop Horſley reminds me of the celebrated Divine, Charles Leſlie. He has often the ſame ſtrength, the ſame acuteneſs, and ſometimes the ſame coarſeneſs of manner. But the argument is cogent, and the arms are irreſiſtible. In theological controverſy, Charles Leſlie and Biſhop Horſley always appear to me, "*Æacidæ ſimiles, Vulcaniaque arma capeſſunt.*"

(*c*) The Rev. John Hey, D. D. late Norriſian Profeſſor in the Univerſity of Cambridge. The arrangement, the learning, the accuracy, and the extent of his reſearches in theology, are conſpicuous in his laborious and important work, entitled "Lectures, &c." read as Profeſſor.—N. B. The entire work is not yet publiſhed. (Oct. 1797.)

(d) The Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. Author of a very able, learned, and eloquent *Apology for the Church of England*, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Sons of the Clergy, May 10, 1796.

(e) The Right Rev. John Douglas, D. D. Biſhop of Saliſbury, a Prelate whoſe erudition, penetrating ſagacity, and well-directed efforts have diſcovered and overthrown many ſtrong holds of literary impoſture. The names of Lauder and Bower

are

Great victor in the well-fought field of truth.

Herschell (*f*), with ampler mind and magick
glaſs,
Mid worlds and worlds revolving as they paſs,
Pours the full cluſter'd radiance from on high,
That fathomleſs abyſs of Deity.

Who

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are only remembered to their infamy.—The Biſhop's Treatiſe on Miracles, called "The Criterion," ſhould be reprinted. Why is it not again preſented to the publick? (Oct. 1797.)

(*f*) Dr. Herſchell's new doctrine concerning the *Materia Solaris*, has attracted much attention among the learned. I offer to their conſideration a curious paſſage, which I met with when I was reading with a very different purpoſe. The *Platonick* Proclus, in the third book of the Commentaries on the Timæus of his great Maſter, mentions that Ariſtotle (whom, ſurely with juſtice, he calls *ὁ θαυμαστος Αριστοτελης*) hints that the Sun and the Stars are not *abſolutely bodies of fire*: The words are theſe: "*Τον των Αστρων χορον, και αυτον τον μεγαν* Ηλιον, ΟΥΚ ΟΝΤΑ ΕΚ ΠΥΡΟΣ." *Procli Comment. in Timæum Platonis*, Edit. Baſil. Gr. 1534. p. 131. There is another ſingular paſſage (not ſo explicit as this from Proclus) in the firſt book, *de Cælo*, of the Second Ennead of *Plotinus* the Platonicorum Coryphæus, as he has been called: he talks alſo, rather quaintly from Ariſtotle, of a "Πυρ *τη των Αστρων προσφορον φυσει*." Plotin: Ennead. 2 L. 1. pag. 99, &c. Edit. Baſil.

Who in the depth abſtruſe of intellect
A greater now than WARING (*g*) ſhall expect?
Lo, where Philoſophy extends her ſway,
Guides future Navies o'er the trackleſs way,
More voluble and firm; ſo, ſtrong in thought,
The royal Synod ATWOOD (*h*) ſate and taught.
Who may forget thee, (*i*) BEATTIE? ruſtick (*k*) BURNS,

Baſil. cum Comment. Ficini.—The reader is referred to Dr. Herſchell's moſt curious paper "On the Nature and Conſtruction of the Sun and Fixed Stars." Phil. Tranſ. Part I. 1795.

(*g*) Edward Waring, M. D. Profeſſor of the Mathematicks in the Univerſity of Cambridge.

(*h*) See a Paper in the Philoſ. Tranſ. 1796. Part I. entitled "The Conſtruction and Analyſis of geometrical propoſitions determining the poſitions aſſumed by homogeneal bodies which float freely and at reſt, on a fluid's ſurface, alſo *determining the ſtability of ſhips* and other floating bodies, by GEORGE ATWOOD, Eſq. F. R. S." The R. S. preſented Mr. Atwood with their medal on this occaſion.—The names of *Herſchell*, *Maſkelyne*, *Cavendiſh*, *Woollaſton*, *Milner*, &c. dignify the Royal Society. We have yet ſome "Maſter Builders in the Sciences," as Mr. Locke once expreſſed himſelf. (Preface to his Eſſay on the H. U.)

(*i*) James Beattie, L. L. D. Author of "The Minſtrel, 2 books." It is to be *for ever* regretted that this true poet and moſt

And all his artleſs wood-notes Scotland mourns.
With England's Bard, with COWPER, who ſhall vie?
Original in ſtrength and dignity,
With more than Painter's fancy bleſt, with lays
Holy, as ſaints to heav'n expiring raiſe. (*l*)

High

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moſt excellent man never finiſhed his exquiſite Poem. My mind dwells upon it, particularly on the Firſt Part, even from my boyiſh days *at ſchool.*

(*k*) Robert Burns. The Ayreſhire Ploughman. An original Poet.

(*l*) William Cowper, Eſq. Author of "The Taſk."—*Τοιη Μȣσαων ἱερη δοσις*! Such are the words of the divine Aſcræan, in his *Theogonia.* Of *theſe* Muſes ſeated on *our own* Parnaſſus, it may be ſaid,

> "*There* did they ſit, and do their holy deed,
> That pleas'd both heaven and earth!"
>
> Biſhop Hall's Satires. B. I. S. 2.

The concluſion of the Poet's work is ſo ſacred, ſo dignified, ſo unequalled in ſimplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without thoſe ſenſations, and without that improvement, it ſeems deſigned to inſpire.

> "But all is in HIS hand whoſe praiſe I ſeek:
> In vain the Poet ſings and the world hears,
> *If* HE *regard not,* though divine the theme.

'Tis

High from the climes of Latium's happier day
The Muſe on ROSCOE (*m*) darts her noontide ray ;
And with each ſoft, each reconciling pow'r,
Sheds gleams of peace on MELMOTH'S (*n*) cloſing hour :
Bright to the goal in their ſublime career

'Tis not in artful meaſures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minſtrel's lyre,
To charm HIS ear, who looks upon the heart :
Whoſe frown can diſappoint the proudeſt ſtrain,
Whoſe approbation—proſper even mine."

B. 6.

(m) William Roſcoe, Eſq. the hiſtorian of Lorenzo de Medici called the Magnificent. See the P. of L. Dialogue III. at the concluſion.

(n) WILLIAM MELMOTH, Eſq. a moſt elegant and diſtinguiſhed writer, " near half an age with every good man's praiſe." His tranſlation of Cicero and Pliny will ſpeak for him, while Roman and Engliſh eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the aliment of youth, and the delight and conſolation of declining years. Who would not envy this " FORTUNATE OLD MAN" his moſt finiſhed tranſlation and comment on Tully's *Cato ?* or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleaſures of ſo accompliſhed a gentleman and ſo liberal a ſcholar ?

BRYANT and BURKE (*o*) the torch triumphant bear ;

While

(*o*) It is to be wiſhed, that theſe TWO GREAT MEN may *now conclude* their political and literary labours. " *Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere ſanctiſſimo faciant!*" Quintil. Lib. 12. Cap. 11. (June 1797.)—Since writing the above, when I heard of the death of that UNEQUALLED man, the Rt. Hon. EDMUND BURKE,† I could only ſay to my friend,

Η μαλα λυγρης
Πευσεαι αγγελιης, ἢ ουκ ωφελλε γενεσθαι,
Κειται ΠΗΛΕΙΔΗΣ !

Such was my veneration for THIS GREAT MAN when living, ſuch is the depth of my homage, and the ſecret affliction of my ſpirit at his departure. It appears to me expedient and grateful, that we ſhould all remember and revere THE MAN to whoſe *primal* exertions (it cannot be repeated too frequently) we *originally* owe the publick ſenſe of the moral, political, and religious danger of England from the grand *cruſhing* CABAL, grounded and

rooted

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† July 1797.—See Mr. Burke's character, in " *The Imperial Epiſtle* from Kien Long, Emperor of China, to George the Third of Great Britain," v. 117. page 19. Edit. 8vo. 1796. As far as depends upon me, the words of Pindar ſhall be verified of this great man :

Τον μεν ουτε θανοντ᾽ Αοιδαι
Ελιποντ᾽· αλλα ὁι
Παρα τε πυραν ταφον
Θ᾽ Ελικωνιαι παρθενοι
Εσταν επι θρῆνον τε πολυφαμον εχευαν. Εδοξεν,
Αρα δ᾽ Αθανατοις
Εσλον γε Φωτα και φθιμενον ὑμνοις Θεᾶν διδομεν.
Pind. Iſth. O. S.

While Granta hails (what need the Sage to name?)
Her *lov'd* Iapis on the banks of Cam. (*p*)

But

rooted in France, and branching out and overſhadowing all Europe. I ſpeak, as I think, in ſincerity. Without much reflection we cannot underſtand the *full* nature and extent of the publick obligation to Mr. Burke. I would not vindicate any man from the cradle to the grave; much leſs a politician and a ſtateſman. The very region of Politicks is baneful; it is too frequently "the ſoil the *Vices* like." Every ſtateſman, in or out of power, knows his own meanneſs, the turbulence of his paſſions, the rattles of office, the irritation of opponents, the jealouſy of rank, and the impatience of conſorted power. All this is true. But ſtill, when I have revolved the various labours of Edmund Burke, and THE CAUSE HE HAS MAINTAINED, (as it *generally* regards government, religion, and ſociety, not the details of the war and its conduct) I ſay, with this allowance for the feverous frailty of the paſſions, and the taint of mortality in all our beſt actions, I would record in laſting characters, and in our holieſt and moſt honourable temple, the departed Orator of England, the Stateſman, and the Chriſtian, Edmund Burke! "*Remuneratio ejus* Cum Altissimo!"

(*p*) I wiſh, (and every *Etonian* and every member of the Univerſity of Cambridge *of good character* will join me heart and hand) that this great, diſintereſted, virtuous, and CONSUMMATE SCHOLAR AND PHYSICIAN, *now* by learning and religion conducted with dignity to the cloſe of life, may be known by this *affectionate* verſe *to all poſterity*, "*The lov'd* Iapis *on the banks of Cam.*"

"Diis dilecte Senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, et miti luſtrârit lumine Phœbus

Atlantiſque

But whence that groan ? no more Britannia ſleeps,
But o'er her loſt Muſæus (*q*) bends and weeps.
Lo, every Grecian, every Britiſh Muſe
Scatters the recent flow'rs and gracious dews
Where Mason lies ; he ſure their influence felt,
And in his breaſt each ſoft affection dwelt,
That love and friendſhip know ; each ſiſter art,
With all that Colours, and that Sounds impart,
All

> Atlantiſque nepos ; neque enim *niſi charus ab ortu*
> *Diis ſuperis* poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
> Hinc longæva viret lento ſub flore Senectus,
> Nondum deciduos *ſervans* TIBI frontis honores,
> *Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.*
> Ergo Ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi
> Manse Pater, *jubeo* LONGUM *ſalvere* PER ÆVUM !
>
> Milton ad Mansum.

I know not what ſhould reſtrain me on this occaſion. For the eternal honour of the Univerſity of Cambridge, *in this our age*, to the following names which I have ſelected with the ſevereſt judgment of which I am capable, Gray, Hurd, Ogden, Balguy, and Bryant, I will add the name of her *Dilectus Iapis*, Robert Glynn !

Tanto homini fidus, tantæ virtutis amator !

(Nov. 1797.)

(*q*) The Rev. William Maſon, M. A. author of Elfrida, Caractacus, Muſæus, a Monody on Mr. Pope, The Engliſh Garden, &c. &c. &c. &c.

All that the ſylvan theatre can grace,
All in the ſoul of MASON "FOUND THEIR PLACE!"
Low ſinks the laurell'd head; in Mona's land
I ſee them paſs, 'tis Mador's drooping band,
To harps of woe in holieſt obſequies,
"*In yonder grave*, they chant, OUR DRUID *lies!*"
HE (*r*) too, whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,
The glory of their banks, from Iſis torn,
In learning's ſtrength is fled, in judgment's prime,
In ſcience temp'rate, various, and ſublime;
To him familiar every legal doom,
The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
Or Hindoo Vedas taught; for him the Muſe
Diſtill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dews;
Firm, when exalted, in demeanour grave,
Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to ſave.
His mind collected; at opinion's ſhock
JONES ſtood unmov'd, and from the Chriſtian rock,
Cœleſtial brightneſs beaming on his breaſt,
He SAW THE STAR, and worſhipp'd in the Eaſt.

Thou

(*r*) SIR WILLIAM JONES. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Thou too, Octavius, that dread hour muſt feel,
Nor eloquence, nor wit, nor patriot zeal,
Nor piety ſincere without the ſhow,
Nor every grace Pierian pow'rs beſtow
From pure Ilyſſus and the Latian ſhore,
What Swift, or great Eraſmus felt before,
May ſave thee!—yet, yet long, ſo friendſhip calls,
May guardian Angels hover round the walls,
Where love and virtue fix their bleſt abode,
Friend of thy country, ſervant of thy God! *(s)*
Octavius yes, it is, it ſhall be mine,
With praiſe appropriate ſtill to grace my line:

(s) In this *political* and *depreſſing* period, it is ſome comfort to divert the attention for a moment to ſuch characters of literary and poetical excellence as the Rev. William Maſon, and Sir William Jones; and to be able to add *my own* Octavius. Octavius Optimus, are the legitimate words of Horace. With an allowance for the partiality of friendſhip, (and who that ever felt ſuch an affection will refuſe to grant it) and with ſorrow that *now* he muſt *neither be underſtood nor named*, I aſſert with truth, that Octavius is formed to move among the higheſt and the foremoſt in the ſtate, though contented and ſubmitting to act in a ſtation, certainly not without honour, yet inadequate to his faculties. "*Exornet ætatis noſtræ gloriam!*"

To me all heedleſs of proud faſhion's ſneer,
Maurice(*t*)is learn'd,and Wilberforce(*v*)ſincere,
Though

(*t*) *The Reverend* Thomas Maurice, Author of "Indian Antiquities, in 6 vol. 8vo." and of "the Hiſtory of Hindoſtan, "its Arts and its Sciences, as connected with the Hiſtory of "the other great Empires of Aſia, during the moſt ancient "periods of the world." Vol. 1. 4to. is only yet publiſhed. The publick is well acquainted with their merits. But it is with the moſt ſerious concern, that I read what Mr. Maurice has declared in his dedication, that "*This Hiſtory* commenced under "the patronage of the Court of Eaſt India Directors, is dedi-"cated to them, *in humble hopes of their continued ſupport of a work,* "which MUST SINK WITHOUT THAT *SUPPORT." Learning has felt a degradation from theſe words. I am not to be told, that reſearches like thoſe of Mr. Maurice are liable to the caprice of erudition, and of uncertain application, and that his ſtyle, matter, and manner are frequently too luxuriant and diffuſe. The foundation of a temple may be ſtrong, though every ornament on the pillars may not be juſt.—(Nov. 1797.)

(*v*) See, "A Practical View of the prevailing religious ſyſtem of Profeſſed Chriſtians in the higher and middle claſſes in this country, contraſted with real Chriſtianity." By William Wilberforce, Eſq. M. P. for the county of York.—Some very ſerious perſons have their doubts as to the theological principles of this work in their *full* extent, and I fear it is ſometimes *too rigid*

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* The E. I. Company ſubſcribed for a certain number of Copies. This is not patronage.

(Though on his page (*v*) ſome pauſe in ſacred doubt)
As Giſborne (*b*) ſerious, and as Pott (*c*) devout.

For

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rigid and excluſive in its doctrines. There is alſo too much of a *ſectarian* language, which cannot be approved. But of the intention, virtue, learning, and patriotiſm of the eloquent and well-informed Senator, I have the moſt honourable and decided opinion. His work is vehement, impaſſioned, urgent, fervid, inſtant; though ſometimes copious to prolixity, and in a few parts even to tediouſneſs. Perhaps it is the production of an orator rather than of a writer. Throughout the whole, there is a manly fortitude of thought, firm and unſhrinking. But for my own part, for obvious reaſons, I diſlike the term, "*Real* Chriſtianity," as excluſively applied to any *ſet* of propoſitions drawn from the Goſpel. If I regard external circumſtances, I would not indeed take theology from Athanaſius or Boſſuet, morality from Seneca, or politicks from Lanſdown or Seyes. But I will own, that from a ſcrutiny into the publick and private character of Mr. Wilberforce, I am *inclined* to think that his enemies would be *forced* into an acknowledgment, (as it is recorded in the words of a prophet), that "they can find no occaſion againſt this man, except they find it againſt him concerning the law of his God." A reader of his work muſt be good or bad *in the extreme*, who may not receive ſome advantage from the awful compoſition. I am indeed unworthy to praiſe it, and I feel myſelf ſo. If I may deſcend from divinity to mere philoſophy, I ſhall add, that if Mr. Wilberforce proceeds and acts upon the ſublimity of ſuch principles, we may apply to him the expreſſions drawn from the fountain of Plato by his moſt enthuſiaſtick votary, Plotinus. "Αφ' "ἑαυτȣ μεταϐαινει, ὡς εικων προς αρχετυπον, τελος εχων της "πορειας!"

For Athens Cumberland (*d*) ſeems born alone
To bid her comick Patriot be our own:

Nor

" πoϱειας!" He will beſt comprehend the high and holy ſentence which declares what is the life of ſuch men; " Oυτω " θεων και ανθϱωπων θειων και ευδαιμονων ϐιος, απαλλαγη των " αλλων των τῃδε, ϐιος ανηδονος των τῃδε, ΦΥΓΗ ΜΟΝΟΥ " ΠΡΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ!" Plotini Ennead: 6. L. 9. c. xi.

(*b*) The Reverend Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Author of an Enquiry into the Duties of Men, &c. and of the Female Sex, &c. &c. eminently entitled to the publick eſteem and gratitude.

(*c*) The Rev. J. H. Pott, M. A. the learned and excellent Arch-deacon of St. Alban's. In his writings inſtructive, laborious in his office, and exemplary in his profeſſion.

(*d*) Richard Cumberland, Eſq. an author of various talents, and of very conſiderable learning. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to enumerate his compoſitions, in particular his dramatick works, which have received the ſanction of publick eſteem. In my opinion he has done *very great* ſervice to the cauſe of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called " The Obſerver," and from the tranſlation, in that work, of the fragments of the Greek comick writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we are *publickly* acquainted) equal to the tranſlation of Ariſtophanes. I wiſh it were to be the amuſement of his retired hours. I ſhall never think he has

been

Nor yet ungrac'd may Sulivan (b) remain,
Serene in fancy, nor in ſcience vain,
Yet ſtill, though oft his various works I ſcan,
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

Good

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been "publick too long," but as he has quitted *the* ſtage,† (as he affirms himſelf,) ſuch a tranſlation would be an eaſy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unqueſtionable genius, verſatility of talents, knowledge of the world, and *a conſummate maſter* of the poetical language of our beſt ancient dramatick writers. Let us hope that Ariſtophanes may yet be our own. (July 1797.)

(*a*) Richard Joseph Sulivan, Eſq. F. R. S. and F. A. S. author of "Philoſophical Rhapſodies, &c." and of a work entitled "A View of Nature, in Letters to a Traveller among the "Alps, with Reflections on Atheiſtical Philoſophy now exem-"plified in France, in ſix vol. 8vo." A work of labour and of general utility, digeſted from original writers with judgment, and with an upright virtuous heart, in a pleaſing and inſtructive manner. I dwell with affection on ſuch a character as Mr. Sulivan; and, if this were the place, and if India were the theme, I might make honourable mention of the works and excellence of his Brother, John Sulivan, Eſq.

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† The vows, and oaths of lovers, voters, and poets, are always liable to make *Falſe Impreſſions.* (Nov. 1797.)

Good books *(b)* are the mind's bread: (excuſe
the phraſe,
Gifford will bear the term, and Cowper praiſe)
They

(b) It is pleaſing and ſatisfactory to think, that *all* books which are abſolutely *required* to ſtrengthen, exalt, purify, and inform the underſtanding, and conſequently to correct and enlarge the affections and the heart, are of eaſy acceſs and of eaſy price. With the luxury of learning and the modern elegance of types and paper, I have nothing to do, but *earneſtly to deprecate all needleſs extravagance and brilliant folly in new publications*, if they are deſigned to be of ſervice to the world, and to be purchaſed. The auguſt and ſublime monuments of religion and of genius may be adorned without blame, or rather with great commendation. When the Bible, Shakſpeare, and Milton appear in all the ſplendour of typographick art and the magnificence of decoration from the pencil, who does not feel a ſecret pride in the honour reflected on the diſcerning liberality of his country? Such books may be conſidered as typographical pictures of eminent artiſts. Pictures however are not neceſſary for the cloſet of a ſtudent; but they may adorn the muſeum of a nation or an univerſity, and dignify the repoſitories of the opulent and patrician literati. Atticus is magnificent in ſuch patronage, though Rutilus may incur ſome cenſure. This is a noble and laudable uſe of the ſuperfluity of wealth. It is alſo political in the higheſt degree. In times like theſe men of talents and genius, when unemployed and let looſe upon the world, become too frequently the peſts of ſociety, and the canker worms of the community.—It is indeed high time to awake out of ſleep, and to diſcern the peculiar uſe of every bleſſing. In all our actions, we ſhould have

They give the life-blood, nutriment and health,
And laugh to ſcorn the inſolence of wealth.

OCTAVIUS.

Here cloſe the ſtrain: and o'er your ſtudious hour
May truth preſide and virtue's holieſt pow'r!
Still be your knowledge temp'rate and (*e*) diſcreet,
Though not as Jones ſublime, as Bryant great;

Pre-

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have a view to the ſtability of ſociety and of well-regulated government. It becomes *us all* to obſerve and ſeparate the eſſential and unvarying laws of order from the principles of confuſion, and the dictates of ſound ſenſe from the wildneſs of ungoverned fancy, and of preſumptuous intellect. The grand end and aim may at laſt be *thus* effected; and we may, by choice and conviction, turn from *lying vanities* to the ſpirit of truth and of life.

(*e*) The advice of Octavius is good, but not applicable to a man ſo inſignificant as his friend.—But to men of knowledge and of ability in every department of life it is of deep importance. I lament and am indignant, when I think of ſuch a ſcholar as Dr. Parr, and the waſte of erudition and talents. Let him ſtand for a genus. The want of diſcretion and prudence has ruined more men of learning and genius than the time would allow me to mention. Without this ſobriety of intellect nothing is ſtrong, nothing is great. Without this prudence,

without

Prepar'd to prove in Senate, or the Hall,
That ſtates by learning riſe, by learning fall;
Serene,

without this diſcernment of time and circumſtance, and *the habit of regularity*, without an attention to the decencies of ſociety and of common life, and of the principles by which all men, however gifted, *muſt* indiſcriminately be conducted, all our attainments are nothing worth. They will never procure us eſteem or reſpectability among men. The world will but ſmile at ſuch ſcholars; and miniſters, when called upon to promote them, will tell you not without reaſon, "*they are not producible.*"‡ Let me give two paſſages on this ſubject, one from Milton, the other from Dr. Johnſon, variouſly applicable and of deepeſt conſequence.

> "He who reads
> Inceſſantly, and to his reading brings not
> A ſpirit and judgment equal or ſuperior,
> Uncertain and unſettled ſtill remains,
> Deep verſed in books, and ſhallow in himſelf,
> Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
> As children gathering pebbles on the ſhore."
> P. R. b. 4. v. 322.

To men of genius (as at leaſt they are called) Dr. Johnſon gave this ſolemn admonition: "This relation (of the life of SAVAGE) will not be wholly without its uſe, if thoſe who, in "confidence

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‡ The words of the Duke of Newcaſtle on ſuch an occaſion, when he was Prime Miniſter in George the Second's reign. They were ſpoken of A MAN, whoſe genius, talents, eloquence, and erudition honoured and ſupported the Church of England. *And he was not promoted.*

Serene, not ſenſeleſs, through the awful ſtorm,
In principle ſedate, to ſhun (f) Reform;

To

“ confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, *diſregard the*
“ *common maxims of life*, ſhall be reminded *that nothing will ſupply*
“ *the want of prudence*, and that negligence and irregularity,
“ long continued, will make *knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and*
“ *genius contemptible.*” Dr. Johnſon's Life of Savage, at the concluſion.

“ Deign on the paſſing world to caſt thine eyes,
“ *And pauſe awhile from letters*, TO BE WISE.”

(f) No factions ever proceeded *to attempt* A REVOLUTION *in any country*, but firſt under the pretence and through the Medium of A REFORM. We have been told with effrontery and with falſhood, that the Conſtitution of England exiſts only in the imagination; yet we may read the Bill of Rights. The fact is this. Modern framers of political conſtitutions will never be ſatisfied, till they are laid down like the elements of mathematicks in the manner of Euclid. Definitions, Axioms, Poſtulates, primary propoſitions, ſubſequent propoſitions, built upon and proved by the preceding, with corollaries and deductions. One ſtrange writer, (perhaps it is the firſt time the reader ever heard of him) ſays, “ A CONSTITUTION muſt be produced *intire and at the ſame time*; it *muſt* be ſimple in its conſtruction, and PERFECT *in all its parts.*” Malkin's Eſſays on Civilization, 8vo. (1795) p. 122. I had fondly thought that Lord Bacon had diſtinguiſhed the works of nature from thoſe of art, in that maſterly and memorable ſentence, “ Natura omnium partium rudimenta *ſimul* parit et procreat.” (De Augm. Scient.) I ſuppoſe a political Conſtitution is the work of human art. Indeed if Mr. Malkin were deſcribing a *perfect* poem, epick or tragick, he could not have expreſſed himſelf more critically.

To mark man's intellect, its ſtrength and bound,

A a Nor

critically. Yet thus it is, that *our* preſent theoretical writers ſport with man and his paſſions. They certainly conſider *us all* as paſſive machines, and *they apply their laws*, with as much cool indifference to their fellow-creatures, and with as little feeling, as they would *apply the axe*, or any mechanical inſtrument, to lop a tree or to raiſe a weight. The ſyſtems uniformly proceed on this principle. They never vary. Mercy is not in all their thoughts; there is neither allowance for human frailty, nor reviſion of judgment. Man has offended: he *muſt* die the death. Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet DURISSIMA REGNA. We have all ſeen and felt, *what* the revolutionary principle *is*.

We muſt never for a moment forget, *that* THE OBJECT OF FRANCE, *from her firſt Revolution, has been and* IS TO CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT IN EVERY STATE IN EUROPE, *and in every part of the world which ſhe can pervade or influence.* Look in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, in Spain, in the iſles of the Eaſtern or of the Weſtern Archipelago; caſt your view, broad and unreſtrained, from the dominions of the Porte to the banks of the Ohio or the Miſſiſippi, not a ſtate, not a fortreſs, not a work, not a fragment of nature or of art, not a cliff, not a torrent, not a precipice, but has felt the ſhock and impulſe of revolutionary terror. *Abyſſus abyſſum invocat!* One deep has called upon another, the winds have blown the ſignal of encounter, and the cataracts are roaring and conflicting; or in the reſounding language of the poet of Panopolis †,

Συνερχομενων νεφεων μυκητορι ῥομβω
Βρονταιη βαρυδουπος εβομβεεν ομβριος ηχω!

I muſt claim excuſe and indulgence for my expreſſions. My mind

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† Nonnus. Dionys. Lib. 41. v. 84. p. 1059. Edit. Hanov. 1610.

Nor deem ſtability on change to found ;

To

mind is either borne down or hurried away with the terrors of impending deſolation, and the overthrow or confuſion of fixed, regulated, eſtabliſhed government. My ſenſations are ſolitary ; but they are deep. Την ψυχην μȣ διερχεται Ρομφαια. I have indeed the conſolation of affectionate and honourable friendſhip, and I am not without the approval of a few who are wiſe and good : but I cannot ſay that " in my life time I have had too much of noiſe and compliment.†" I have riſen in ſilence : and in peace and privacy it is my deſire to ſet and to depart. But can any of us ſee what we have ſeen, and not labour to avert it from our own country ? If I could conceive a man of leſs political ſignificance than myſelf, (not from my endeavours but from my ſituation,) I would call even on him for aſſiſtance. *The object, the undiverted object of France is* THE OVERTHROW OF ENGLAND ! NOS NOSTRAQUE, the form of our government, the fundamental laws, and *the principles by which property is acknowledged and ſecured.* Theſe have been attacked by aſſault, by ſtorm, by breach, by ſedition, by the arms of ribaldry, of obſcenity, of blaſphemy. At one time they open upon us the floodgates of treaſon and madneſs, at another they ſap the foundation by a circuitous ſtream winding and working unperceived. *They know* that a Revolution can alone be effected *by a Reform.* There is no other mode. A ſtate may prove bankrupt ; but I would inculcate it with peculiar earneſtneſs, *that,* A REVOLUTION IS NOT THE NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE OF BANKRUPTCY. I view with fear the finances of Great Britain, but

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† An expreſſion in the affecting Will of the Rt. H. Edmund Burke. What declaration, what teſtimony, what experience will *convince* us of the " Vera bona atque illis multum diverſa, remotâ erroris nebulâ ?"

To feel with Mirabeau that " Words are Things",(g)

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but not without a rational hope of final though tardy reſtoration. The propoſal of Reform is my ſpecifick apprehenſion. I would ſtrenuouſly reſiſt all the propoſers of Reform; Mr. Pitt formerly, and Mr. Grey at preſent. I confeſs I never could underſtand the great Lord Chatham's celebrated expreſſion of " infuſing a portion of *new* health into the conſtitution to enable it to bear its infirmities." Junius (in his very laſt letter) calls it " brilliant and full of intrinſick wiſdom." For my own part, I think it but falſe glitter and full of intrinſick nonſenſe, when applied politically. It is mere rage of metaphor. It is to call the mind a ſheet of white paper, till at laſt we are brought to think the reſemblance to be the very thing ſignified. The uſe of metaphor is to illuſtrate, not to prove.

Government, take it in any of its complex forms, can be carried on but in three ways: by unſullied principle and undeviating virtue in the Governors, and perhaps in the people; by force and terror; or by mitigated law and influence. Who does not wiſh for the firſt? Who expects to ſee it? In ſtates highly civilized, the mixed mode of law and influence on the minds of free agents appears to me the only mode in which tranquillity, ſecurity, and general happineſs can be tolerably preſerved, with the allowance of human frailty. I deteſt corruption, open or ſecret, as much as any man. But when I ſee an aſſembly formed on any principles however ſublime, or deep, or diſintereſted, I remember it is formed of men. Menander ſaid long ago; *Ανθρωπος! ικανη προφασις.* It is man; his name explains the reſt. I never will conſent to think, that Government is a matter of perpetual experiment. I would graft new regulations upon the old principles by a very gradual removal of what is abſurd, obſolete, uſeleſs, or an incumbrance. It was the boaſt of Citizen Lord Stanhope, that

While in Deluſion's ear their magick rings,

Through

he would teach the Judges law, and the Biſhops religion. I have no ſuch ambition: but at preſent I would recommend to Charles Abbott, Eſq. M. P. the new *Digeſter* of our Laws, not to be too ſubtile in the proceſs. It is not every political chemiſt who can throw off into his work the ſpirit of legiſlation, unmingled with the groſſer dregs and feculence of the maſs.

Let us *now*, and at all times, be vigilant with determinate courage. We know *what* freedom, *what equality of power among the citizens*, what fraternity, what comfort, what happineſs, and what ſecurity France has offered, and *given* too, to all countries, who have either bowed voluntarily, or have been ſubjected, to her tyranny. Take Cicero's expreſſions. As to themſelves; "*Licet, quod videtur, publicum judicare: quod judicaverint, vendere.*" As to other nations, friend or foe; "*Perſpici non poteſt, utrum ſeveritas acerbior, an benignitas quæſtuoſior ſit.*" Such are the words in that elaborate and conſummate Oration *on the Agrarian Law*, which every man would do well to read and conſider in the original or in a tranſlation. It is peculiarly pertinent to the preſent time. When Demoſthenes raiſed his mighty voice againſt a decree propoſed by Ariſtocrates, he beſpoke the attention of his audience as to a private man, who had neither part in the adminiſtration of the ſtate, nor influence from his connections. He beſpoke their favour on *this* ground. He thought the intereſt of Athens was alone a ſufficient plea. "Επειδαν ουχι των ενοχλουντων ὑμας, ουδε των πεπολιτευμενων και πιστευομενων παρ᾽ ὑμιν ων, πραγμα τηλικουτον φημι δειξειν πεπραγμενον."† For my own part *without any*

other

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† Κατα Αριστοκρατους.—Demoſth. Op. Gr. Benen. 1570. p. 403.

Through ſtates, or armies, in the camp, or ſtreet,

And

other pretenſion, political or literary, than the love I feel to my country, her laws, her religion, her ordinances, and her government, and the labour I have exerted to underſtand and to preſerve them, I would earneſtly and affectionately remind my Countrymen in this perilous and preſſing hour, of the eloquent words of Demonax, as they are recorded by Lucian; "*Conſtitutions and* "*doctrines like theſe you never will decree, till you have firſt removed* "*or overthrown* THE ALTAR OF MERCY!" The words of the original are full of dignity: Μη προτερον, ω Αθηναιοι, ψηφισεσθε, αν μη τȣ ΕΛΕΟΥ τον βωμον καθελητε†.

(*g*) A celebrated ſaying of the famous Mirabeau, in the beginning of the French Revolution.—I would, in this concluding note, obſerve with great earneſtneſs and affection to my Country, that in all the departments of ſociety, government, religion, or literature, the French have at all times maintained *one unvarying ſyſtem of deception*, when under the ancient monarchy, or *now* under the iron, unrelenting tyranny of their new republick. Their manner of reaſoning is, and always has been, ſophiſtical. We are in perpetual danger of being miſled by the appearance of reaſon. We have always ground for diſtruſt. Take a ſpecimen from thouſands and tens of thouſands of inſtances. Many years ago, in a collection entitled "Lettres Hiſtoriques et Politiques," a *French* Stateſman uſed theſe words to Mr. D'Alembert. "Je ne veux point *admettre* dans les *arrets* de Conſeil *un vrai tri*-"*vial*, une clartè *trop familiere*. Je veux *un vrai de recherchè*, une "clarté elegante, une naiveté fine, *toute brillante de termes pom*-"*peux*, relevés *inopinément* de phraſes arrondies, *de vocatifs in*-"*termediaires* et *d' adverbes indéfinis*." Lett. Hiſt. et Polit. Vol.

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† Lucian. Demonax. p. 555. Ed. Fol. Bourdelotii.

And now a School revolts, and now a FLEET.

Go,

4. p. 176. Nothing can be more characteriſtick of French Stateſmen. Be but ſufficiently *unintelligible*, have but your *vocatifs intermediaires* et your *adverbes indefinis*, and the buſineſs is done. Language without meaning, phraſes to blind the people, and ideas to delude. But when the ſcheme is accompliſhed, *and when they obtain the power*, their language is perfectly intelligible.

Next take an inſtance in Literature. Men of learning have always had a proper value for the Greek language, for reaſons too obvious for me to ſtate. In general the French are ignorant of it. Indeed Mr. Camus (the Deputy) ſome time ago publiſhed an edition of Ariſtotle Περι Ζωων, moderate enough as I thought from a ſlight inſpection. But in general the French Philoſophers, who by their works prepared the Revolution, are perpetually deſpiſing or ridiculing the Greek language. I only ſpeak of their *manner* of effecting their purpoſe. One of the acuteſt, moſt dangerous, and moſt inſidious of them all, Mr. D'Alembert, has theſe words. "*Ah, ſi vous ſaviez le Grec!*—Ceux qui ſcavent, *ou croient ſavoir*, l'Hebreu, l'*Arabe*, le *Syriaque*, le *Cophte ou* le *Copte* (as if he cared how it was pronounced,) le *Perſan*, ou le *Chinois*, penſent et parlent *de même* et *par les memes raiſons*." D'Alembert Melanges de Literature et de Philoſophie. Vol. 5. p. 526. We ſee, the *French* Philoſopher by *confounding* the *Arabick*, *Coptick*, *Syriac*, *and Chineſe* with the *Greek*, inſinuates that there is an *equal uſe* in them all, that is, to the *generality* of ſcholars and to the world at large, *little or no uſe* at all. This does not merit any anſwer; but we ſee the nature of a French Philoſopher's proof and the manner of his argument. In ſhort, he either knows every thing, or there is no manner of uſe at all in any thing that he does not know. Q. E. D. I think from continued obſervation, I underſtand the nature of theſe men.

Their

Go, warn in ſolemn accents, bold and brief,

The

Their literature, their politicks, their philoſophy, all terminate in the ſame point. "*Croyez* Moi," are the words, whether they ſpeak to an individual, or to the nations of the univerſe.

Now, ſince the Revolution, *from reaſoning* they have betaken themſelves *to ſingle words*. Deception ſtill. Mirabeau ſaid true, "Words are things." I cannot help obſerving that the Athenians (whoſe government was popular, and *conſequently tyrannical*, and manured with the blood of her own *citizens)* had a cuſtom of ſoftening the appellation of things which naturally conveyed an idea of terror. This may be found in a moſt curious extract, preſerved by the very learned Photius from the 4th book of the *Chreſtomathia* of HELLADIUS BESANTINOUS; the words are theſe. "Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν πασι τοις Παλαιοις φροντις ην, μαλιστα δε τοις Αθηναιοις· διο και το Δεσμωτηριον οικημα εκαλουν, και τον Δημιον Κοινον, τας δε Εριννυας σεμνας θεας· κτλ." Photii Bibliothec. Sect. 279: pag. 1593. Ed. 1653. In the ſame manner the French apply the terms *Equality*, *Liberty*, *Fraternity*, &c. for Tyranny, Deſolation, Oppreſſion and Plunder. This is well underſtood. It would be preſumption to enlarge on this ſubject to a kingdom ſo enlightened, ſo dignified, and I may add, *ſo prepared* as Great Britain. We have every thing to loſe. We have under our own form of government, comfort, protection, honour, ſecurity, and happineſs. The price of preſerving them is indeed great, very great; but the price of anarchy, reform, and *inextricable* confuſion, would be greater beyond all calculation. We have a foe powerful and perhaps unrelenting. But all ſtates yield at laſt to circumſtances; and policy will grant what affection would refuſe. The moſt ardent wiſh of my heart is A SECURE

PEACE,

The ſlumb'ring Miniſter, or factious Chief;

Mourn

Peace, after a war for ever to be deplored, bloody, fatal, and expenſive beyond all example; but which I always believed, and ſtill believe, to have been INEVITABLE. We have *ſtill* many and great reſources; but the times never called with ſo loud and ſo commanding a voice for wiſdom, diſcernment, and integrity, for temperate, and timely, and *gradual* conceſſion with dignity and ſecurity, and for an œconomy rigid and undeviating, *on the part of our governors;* and for obedience, acquieſcence under temporary preſſure, alacrity in defence, and vigilance, and loyalty, and STEADINESS *in all the ſubjects of this land.* We have no need of the Roman † *Armiluſtrium*; our arms are purified already. Our Soldiers are loyal, and honourable, and without ſpot. They have been weighed in the balance, and found perfect. And I truſt our naval flag will never again wave but in defiance *to our enemies*. We are not loſt, if we continue firm.

We muſt remember that all the leagues of French Factions and their leaders, in England or in any country, never relent. They know not the meaning of the term. There is as much mercy in them, to uſe the phraſe of Shakſpeare, *as there is milk in a male Tiger.* If they are called upon to retract, or to declare their full purpoſe, or to render their reaſons to the country, they give us manifeſtos and *declarations* from their clubs. They tell us of corruption, and reform, and all the ſophiſms of anarchy and revolution. So thundered the Orator of Athens againſt ſuch men: "Αντι τȣ "αποδȣναι, σοφισματα ἑυρισκȣσι, και παραγραφας, και προφα-

" σεις,

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† See Varro de Ling. Lat. Lib. 5. 3. for the word and the illuſtration of it. Feſtus alſo may be conſulted.

Mourn proudeſt empires proſtrate in the duſt,
Tiaras,

" σεις, πονηροτατοι ανθρωπων και αδικωτατοι."‡ But Juſtice has her balance, and the ſword is not borne in vain. "*At* "*home* (I take the words of Sir John Finch in the 4th of Charles "I.) *at any rate* AUTHORITY MUST BE VINDICATED *from con*"*tempt*, SINCE THE LIFE OF GOVERNMENT IS REPUTATION." And we ſhould remember, that "None are ſo bold as the fac"tious in company, none ſo fearful apart." We may have good hope, for we have a good cauſe. When perhaps the greateſt ſtateſman and the greateſt orator that ever headed an oppoſition, demands an audience of his Sovereign, I would willingly *ſuppoſe*, that the principle of his heart *is not democratick* : though I think his principles, *in general*, are very dangerous at this time. I would hope we may yet be redeemed. It was the boaſt of the Roman Emperor Auguſtus, that he found the City of brick, and left it of marble. I truſt we ſhall not reverſe this memorable ſaying. I truſt that *the publick credit* of the nation will revive, and that *in this reſpect*, when ſpeaking of Mr. PITT, it will not be engraven with an iron pen and in the rock of England for ever, "*Auream* invenit, *chartaceam* reliquit." I think I can diſcern the firm eſtabliſhment of lawful conſtitutional power in the plunges of meditated convulſion ; and the return of day in the moment of greateſt obſcuration. I have loved my country from my earlieſt years, from a conviction of the excellence of the Conſtitution and of that balanced liberty it was

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‡ Vid Demoſthen. Orat. Προς Λακριτȣ παραγραφην.——Dem. Ed. Gr. Benenati 1570. p. 546. Why will not our Statesmen *ſtudy* Demoſthenes? Is he not allowed to be the very firſt *political* Orator? Mr. Fox virtually underſtands his *manner* better than any man in England. He does not exert it for the ſame good end.

Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and buſt,

And

was formed to maintain. I am grateful for the protection and the bleſſings it has afforded, and is yet mighty to preſerve.

I am *again*, (much againſt my will, and I ſincerely apologize for repeating the ſubject,) *finally* called upon to declare with ſolemnity, and with that truth which I have ever revered and preſerved, that this whole compoſition, verſe and proſe, is the work of *one* hand. In this aſſertion I have no mental reſervation. I never wore the weeds of Dominick, or drank from the cup of Loyola. If this declaration will not ſuffice, I ſhall leave the ſable birds of detraction to the hoarſeneſs of their own clamours, and to the worms on which they feed. I ſhall ſoar upward to the ſource and fountain of light. It is alſo frequently inſinuated and ſometimes boldly aſſerted, to be written *in conjunction* with many learned and eloquent friends in the groves and retreats of our beloved *Academe*. It is true indeed, " By the waters of " *Cam* I have ſat down and wept, when I remembered thee, O " Sion! as for my harp, I have often hanged it up among the " trees that are therein." I wiſhed to " ſing one of the ſongs of " Sion." But, as it ſeems, it is an honourable *Conſpiracy*, a *Conſpiracy* to vindicate, to recommend, and to uphold the cauſe of Government, of Chriſtian religion, of learning, and of good manners. Would it were ſo! Such united talents might do their perfect work. I have only to lament the unworthineſs of him who has preſumed, without aſſiſtance or co-operation, to undertake that office ALONE;

" *To intermit no watch*
AGAINST THE WAKEFUL FOE, and wide abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction SEEK
DELIVERANCE FOR US ALL!"

If

And laſt, as through the ſmould'ring flames you turn,
Snatch

If indeed I had either perſonal hope, or perſonal fear, in the political or in the literary world, I think it will be allowed that I ſhould not have publiſhed this work. He muſt reconcile contradictions who will diſpute this aſſertion. Whom have I courted? to whom have I bowed? Arbitrary power in any ſhape is my abhorrence. I have walked in the ſchool of Locke, and have paſſed through that of Sidney. But I have, in this hour of matureſt reflection, approved and held faſt the tempered doctrines which uphold government and prevent confuſion. In the political matters of *this* time, my ſuit and ſervice is not rendered *perſonally* to Mr. Pitt. *Upon me* HE *can have no claim.* My ſervice is to my Country, and my praiſe to the Miniſter of the Crown of Great Britain. My praiſe is to HIM, who by deliberate and undaunted firmneſs, with an unblenched dignity, by commanding powers in ſpeech and argument, and by vigorous meaſures, though without that promptitude of deciſion which marked his great Father, has preſerved and ſupported (long may he preſerve and ſupport them!) the principle and ſtability of the Engliſh government and conſtitution. *The main voice of England goes with me in this.* Such I eſteem Mr. PITT: as ſuch I honour him. *Am I his enemy?* I ſee his errors and his vices too, and I lay no flattering unction to them. I am alive to all his publick virtues, and I would correct their aberrations, for they are many. As to Mr. Fox; that he has not diſcerned the ſigns of theſe times, I will not aſſert; but *that* his imprudence, his unbridled licence of language, and his plunging deſperate doctrines in times like theſe, in and out of Parliament, have alienated the mind of his Country *from Him*, that I will maintain. If I were to give credence to *all* his ſpeeches which I have either heard or read, I muſt declare them

Snatch THE PALLADIUM, though the Temple burn.

END OF THE POEM.

to be the doctrines of a man ripe and ready for *any* revolution. If he is honeſt in his opinion, I can neither think nor pronounce him honeſt to his country. HE ſhould not have *thus* exhibited himſelf in the Houſe, or on the Huſtings. *Non hoc iſta ſibi tempus ſpectacula poſcit!* I paſs over the primroſe path of dalliance on St. Ann's Hill; though I would fain caſt a withering look on the nocturnal orgies of dicing depredation and of patrician plunder before the walls of the palace, in the very face of a virtuous and inſulted SOVEREIGN. I will ſeparate the man from the leader of the oppoſition. I am ready to bow, and I do bow, to his genius, to his political eloquence without an equal, to his knowledge various, deep, and extenſive. His pleaſantry, his ſocial friendly diſpoſition, and the good temper of his private converſation are acknowledged. But if he is ever to direct the councils of this kingdom, he muſt tread back *almoſt all* his ſteps. If he turns to OUR government, *he muſt be born again.* With opinions bold and candid as theſe I might obtain ſome reſpect and perhaps ſome attention from the publick, but I could hardly pleaſe either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. (Auguſt 1797.) If I ſought perſonal fame; my motive is ſtill more viſionary. No man can account for it. He who loved fame beſt † ſaid of it, " Juſt what you hear you have." I am wholly unknown. It is very proper that I ſhould be ſo. Yet I would be underſtood even on this point. I have not the ſacred fear of a coward, but the deliberate courage which is inſpired by reflection, and the confidence which I am proud to repoſe

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† Mr. Pope.

repoſe in honourable friendſhip. Some literary and political enterprizes are indeed rather hazardous in their nature. Mine are of that number. Yet I love decorum, and I would be guided by diſcretion; but it is not the form only of thoſe virtues, refined through certain ſtrainers, that I would preſerve, it is the ſpirit. I would have gentleneſs without timidity, and deciſion without preſumption. But I *muſt* feel the preſſing nature of the time, the burthens, the terrors, the perils, and the neceſſity OF THE STATE. Whoever would do a publick ſervice, muſt forget himſelf. His remuneration is from within. As to myſelf, however unavailing my actions, my ſentiments, my abilities, or my ſervices, they are UNKNOWN, UNBOUGHT, UNSOLICITED, *and ſhall be* UNALTERED. In ſpirit, in principle, and in affection, my words and my thoughts are theſe:

Non ante revellar,
Exanimem quam te complectar ROMA, *tuumque*
Nomen, LIBERTAS, *et inanem proſequar umbram!*

December, 1797.

THE END.

Cleaned & Oiled

December [illegible]